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MUSKETS AND MEDICINE

OR

ARMY LIFE IN THE SIXTIES

BY

CHARLES BENEULYN JOHNSON, M.D.

"Right I note, most mighty souvarine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th' abundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery."

EDMUND SPENSER.

PHILADELPHIA
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TO MY COMRADES WHO WORE THE BLUE,
AND TO OTHER FRIENDS,
SOME OF WHOM WORE THE GRAY,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.

475379

PREFACE.

It was the fortune of the author of this volume to live in one of the Great Eras in the history of this Country—an Era that brought on the public stage an exceptional number of Able Statesmen, Eminent Soldiers, Distinguished Leaders—and Abraham Lincoln.

It was, furthermore, the author's fortune to bear a humble part in the Greatest Event of that Great Era; and of some things pertaining thereto he ventures to speak in the following pages.

C. B. J.

Champaign, Illinois.

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CHAPTER I.

Breaking Out of The Civil War.

"There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war—"

—Tennyson.

The winter of 1860-1 was a period of anxious solicitude to the people of the Northern States, for in the most literal sense, no man knew what an hour would bring forth. Just before Christmas South Carolina seceded from the Union, and in this rash act, she was a little later followed by Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana and Texas. In heavy headlines the papers announced these facts, and, in addition, detailed the seemingly arrogant methods and inflammatory speeches of Secession leaders.

Although I was but seventeen years of age, these proceedings shocked my feelings; for, as a schoolboy, I had been thrilled by the story of the Revolution and of the sacrifices made by our Patriot Fathers to finally establish the Federal Union. Furthermore, my mind had been thoroughly imbued with the noble words of Webster, in which he pleaded for the permanence and perpetuity of that Union. What I felt, however, was doubtless experienced by thousands of boys north of the Ohio River, and not a few farther south, who later yielded up their lives as a sacrifice to this sentiment.

Unfavorable as was the winter of 1860-1 for study, in consequence of the perturbed state of the country, I

nevertheless put in my time attending our village school, and, at its close, crossed its threshold for the last time as a pupil.

Our little village, which bore the distinction of having been named after a famed Indian maiden,[1] watched with intense interest the events of the day. Our location was nearly twenty miles from the nearest railway station, and hither a mail-boy went one day with out-going mail-matter, and returned next day with letters and papers for the villagers.

As the time for the mail-boy's arrival approached men and boys gathered on the porch-front of the postoffice, and, as patiently as possible, awaited his coming. Meantime, many anxious eyes would watch the road upon which he would come with his much-prized burden, papers containing the latest news.

If all went well, the much-looked-for mail-boy would, in due time, come in sight, and, seeing the waiting crowd, urge his already jaded horse to a jogging trot. Before the boy could have time to dismount, one of the two or three daily papers taken in the village would be seized upon by someone who would mount a box or barrel and read aloud the latest news to the anxious listeners.

As the spring of 1861 approached much was said about the critical situation of Major Anderson at Fort Moultrie; about the firing upon the steamship *Star of the West,* by South Carolinians in Charleston Harbor; about the right and feasibility of coercion by the National Government, etc. Finally, when Major Anderson evacuated Fort Moultrie and occupied Fort Sumter, all eyes were concentrated on him and his gallant little band of soldiers.

[1] Pocahontas, Bond County, Illinois.

One day, near the middle of April, the mail-boy came with a larger-than-usual supply of papers, and these in extra heavy headlines had the words: "Fort Sumter Falls"; "Heroic Defense of the Garrison"; "Thirty-six Hours of Terrific Bombardment!" Then followed several columns giving details of the whole dramatic affair, the gallant defense of the noble Commandant and his devoted followers.

Very naturally, Major Anderson became the hero of the hour, and the papers were filled with eulogistic notices and full details of his individual history. About this time I inquired of one much older and much wiser than myself, who, in his judgment, would lead the Union Armies and be the bright, shining light of the war. The answer was, "Major Anderson, undoubtedly."

At this time Captain U. S. Grant was filling a menial place in his father's leather store, at Galena, Ill., doubtless absolutely ignorant of his latent military genius, and, in his wildest dreams, not cognizant of the great career immediately before him.

As to Major Anderson, he was speedily made a Brigadier-General and given an important command in Kentucky, but from failing health, later retired from active service, and soon passed out of public notice.

Immediately upon the fall of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, and I recall my amazement at what seemed to me the *largeness* of this call. As I recalled American history, the reasons for this state of mind were not far to seek: The combined army, French and American, at the Siege of Yorktown, aggregated only sixteen thousand. Yet this army was the largest and, in every way, the most complete of any immediately under Washington's

command during the whole eight years of the Revolutionary War, and compelled the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in ten days' time, and thus virtually conquered the Independence of the American Colonies.

Furthermore, in 1847 General Scott, with only eleven thousand men, overcame every obstacle, triumphantly entered the City of Mexico, and thus ended the war with our Southern neighbor.

But the War of the "Great Rebellion" had continued only a few months when Lincoln found urgent need for many more soldiers, and was severely criticised for not making his first call much larger. That call, by the way, was for volunteers to serve three months, as the belief at first prevailed that the war would last only a short time, and conquering the enemy would be merely "a breakfast-spell," to use a phrase of that period.

The Free States, nineteen in number, responded patriotically, and filled their several quotas with commendable promptness. Not so the fifteen Slave States. Even Delaware, the smallest and most northerly of Slave States, responded through its Governor by saying that:

"There is no organized militia in the State, and no law authorizing such organization." A reply that indicated indifference, if not worse.

Through its Governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, Missouri, another Slave State, pronounced:

"The call illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary; its objects to be inhuman and diabolical, and would not be complied with by Missouri."

Kentucky was a border Slave State and there sentiment was divided, nevertheless, Governor Magoffin responded to the President's call by saying Kentucky "would furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of sub-

duing the South." Vain words! As time went by thousands and thousands of brave Kentuckians volunteered for this very "wicked purpose," and many of these sealed their devotion to the Union of their fathers by finding a grave in the far South.

Bond County, Ill., the place of my nativity, promptly enlisted two companies in response to the call of Richard Yates, our noble war Governor. As I was but seventeen years of age, and at that time the one male member of the family, I did not volunteer, but instead passed the spring and summer of 1861 peacefully following the plow.

At the same farmhouse in the early spring were five young men and boys, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-five years, and certainly a jolly, light-hearted, merry company of young, vigorous, thoughtless humanity. Two of the number, Charley and "Ted," were bright, clear-skinned, good-natured young Englishmen, with just enough brogue in their speech to make one listen more intently. Charley, the younger brother, had black eyes, played the violin skillfully, was brim full of fun and was the life, wag and jolliest member of a jolly "bunch." Jack, a third member, was noted for good nature and dry wit.

Although we all followed the plow "from sun-up till sun-down," seldom were we too tired to assemble on the back porch of evenings after supper, crack jokes, sing merry songs and listen while Charley played on his violin such old-time pieces as "Buffalo Girls," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Buy a Broom," "Arkansaw Traveler," etc. Sometimes on these occasions, with the two or three girls about the house, a dance would be improvised in the kitchen.

As time went by each of these five young men joined the army, and a brief summary of their subsequent history may not be uninteresting as illustrative of war's fortunes.

Charley, the wag, wit and merriest one, was killed at Belmont, Mo., November 7, 1861, Grant's first battle, shot through the head with a musket ball. Jack enlisted in the fall of 1861, and about that time said to me, "Well, I guess it's all right, kase a feller'l never die till his time comes anyhow." Poor Jack, his time came at Atlanta in the late summer of 1864, when a bullet passed through his neck, killing him instantly.

A fourth member of the farmhouse group, whose name I do not now recall, in July, 1863, at Jackson, Miss., had his leg torn off near the body and died from shock and hemorrhage.

"Ted," brother to Charley, enlisted at the first call in 1861, and four years later was mustered out, much the worse for his experience, physically.

The fifth and last of the five went through three years at the front, and is yet alive. Three taken and two left! Truly, war reaps a terrible harvest.

CHAPTER II.

The Civil War Seen from a Quiet Neighborhood.

"But when the blast of war blows in our ears
Then imitate the tiger,
Stiffen the sinews, summon the blood."

—Shakespeare.

Not many weeks had the war been in progress when the "powers that be" came to realize that the Southerners were terribly in earnest, that putting down the Rebellion was no child's play, and that for its accomplishment there would be needed a large number of well trained soldiers and vast sums of money.

Congress convened on July 4, 1861, in extra session, and in his message to that body President Lincoln recommended that four hundred thousand men be enrolled and that four hundred million dollars be appropriated for war purposes. In response Congress voted *five* hundred thousand men and *five* hundred million dollars.

But while the Washington Government thus came to have some appreciation of the magnitude of the uprising in the South, the people at large failed to do so till after the Battle of Bull Run. This battle, which at the time seemed so disastrous to the Union cause, occurred July 21, 1861. Very naturally the newspapers were filled with the details of this struggle, and a little later some of them referred to it as "Bully Run," a facetious method of speaking of the panic which seized the Union soldiers after the battle.

But Bull Run was really a blessing in disguise, for it roused the North to a full appreciation of what it had to

do in order to save the Union. This battle occurred almost precisely seven months after the secession of South Carolina, the event which first "fired the Southern heart"; and during the whole of 1861 it is, perhaps, not too much to say that in all that pertains to *preparedness,* the South was fully that many months in advance of the North.

In conversation with a Southern sympathizer, late in the summer of 1861, I remember urging in excuse for a recent Union defeat that our forces were greatly outnumbered.

"Yes," he replied, "just as they always have been and are always likely to be in the future."

During the first months of the Civil War the people of the West were greatly interested in the progress of events in Missouri. General Fremont had command of the Department of Missouri during most of the summer of 1861, and as he started in with considerable reputation, the people naturally believed he would accomplish much and develop into one of the great Civil War leaders. But while it was not perhaps wholly Fremont's fault, yet he fell short of achieving what was expected.

August 10, 1861, was fought the Battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., where our forces attacked and greatly demoralized the enemy, who outnumbered us three to one. But the Union cause that day sustained what, at the time, seemed an irreparable loss in the death of General Lyon, the Commander. After General Lyon's death the Federals fell back, first to Springfield and later to Rolla, Mo. General Sigel, upon whom the command devolved, gained great reputation for the masterly manner in which he brought his little army from where it was so greatly outnumbered, and in danger of capture.

General Lyon's death was very much deplored all over the loyal North. In his person he seemed to combine qualities so much needed at that time, qualities that were clearly lacking in certain ones in high places. His energy, sagacity and promptness made him a great favorite in the West, where his deeds gave promise of a brilliant future, had his life been spared. He first came in the "lime-light" May 10, 1861, when, as Captain Lyon of the Regular Army, he promptly seized Camp Jackson at St. Louis, and thus early saved the contiguous country to the Union.

Emboldened by success at other points, secession in Missouri proposed to make its nest, so to speak, at Camp Jackson, within the corporate limits of St. Louis; and in this nest, early in May, 1861, whole broods of Confederate soldiers were going through the incubation process. But the Confederate Commandant, General Frost, who possessed only the sagacity of a fledgling, made a sort of May-day merry-making of drilling, and here came the city nabobs in their coaches, ladies in carriages, others in buggies, men on horseback and hundreds afoot.

One day a fat lady in a buggy, unaccompanied, drove leisurely all about the camp apparently unconcerned, but from under "her" bonnet looked the eagle eyes of Captain Nathaniel Lyon of the United States Army, who carefully took in the whole situation,

Shortly afterwards, a body of armed soldiers was marched out to Camp Jackson, halted in front of it, when their commander, Captain Lyon, demanded and promptly received the surrender of the Confederate camp with its twelve hundred embryo soldiers.

This bold and sagacious act caused great rejoicing throughout the West, but especially in such parts of

Illinois as were tributary to St. Louis. The newspapers of the day were filled with accounts of the affair, and Captain Lyon at once came into prominence. But his career of glory was doomed to be short, as he fell precisely three months later at Wilson's Creek.

Our little county, as elsewhere stated, furnished two companies of three months' men at the first call in April, 1861; these, before their time had fully expired, came home on furlough, preparatory to entering the three years' service for which period they had re-enlisted. Those from our community came walking in from the railroad station one bright June morning, dressed in their fresh, new uniforms: Coats of dark or navy blue, with bright brass buttons, pants light blue, neat caps with long visors, and their blankets of gray woolen, neatly rolled and thrown gracefully over their shoulders. Thus seen, "soldiering" looked especially inviting to me, a boy not yet eighteen.

During the summer of 1861 a man came along and hired out upon the farm where I was working. He stated that he was from near Springfield, Mo., where he had owned a well-stocked farm, but that the country being overrun by the contending armies everything had been "stripped off," and he was glad to get away. His family had gone to some relatives in Indiana, while he sought to earn a little money by hard work. He was the first Union refugee I had seen up to that time.

The Battle of Bull Run in the East, and Wilson's Creek in the West, were the principal engagements during the summer of 1861. I remember anxiously watching the papers during the summer and autumn of that year, instinctively hoping to read of the Confederates

being overwhelmed by our forces. But my hopes were not gratified.

The winter of 1861-2 I spent in a remote and sparsely-settled section, seven miles from a postoffice, where papers a week old were not considered stale. Not till long after it was fought, January 19, 1862, Mill Spring, General Thomas's first battle, was I privileged to read an account of the whole matter. Here the Confederate forces were beaten and put to flight, General Zollicoffer killed, their lines penetrated and broken at Bowling Green.

Even in this early period every neighborhood had one or more representatives in the army, and during the winter I remember serving upon several occasions as amanuensis to some of my friends, who were poor penmen, answering letters from soldiers at the front.

Towards night, one dreary, foggy day in February, 1862, the boom of cannon was heard away off to the southwest. Next day it was learned that a great victory had been won. That Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee River, had fallen. Fifteen thousand Confederates were reported captured, with all their arms and accoutrements. The cannonading heard proved to be the firing of a National salute at St. Louis, more than forty miles distant. Meeting a man next day, who had seen the papers and read an account of the whole affair, I inquired the name of the Union Commander.

The answer was: "General Grant."

"Grant? Grant?" said I. "Never heard of him. Who is he? What's his rank? Where's he from?"

"Don't know just who he is," was the reply, "except that he is a Brigadier-General and is from Illinois."

I remember feeling a shade of disappointment at the time that an entirely new and unknown man should all at once come into such prominence and, so to speak, eclipse men with familiar names.

Fort Donelson surrendered February 14, 1862, and it must have been the evening of February 17 that the salute was heard. It is unusual for cannonading to be heard forty miles and more distant, but the damp, heavy atmosphere of the time, together with the level prairie, over which the sound wave traversed, had much to do with the long distance reached.

In singular contrast to this experience was that at Perryville, October 8, 1862, when, in the afternoon, a severe and bloody battle was fought by McCook's Corps of the Army of the Ohio, two and one-half miles from the headquarters of the Commander, but he, notwithstanding, failed to hear the sound of the battle.

In an article on the Battle of Shiloh, General Buell expresses surprise that the Commander of the army—General Grant—should unwittingly permit the foe to approach with a large force, encamp over night within one and one-half miles of his lines and next morning attack with a large army! Not stranger is it, than that another Commander should remain quietly at his headquarters for a whole afternoon in blissful ignorance of the fact that one wing of his army was engaged in perilous battle but two and one-half miles distant! But that the latter circumstance happened Buell himself testifies, and offers in explanation the peculiar configuration of the country and the prevalence of a strong wind from his headquarters toward the corps engaged. War, as well as peace, has its anomalies.

In the autumn of 1861 the people began to be impatient with what was deemed the needless inactivity of the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, and concerning him and that organization the phrase: "All quiet on the Potomac," first used as an expressive indication of no demonstration by either friend or foe in Virginia, came, as the period of inaction lengthened, to have a satirical meaning.

McClellan, soon after Bull Run, was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and for a time seemed very popular with the people, and was soon familiarly called "Little Mac," and a short time after, the Napoleon of the War. But as the winter drew near and the Army of the Potomac made no demonstration, many began to question McClellan's fitness for high command, and some even made the remark that he was the "biggest man never to have done anything on record." His most excellent service in Western Virginia in July, 1861, was for the time forgotten or ignored, and his great ability as an organizer was not yet understood.

In April, 1862, in the West, all eyes were concentrated upon the Army of the Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River. Here, on April 6, 1862, Grant came near being overwhelmed, and for a time passed under a shadow of public distrust as dark and foreboding as the previous two month's—after the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson—sunshine of popular approval and confidence had been warm and cheering.

The 6th of April, 1862, made memorable to me by the death of a relative, is remembered as a typical April day —now a cloud, now a shower, now sunshine, a little wind, a little warm and a little mud, but pleasant withal and full of the promise of spring. Little did we of the

North know when the sun went down that quiet Sabbath evening through what peril one of our great armies had passed.

In the same secluded, sparsely-settled section, seven miles from a postoffice, where I spent the winter of 1861-2, I also spent the spring and summer of 1862 following the plow, contentedly farming and dreaming of the college life, which I hoped was near at hand.

About this time, too, I first saw a national bank note. The man who had several five- and ten- dollar bills of this species said they were "legal-tenders." Their bright, crisp appearance and artistic workmanship were in striking contrast with the State bank—"wildcat"—currency, up to that period, the only paper money in circulation. This State bank money was of such uncertain value that many of the old-fashioned, but sturdy people, refused to receive it in payment of dues, and insisted upon having only gold and silver. Consequently paper money naturally held a lower place in the public esteem than *hard money,* the people's name for gold and silver coin.

The National currency soon banished from circulation the State currency. Gold and silver disappeared from circulation in 1862, and fractional paper money was issued by the Government of fifty, twenty-five, ten, five and even three cents value.

In the region where I was the daily newspaper was almost never seen, and even a good weekly but seldom. However, the neighborhood was by no means deprived of news, as a citizen, whom we will call Jones, amply supplied the place of a local paper. This man Jones was of middle age and medium size, of rough-strong build, had coarse red hair, never wore whiskers, but seldom shaved oftener than once in a fortnight, hence his face

was usually covered with a porcupine-like growth of an uncertain yellowish-red hue, often covered with tobacco juice, as was the front of his brown domestic shirt that fastened at the neck with a large horn button, but left a great gaping space of eight or ten inches below, displaying his hairy breast. He wore a pair of brown jean pants, held up by one, sometimes two, "galluses" made of striped bed-ticking, and in anything like mild weather had on neither coat nor vest. On his head was the remnant of a coarse wool hat, his pants invariably short, failed, when he was sitting, to meet the tops of his blue woolen socks and the interval thus left was uncovered by underwear; on his feet, summer and winter, were coarse brogan shoes, in size about number eleven. In the eyes of Jones any man who wore anything finer than Kentucky jeans was proud, and every woman stuck up, who of Sundays donned anything save a "sun" bonnet. Jones believed he was just as good as anybody, but fearing others would not think so, took occasion every now and then to assert the fact.

He probably never missed a meal of victuals in his life on account of sickness, but when accosted with the usual "Howdy do, Jones," invariably answered, "only tolible." His family consisted of a hearty wife and some half-dozen healthy children, but he never would concede their healthy status, and when asked regarding their health always answered with some qualified phrase as: "Purty peart considering," "all stirring when I left," "so's to be round," "all about now," "only tolible like," "all av'rige but the old woman, she's powerful weak," "jist middlin'," etc., etc.

But once seated in your house and having satisfactorily compromised the health of himself and family, Jones lost

no further time, but at once began unloading his latest batch of war news.

"Hain't heered 'bout the big fight on the 'Tenisy,' I reckon? That Gin'rl that hop'd (helped) the gunboats take them air forts down thar, whar they ketched so many sojers—Donels'n and Henery, b'lieve they call 'em. I forgit his name—O yes, Grant. Well, he's got 'whurp'd' (meaning whipped) mighty bad, him and his army—got his'n all cut up and lots of 'em tuck pris'ner.

"Some's sayin' they reckon he must 'a' been in licker to git 'whurp'd' that away. They fit two whole days, and if it hadn't ben for them air gunboats helpin', him and his whole army ben tuck pris'ner, shore. They are sayin': 'Pears like Grant's awful lucky gittin' hop'd from gunboats'."

"The first time he fit at a place called Bell sumthin' (Belmont), they (the gunboats) got him out, then they done most of the fightin' at Henery, and I reckon lots of it at Donels'n and this last time they saved his bacon, shore. 'Pon my soul, b'lieve the South's goin' to win, though."

Not long after Shiloh, Island No. 10, in the Mississippi, with a goodly number of prisoners, surrendered to General Pope. This, in the West, was at the time taken as a sort of offset to our failure at Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh.

Early that spring I remember reading of the now world-renowned engagement between the little *National Monitor* and the huge Confederate iron-clad *Merrimac*. This engagement in Hampton Roads revolutionized naval warfare, and forever did away with unarmored wooden vessels.

The name *Monitor,* which was afterward used in a generic sense and applied to all vessels built after the same general pattern of the one which so successfully encountered the *Merrimac,* at first sounded strangely, but by and by became familiar enough.

The war, among other things, brought into general use a whole brood of peculiar and unfamiliar words. The first word of this kind to attract attention was *secession,* corrupted by many into *secesh. Coercion,* as applied to compelling the return of seceded States, was another new term. *Contraband* was first used by General Butler when referring to slaves who had come within his lines. This was an unusually hard word at first, but soon became familiar when whole clouds of contrabands (slaves) sought freedom under the protection of our armies. *Refugee* was a term applied to such white people as favored the Union cause, fled from the South, and sought safety and protection within our lines. *Copperhead* was a term used to designate such as openly opposed the war and yet had their homes in the North. But while one, who openly opposed the war, was called a copperhead, one who *violently* opposed it was called a *Secesh.*

After the battle of Pittsburg Landing an immense Union army, under General Halleck, concentrated in that vicinity for the advance on Corinth. Pope's forces had been ordered thither, and Buell's and Grant's armies were there already. Halleck divided his grand army of over one hundred thousand effective men into right and left wings, center and reserve, commanded respectively by Pope, Buell, Thomas and McClernand. Poor Grant, under a cloud after Shiloh, was nominally second in command, but was really a sort of supernumerary.

The attention of the whole country was concentrated upon this fine army as it slowly besieged Corinth and attempted to bag General Beauregard. But one night, May 30, 1862, he quietly evacuated, and either destroyed or carried away everything of value.

The whole story was well told at the time by a cut in *Harper's Weekly,* which represented in one picture a huge hand (Halleck's army) closed, all but the index-finger, which was reaching to seize a flea (Beauregard's army), at rest on a plane surface. Just opposite was another picture which represented the big index-finger in contact with the plane surface, but the flea (Beauregard's army) was in the air, having, true to its nature, jumped.

CHAPTER III.

"Six Hundred Thousand More."—Author Enlists.

"Form! Form! Form! Riflemen!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen! Riflemen! Riflemen form!"

—Tennyson.

About the 1st of April, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, began the Peninsular campaign, slowly approaching from Fortress Monroe towards Richmond. A month was consumed in the Siege of Yorktown; six weeks passed in the sickly swamps of the Chickahominy, after which McClellan changed his base to the James River, and then followed the Seven Days' Battles near Richmond, namely, Mechanicsville, June 26; Gaines' Mills, June 27 and 28; Savage's Station, June 29; Peach Orchard, June 29; White Oak Swamp, June 30, and Malvern Hill, July 1. July 2 the Army of the Potomac retreated to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, and thus had been accomplished the "change of base." This costly and humiliating repulse of McClellan was a sore disappointment to the North, but knowing the Nation's power, the President issued a call in the last days of July for 300,000 volunteers, which, a little later, was increased to 600,000.

Like most others I had all along been greatly interested in the war's progress, but fifteen month's continuance of the conflict had, in a degree, removed the keen edge of that interest, and I, all the while, consoled myself with the idea that there was no need for me to become

identified with the conflict in any way personally. The previous winter I had been teaching and putting in leisure moments preparing for college. My studies I tried to prosecute, in a way, while farming during the spring and early summer of 1862, my zeal at times leading me in hot days, while my horse was resting, to use the freshly turned-up earth as a sort of make-shift board upon which, with a stick, I marked out for demonstration certain propositions in geometry.

From the foregoing it will be seen that my dreams were all of the Halls of Learning and not of the Temple of Mars, not of fields of strife and blood. These personal matters are mentioned because it is believed that many thousands of young men, up to this period, had aspirations like my own and bore a similar relation to the war, and most of these enlisted and thousands of them sacrificed their lives on their country's altar.

One day early in August, 1862, having followed the plow till noon, I came in from the field to dinner and found at the house a relative who had just arrived with the information that a war meeting was to be held the next day at Pocahontas, my home village, ten miles distant, and that the day previous a war meeting had been held at Greenville, Ill., our county seat, and at which many of my old friends and schoolmates had enlisted.

Joining the army is not unlike measles, whooping-cough and even smallpox, for it's catching. Learning that A., B., C. and D. had volunteered, I henceforth saw "the light," and straightway resolved to enlist in my country's service, much as it would mar all my well-laid plans. With this intent uppermost in my mind I attended the war meeting at Pocahontas, August 9, 1862, which was held in the shade of a white oak grove.

There was a good attendance and much earnestness manifested. The exercises consisted of martial music, singing of patriotic songs and several eloquent speeches. One of the speakers was a ruddy-faced, good-looking Englishman, whose earnestness and eloquent words made a lasting impression on my mind. He began by reading in a most impressive manner a poem, then just published and beginning:

"We are coming Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more,
From Alleghany's rugged heights, from Mississippi's winding shore"—

These lines are quoted from memory and may be inaccurate, but it is believed they are substantially correct. When through reading, the speaker said:

"As most of you know, I am an Englishman; not a drop save English blood courses in my veins, and near to my heart is the memory of dear, merry old England. Her green, peaceful fields, her happy homes, her thrifty sons, her broad-chested, manly men; and her rosy-cheeked, healthy women; wives, sisters, mothers, sweethearts can never, never be forgotten. But much as I love old England, and proud as I am of the power and fair name of my native land, I am, today, an American citizen, and as such, should the English Government see fit to intervene and take up arms in favor of the South, I will shoulder my musket and fight against her as long as there is breath in my body."

The impassioned address of the eloquent Englishman was intently listened to and heartily cheered by the audience.

Amid these surroundings and under these patriotic influences I gave my name to an enrolling officer, and

for three years thereafter saw service in the Union Army—service that, though humble, did not end till the last enemy had surrendered and our National Flag was permitted to float in peace over every foot of the late eleven Seceded States—eleven Seceded States that comprised the Southern Confederacy, and whose people had desperately striven to take eleven Stars from the Flag of our common Country, and with them form the "Stars and Bars," the emblem of a proposed new government, whose chief corner-stone was avowed to be human slavery, but

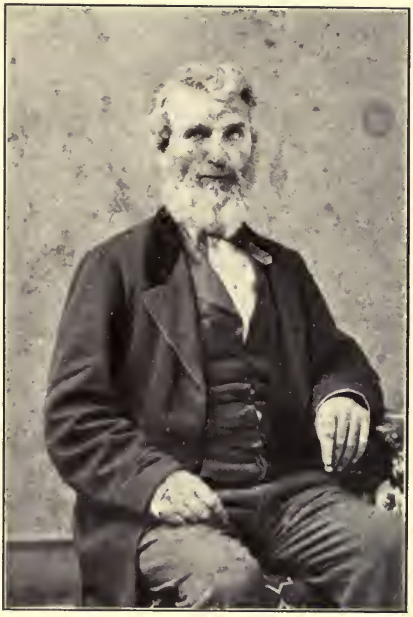
"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness He grinds all."

At this period the war had been in progress a little less than sixteen months, and regarding the propriety and justness of the conflict, there were three classes, and of these the first included all members of the Republican Party who had elected Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and who, to a man, favored a vigorous prosecution of the war.

A second class was vacillating, now favoring the war and now hesitating, if not, indeed, objecting to its further prosecution.

A third class opposed President Lincoln in every move he made, and became so bitter and so obnoxious that they were not inaptly called "Copperheads," the name of a certain snake whose bite was especially poisonous, and whose method of attack was cowardly and vicious.

As time went by, the party favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war received a very large accession from



Thomas W. Hynes, D.D., a Clerical Patriot in the Sixties and later Bond County's (Ill.) Grand Old Man.

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certain patriotic men who came to be known as "War-Democrats," a *hyphenated* term that was especially popular with Union men in the early sixties.

As to the final outcome, a few people seemed, from the beginning, to have implicit faith in ultimate triumph, but the great majority were submerged in a sea of doubt and perplexity.

On July 4, 1861, I attended a Fourth of July celebration at Greenville, our county seat, and listened to a most eloquent and patriotic address from a prominent clergyman. Very naturally the theme of the speaker was the war, upon which the country was just entering. He handled his subject in a masterly manner, and I shall never forget his closing words: "Crowned with a halo of glory, the Nation reunited will finally come out of this fiery ordeal, grander, nobler, stronger than ever before."

These words were, so to speak, burned into my memory, for they were wonderfully impressive and seemed to carry with them great weight and an indefinable sense of dignity and foreknowledge. Yet, in those trying days when every one was at sea, and clarity of view was vouchsafed to few, if any, the prophetic words of the reverend speaker seemed all but impossible of fulfillment. However, those were stirring times, and men's minds underwent prompt and radical changes.

The patriotic and manly course of many leading Democrats, notably Senator Douglas, in supporting the Union, and standing by President Lincoln in his efforts to preserve the integrity of the National Government, had much to do in making staunch Unionists of many who, up to that time, had openly opposed the course of

the Administration at Washington, or hesitated in giving it their allegiance.

The eloquent speaker referred to above was Reverend Thomas W. Hynes, of Greenville, Ill., who was born in Kentucky and lived there till he was fifteen years of age, when he came North. He was a forceful speaker, with a rich, sonorous voice, and a suave, dignified gentleman, who, in his bearing and every-day life, represented the highest type of the true Christian gentleman.

Having been born and reared in a slave-environment he knew the wrongs and evils of the slave system, and when, in the fifties, the attempt was made to contaminate the free prairies of Kansas with slave labor, Reverend Mr. Hynes was a modest, but integral part of the great upheaval north of the Ohio River that finally engulfed the threatening movement on the part of the ultra Southern leaders.

His three sons were in the Union Army, and one of them fell at Vicksburg, where he now fills a soldier's honored grave.

Among those who left their homes in the South on account of their dislike to slavery and came to the western wilderness in Illinois, while it was yet a territory, was my grandfather, Charles Johnson, who raised a large family, and when the Civil War came on not one of his descendants, who was of suitable age and physically fit, failed to enlist, and one of them gave up his life at Chickamauga.

But what was true of these two patriots was true of thousands and thousands of Southern-born men in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, among whom Abraham Lincoln was the great prototype, and who, when the terrible crisis came in the early sixties, stood like a wall of

adamant for the integrity of the Federal Government. Indeed, the part borne by these stalwart Unionists of Southern birth and descent was so weighty that it really turned the scales and, in the final reckoning, made the preservation of the Union possible. What a theme for a volume would the work of these men afford! These stalwarts loved the sunny Southland, but they loved the Union more. Among the last-named were Generals Scott, Thomas, Logan, Hurlburt, Commodore Farragut and scores of other great Civil War leaders.

Under Lincoln's call for 600,000 volunteers in July and August, 1862, two full companies were enlisted in my little native County of Band, which came to be noted for its patriotism. During the month of August and early days of September these volunteers rendezvoused at Greenville, our County Seat, a quiet old-time village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and twenty miles distant from the nearest railway station. Here we were billeted, or quartered, at the two village taverns.

Very many of the two hundred young men composing these two companies were fine, stalwart fellows, whose bronzed faces showed the healthy traces of the sun's rays under which they had followed the plow during the cultivating season, then just over; though when I enlisted I let go the handles of the plow and left it sticking in the furrow. Most of us were under twenty-five years of age—a great many, indeed, under twenty—and a jolly, rollicking bunch we were, but, almost to a man, all were staunch, of sterling worth, and were members of the best families in the county. One night a number of us went out in the country two or three miles, if I remember correctly, in quest of watermelons, but whether or not we found them, I do not now recall, but one experience of

that summer night I shall never forget, We took with us a supply of cigars for those who were already smokers, and those who were not yet smokers, alike. Those of us who had not before learned to smoke had become impressed with the idea that we never could become real, true soldiers till we added this last to our list of accomplishments. Once before I had tried to smoke, but my efforts ended in a severe attack of vomiting. This night, however, notwithstanding my former failure, I resolved to make one more heroic effort to acquire the smoking habit, but, much to my dismay and chagrin, soon after inhaling the smoke of about half a cigar I was seized with a violent attack of sick stomach and vomiting which made me so weak that I was hardly able to get back to our stopping place. This apparent failure of fifty-odd years ago I have long since come to regard as one of the decidedly fortunate occurrences of my life, for it kept me from acquiring a costly and questionable habit.

At the village taverns, beds for all could, of course, not be had, consequently we slept on lounges, benches, carpets, bare floors; indeed, on almost any smooth surface that was under shelter. It goes without saying that we all had fine appetities, the demands of which severely taxed the tavern larders.

So passed the remainder of August and the early days of September, when one day an order came for us to rendezvous at Belleville, Ill., a small city, forty miles away.

One moonless night in August, a little time before we left Greenville, our company was drawn up in front of the Court House to receive a beautiful flag, a present from the women whose husbands, brothers, sons and

sweethearts were soon to see service at the front. Two or three tallow candles furnished a flickering uncertain light, under whose dim rays a Miss Smith, a beautiful young woman, mounted the Court House steps, and in a few well chosen words, spoken in a sweet voice, presented the flag. John B. Reid, then the Captain of the company in which I had enlisted, responded briefly and appropriately.

The flag was made of fine silk and most beautiful were its seven stripes of red, six of snowy white and delicate field of blue, studded with thirty-four immaculate stars, representing as many States, although eleven of these were making war upon this flag and all it stood for.

After the fair young maiden had spoken her few words and the captain had responded, the flag was unfurled three rousing cheers were given, and every man silently resolved, if need be, to give his life for the preservation of this noble emblem.

This flag we took with us when we went to the enemy's country, but unfortunately, during our various marches and transfers from one to another locality, it was misplaced, and never afterward found. Thus it came about that not one of us was given opportunity to "die for its preservation."

In this same month of August, 1862, another beautiful Bond County flag, the handiwork of the wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts of the newly-enlisted men, was made at Pocahontas, my native village, and by one of its fair maidens, Miss Sarah Green, presented to an organization that later became Company E, 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers. In due time this Pocahontas flag was carried to the enemy's country, and by his bullets its folds were more than once pierced during the Siege of

Vicksburg. The war over, the flag was returned to the people from whence it came, and is today a highly cherished relic in the care of J, W. Miles, a Civil War veteran of Pocahontas.

Most certainly this shot-pierced, home-made flag, old and tattered by more than a half century's history, is well and unquestionably entitled to be called "Old Glory."

The Pocahontas flag is only one of many, many thousands, that were given to outgoing volunteers by patriotic women whose prayers and hopes followed their loved ones wheresoever duty called them. But, sad to say, the great majority of the flags of this class are from one cause or another, no longer in existence; hence, the possessors of the Pocahontas "Old Glory" have reason to congratulate themselves over their exceptional good fortune.

To the non-military reader it may be well to say that the State furnished every newly-organized regiment a flag which became its recognized standard. In review, on parade, on all public occasions and in battle, this flag was unfurled, and borne at the head of the regiment by the color-bearer. In the event the flag was lost or destroyed, the State, as promptly as possible, furnished another one.

Finally, when the term of service ended and the regiment was mustered out, its flag reverted to the State, and was supposed to be ever after cared for.

Thus it will be seen that regimental flags are in a class to themselves, and, as such, cannot be claimed by individuals nor by communities.

CHAPTER IV.

From Corn Field to Camp.

"The fields are ravished of th' industrious swains."
—Pope.

In the latter part of August, 1862, while men all over the North were, in thousands, cheerfully responding to President Lincoln's latest and largest call for troops, General Pope was seriously defeated in Northern Virginia, and with his army had fallen back on the defenses of Washington.

A little later, about the middle of September, these reverses were, in part, retrieved by the same troops under McClellan at South Mountain and Antietam. All this occurred while the two companies from Bond County were yet in citizens' dress and eating the food of civil life. Already, however, each volunteer had taken an oath before a justice of the peace to support the Constitution and laws of the United States.

The round of routine at Greenville, eating, sleeping, drilling, etc.—the county seat of little Bond—was varied one evening by a social gathering in the audience room of the Court House, at which all the soldiers and many citizens and ladies were present. Some good vocal music was rendered, and one soloist, Miss Lucy White, daughter of President White, of Almira College, sang with much effect a selection, then just published, in which are the words:

"Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget that many brave boys must fall."

If I remember correctly, these two lines were a sort of refrain at the end of each verse, and the words, "must fall," sounded to me especially doleful—so doleful that I could not enter into the cheery character that it was intended the gathering should assume, and, at its close, the words, "must fall," rang in my ears till I felt almost sure I was destined to die on some Southern battlefield. However, next morning's sunshine dissipated all my gloomy forebodings and my boyish vigor and innate optimism caused me to take a cheerful view of the future—a view that time has justified, for, since that social gathering in the Court House, fifty-four long years have run their course, and of those assembled on that August night, I am one of the few left to tell the story.

Miss White's solo, doleful as it seemed, was not without its good effect, for even the most thoughtless among us was made to think seriously of the new and dangerous duties upon which we were about to enter.

As elsewhere noted, an order had been received from the State Capital at Springfield, directing the two Bond County companies to rendezvous at Belleville, Ill., about forty miles away and not far from St. Louis,

As the time for departure drew near, every man visited his home, made his final arrangements, said farewell to his friends, and then joined his comrades at Greenville.

But sad and tearful was this farewell, as father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or sweetheart, took the parting one by the hand, none knowing how soon he would fall in the frightful death-harvest a great devastating war was every hour reaping.

At the appointed time friends, neighbors and relatives came with farm wagons and, early one beautiful Septem-

Pocahontas Flag; Real "Old Glory."

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ber morning, the vehicles were loaded with hearty specimens of young manhood, all ideal "cannon-food," and the journey over a dusty road to the nearest railway station, twenty miles away at Carlyle, was begun.

Three or four miles on the road was a hill where we, for some cause, halted for a time. From here I remember taking a look at the Court House, about which we had been drilling for several weeks, and whose friendly roof had sheltered us from rain and sun alike, and as its familiar outline loomed up in the morning's sun I wondered if I should ever again look upon it.

About noon we reached Carlyle, on what was then known as the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, now the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, and soon a west-bound train came in and we all went aboard. And will the reader believe it, to many of us this experience was absolutely new, for I, in common with most of my comrades, had never before been inside a railway coach! To satisfy any reader who may be in a wondering mood, let it be said that a half century ago railways were very much fewer, and railway travel vastly less, than now.

After going west on the train for about twenty-five miles we got off, detrained as we say today, at O'Fallon and marched in a southwesterly direction till we came to Belleville, seven miles distant. The afternoon was hot, the roads dusty, and I remember suffering much discomfort from a pair of tight-fitting shoes I had bought the day previous. Before we reached Belleville my discomfort amounted to almost torture, and for this reason I look back upon this initial march of only seven miles as one of the hardest and most uncomfortable I was called upon to make during my whole three years' service.

Arrived at Belleville, we were directed to the Fair Grounds where, under the board roofs of horse and cattle stalls, we found quarters. An abundance of clean, bright straw had been provided, upon which the blankets and quilts were spread, which last we had brought from our homes, and thus we arranged for our first night's sleep in the new career before us. The grounds were inclosed with a high, tight fence, and within were groves of shade trees and green, thrifty grass. The September weather was delightful, and the novelty of the new situation and way of living was most enjoyable.

However, there was one drawback; meals were taken at the several boarding houses in the city, and as these were substantially all run by Germans, Belleville being largely populated with people of that nationality, the taste and fumes of garlic seemed to permeate every article of food on the table. It was, of course, in all the meats, in many of the vegetables; but every man would have taken oath that it was in the bread and butter, if indeed, not in the coffee and sugar as well.

Strange as it may seem to the more advanced sanitarians of today, we all suffered from severe colds not long after we began sleeping out, and the exposure incurred in this way was assigned as the cause.

At the end of about ten days we were ordered to Camp Butler, near Springfield. We boarded a train for St. Louis, and arriving there, went by steamboat to Alton, Ill., and here, sometime after nightfall, we climbed on coal cars, entrained, and found seats on boards which were put across from side to side. We found the ride anything but pleasant, those sitting near the outer edge seemed in constant danger of falling overboard, and the

smoke, cinders and sparks were tormenting in the extreme.

Some time in the "wee-small" hours we arrived at Springfield and got off, detrained, at the Alton & Chicago Railway station. Meantime, a drizzling rain began to fall, and the men found shelter as best they could. With a companion I found this in the open vestibule of a church a little south of the station. Next morning we got breakfast at one of the cheaper hotels, and this was destined to be one of our very last meals eaten from dishes placed on a white tablecloth.

During the forenoon several of us visited the home of President Lincoln and picked some flowers from the front yard and sent them home in letters.

Near noon time we boarded a train on the Wabash Railway for Camp Butler, seven miles east of Springfield. On this train was Major General John C. Fremont, in full uniform, and we all took a good look at him, as he was the first officer of high rank we had seen. He was a man of medium stature, and wore rather light sandy whiskers. This last was a surprise to me, for when he was candidate for President in 1856 he was represented as heavily whiskered, so heavily, indeed, that he won the sobriquet of "Wooly Horse."

Arrived at Camp Butler we detrained and passed through a gate near the railway, guarded by a uniformed soldier with a gun in his hands, and entered an enclosure of about forty acres, surrounded by a high, tight board fence. Along two sides of this enclosure were rows of long, narrow buildings, which were known as barracks. At one end was the office of the Post Commandant, and nearby, the Commissary and Quartermaster's Department. At the other end was the Hospital,

Guard-House, Sutler's Store, etc. In the center was a large open space, used as a drill-ground. In the middle of the rear end, as at the front, was a large gate for teams to pass through, and beside it a smaller one, for the egress and ingress of the men; both were guarded by an armed soldier, and no one could go out without a pass signed by the Post Commandant.

A company was assigned to each of the long, narrow buildings, which we soon learned to familiarly call barracks. This had at one end a kitchen and store-rooms and at the other end two or three small apartments for the officers. Through the center of the main room ran a long table made of rough boards, and from which all ate. At the sides of this main room were box-like structures, open in front, having tiers of boards upon which two men slept side by side. These we called bunks. Thus it was that our long, narrow barracks were not unlike a sleeping-car and dining-car combined. The barracks were made of rough boards put on "up-and-down," with no ceiling overhead save the shingle roof, and windows and doors were few, purposely, to save space.

Here began the crude, coarse fare of soldier life. Rations in abundance and of essential good quality were supplied, but their preparation lacked the skilled, delicate hand of woman; but of this more hereafter.

Not long after reaching Camp Butler I was attacked with ague, and for this the Post Surgeon very properly prescribed quinine. The hospital steward gave me six powders of that drug, put up in as many papers, and, as the bitter taste of quinine was especially repugnant to me, I cast about for some means to overcome this, and in the end could think of no better plan than the one I

had seen my mother put in use. In seeking to carry this out I called on the Sutler and paid him five cents for an especially mellow apple, and some of the scrapings of this I placed in the bottom of an iron spoon which I borrowed from one of the cooks, thus forming layer No. 1. On this I put the contents of one paper, forming layer No. 2, then over all I put some more apple scraping, forming layer No. 3. So far all went well, but unfortunately all went *wrong* when I attempted to swallow the bolus; for I got the upper layer of apple and about two-thirds of the quinine and all its horrid taste, as this was, no doubt, added to by the acid in the apple. Just how I managed to take the remainder of the powders I do not now recall, but, in any event, I made a prompt recovery from my ague.

Some weeks after this I was attacked with a terrible pain in the bowels, and, as it was in the middle of the night, one of my comrades went for the Post Surgeon, who prescribed paregoric, which finally brought relief after several doses had been taken. Unfortunately for my more speedy relief, the hypodermic syringe had not yet come in use; but fortunately, perhaps, for my permanent peace and comfort, appendicitis had not yet taken its place in the category of distinct disease entities, and consequently the operation of appendectomy had not yet been devised. Had there been recognized such a disease as appendicitis, or had there been such an operation as appendectomy, the outcome might have been altogether different. I was a vigorous youth, suffering with agonizing pain in the classic region of McBurney's Point. My medical adviser was recently out of school, and was possessed of an aggressive make-up. Had it been possible to project the situation a generation into the future, this

story might have had a different ending, and I might not be here to tell it; or I might be wearing a certain cross-abdomen slash, so to speak, familiar to modern surgeons.

But as things were, in that autumn day in 1862, my case was diagnosed colic, or, in plain English, "belly-ache," an old-time, old-fashioned, honest disease that appendectomists have nearly, or quite, crowded out of the category of human ailments.

Doubtless, my trouble was due to an attack of acute indigestion, in turn due to too many amateur cooks (among whom I had been one) in our barrack kitchen.

As said before, we received an abundance of good rations, but we did not know how to cook them. Each day two men were detailed from the company to do duty in the kitchen. These, the first day, served as assistants to two other men who but the day previous were themselves assistants, and with the *ripe experience gained in one day's apprenticeship,* were now full-fledged cooks, and capable of instructing the uninitiated.

Little wonder is it that, with these constant changes in the kitchen, the food was at nearly all times ill prepared, and chance too often an important factor in the results obtained. For illustration, meat which was placed in the oven to roast, from the presence of too much fat turned out a *fry,* and beef put in the kettle to boil, from the absence of water at a critical stage, would be *baked* instead, if indeed it was not hopelessly burned.

Potatoes were almost never properly cooked, even when apparently well done, a raw core would frequently be found in the center. Coffee was, at times, only a little stronger than water, at others it was like lye.

But rice, white beans and dried apples gave the amateur cooks the most trouble. In cooking these the novice

would invariably fill the camp kettle, a large sheet-iron vessel, holding two or more gallons, with one of these articles, and then pour in water and set it over the fire. In a little time the beans or dried apples would begin to swell and run over the sides of the vessel; meantime, the new cook would dip out the contents and put them in another vessel; the swelling process continued, the dipping proceeded, till a second vessel was as full as the first, and there seemed to be enough for two or three companies instead of only one.

Good cook stoves and serviceable utensils were furnished by the Government, in addition to rations in abundance and of exceptional quality. The lame factor was in the food's preparation. Had it been possible for the Government to have supplied newly-enlisted companies with good cooks till others could have been trained, an untold amount of sickness would have been prevented, and many graves would have remained unfilled, not to speak of the many thousands who were discharged from the service by reason of ailments due to ill-prepared food.

CHAPTER V.

From Camp to The Enemy's Country.

"The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strikes below."

—Whittier.

As most of us were from the farms where we had been used to absolute freedom, the confinement imposed on us at Camp Butler soon became very monotonous and irksome. Indeed, it seemed little short of being confined in prison. To relieve the monotony we occasionally secured a pass from the Post Commandant and visited the world outside the enclosure, Once or twice we went to Springfield, at other times we spent some hours in the nearby woods, and at others we roamed over and through the fields of growing corn.

In the autumn of 1862 a great many newly-enlisted men were sent to Camp Butler for drill and organization; and these came in squads, companies and even regiments, always, however, unarmed, undrilled and not uniformed. In these men a few days' time worked a wonderful transformation. One regiment in particular I recall as presenting the most motley appearance imaginable. Brown jeans was the prevailing dress, but every conceivable cut of coat and style of hat could be seen, and all, from colonel down, were slouchy in attire, and awkward and ungainly in manner and appearance. A few weeks later the same body of men marched out of Camp Butler to take the cars on the Wabash Railway at

the front gate of the enclosure bound for the front and the firing-line; but, what a change! Every man was dressed in a new well-fitting uniform, had on his shoulder a bright new musket that glistened in the sunlight, and moved with firm, elastic step. The whole regiment marched with machine-like precision, and kept step with the rythmic strains of the band at its head.

In front of the Post Commandant's headquarters at Camp Butler was a flagpole, upon which early each morning was run up the Stars and Stripes, that were taken down again when night approached. Here, also, was a cannon that was fired every night at sunset and every morning at sunrise.

To keep the men from climbing over the fence a chain of guards was posted next to it all around. These were armed with old army muskets of the Harper's Ferry pattern, that were utterly harmless, all being in some way defective. But armed with one of these, given the countersign and put on his "beat," perhaps, between a hickory tree and a white oak stump, the new soldier felt all the dignity of his position by day and the full weight of his responsibilities at night. At this period words from the Eastern army were most in favor for countersign, such as "Burnside," "Kearney," "Hooker," "Chickahominy," "Potomac," "Rappahannock," etc.

After night the guard allowed no one to approach without challenge, when, if the party purported to be a friend, he was required to whisper the countersign over the musket's length with bayonet attached.

Before regimental organization had been perfected I, with two comrades, procured a furlough to visit home for a few days. We arrived by rail within twenty miles of our destination at 9 P.M. Time was limited, so it was

resolved to foot it home that very night. After walking about five hours, the home of one of the party in the country was reached, and to save time and get to sleep as soon as possible, it was decided to slip in the house quietly and go to bed at once. Accordingly, guided by the comrade whose family occupied the house, all were soon disposed of, and being exceedingly weary, quickly went to sleep. I occupied the front of one bed and one of my comrades the back. All slept late, and at the breakfast table the next morning the lady of the house, a matronly woman, said to me:

"Didn't know I kissed you awhile ago, did you? Well," she continued, "I went into the spare room and first thing I saw was soldier's clothes, and on the pillow I saw a face which I thought was my Fielding's, and you better believe I gave it one good kiss. But I don't care, it was a soldier, any way!"

Blessed be the memory of her patriotic heart; before the war ended, four of her sons lost their lives in their country's service. Not many sacrificed so much; aye, few gave so much to sustain the Nation's life, even in those troublous times, when sacrifice and patriotic gifts were so common. After a few days spent most pleasantly at home I returned to my company at Camp Butler.

Newly-formed regiments of men were outside, and all about the enclosure at Camp Butler, encamped in tents. After staying in the barracks about two months I remember being detailed for guard duty one beautiful Sabbath day. Guard duty necessitated a soldier's absence from his quarters for twenty-four hours, though he would actually be on his beat with musket in hand but one-third of the time, two hours out of every six. The time referred to, my two hours for duty, came just be-

fore daylight Monday morning. Looking through the fence about sunrise, where a regiment was encamped just outside, several groups were seen eating breakfast, and these were not composed wholly of men, but were made up of women, girls and children as well. Looking closer, it was seen that they were eating fried chicken, turkey, cake, pie, freshly-baked bread and good butter, biscuit and doughnuts. By this time the man on the next beat had joined me, and the effect the scene had upon the two soldiers within the enclosure can never be appreciated by the reader who has not had a similar experience. The wives, sisters and children of these more fortunate soldiers had evidently come to spend a season with their friends, and had brought such eatables as they knew would be appreciated, for the time had thus literally transferred home-life to camp.

Late in October, ten companies, including the one to which I belonged, were mustered into the United States service as the 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers. The afternoon was cold and raw, and the ceremony was not enjoyed. Next morning was bright and warm, and the newly-formed regiment was formed in line, when the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Major each made a short speech.

The new organization was at once put under a Dutch drillmaster, a short, little fellow, with a red face, sandy moustache and goatee. He wore a cap, a blue blouse and a sword that dragged the lower end of its scabbard on the ground. He gave his commands in quick, nervous, broken English: "Tenyan, 'Pitalyan! Fa'rd March! By Goompanies, Right 'Veel!" (Attention Battalion! Forward March! By Companies, Right Wheel!) When the evolutions of the green regiment were faulty, it was

amusing to hear the scolding in broken English from the drillmaster.

Pretty soon the regiment received its arms, Austrian rifled-muskets; these, with cartridge boxes containing the ammunition, canteens in which to carry water, haversacks (pouches made of heavy cotton goods for rations), knapsacks and blankets, fully equipped the command. Furthermore, each man received his uniform of regulation blue. Not long after the regiment became fully equipped orders came for it to report at Memphis, Tenn.

One cold rainy evening the cars were taken on the Wabash Railway at our front gate, and after a cheerless ride, St. Louis was reached, where transportation down the river was procured on the steamboat *General Robert Allen,* the meanest old hulk afloat.

The trip was exceedingly tedious, water in the river was at a low stage, and the old boat frequently ran aground, but with the help of spars put upon either side the bow, and hoisting apparatus, always managed to again get underway.

One evening the boat tied up on the Arkansas shore; it being a section said to be infested by bands of armed rebels, night navigation was deemed perilous. The regiment was marched ashore, where nothing was found save a rude log structure, said to have been used before the war as a store.

The region was heavily timbered, with also a dense growth of underbrush, but much of it had a strange appearance, nearly everything being yet in leaf. Being in the enemy's country, a strong picket-guard was thrown out. The writer's company, with another, was detailed on this duty. The men were marched out the distance of a mile from the regiment, broken up in squads of

four, and with freshly loaded guns, awaited any cause for alarm. There was no disturbance, but being in the enemy's country was an entirely new experience, and though there may not have been an armed Confederate within fifty miles, it is safe to say that in the whole regiment but few eyes closed that night in sleep.

Six months later, so inured had most of us become to war's alarms, that sweet and refreshing sleep was often taken directly under fire. The next day was Sunday, and about noon the old boat was again boarded and the journey resumed.

A man belonging to the regiment died not long after leaving St. Louis; the carpenter of the boat made a pine coffin in which the body was placed and taken to Memphis. At this period a death in the command made something of a sensation, but all were soon to become very familiar with this "King of Terrors."

As the journey down the river continued, chimneys standing alone and cheerless, the houses having been burned, became familiar objects.

The lights from Memphis came in sight one evening, and the old boat began to whistle, but from some derangement in the "shut off" the noise could not be stopped; consequently, after the landing was made and the boat tied up the whistle blew as long as the supply of steam in the boilers lasted. For a good while the night was made hideous, and the ears of all tortured by the screeching whistle of the old boat, but this was a fit ending to the tedious and dangerous trip on the crazy old craft. The Quartermaster of the regiment, however, became much the wiser from this experience, and never again had such transportation put upon him.

CHAPTER VI.

In and About Memphis During The Winter of 1862-3.

"Before the battle joins afar
The field yet glitters with the pomp of war."
—Dryden.

Fort Pillow, in the Mississippi, was evacuated June 4, 1862, after which the National fleet dropped down the river, and at early dawn June 6, under Commodore Davis, attacked the Confederate flotilla lying in front of Memphis, Tenn.

The result was a complete Union victory. Of the eight vessels composing the Confederate fleet, three were destroyed, four captured, and only one, the *Van Dorn*, escaped. During the engagement the bluff at Memphis was lined with spectators. At 11 A.M. the city surrendered, and was taken possession of by two infantry regiments accompanying the National fleet. Six months after this event the regiment to which I belonged arrived at the Memphis steamboat landing after night, as already detailed.

Next day our regiment went ashore and marched through the streets that in places were very muddy from recent rain-fall. Now and then a house was passed, from which welcome was extended by a waving handkerchief in the hands of a woman. Most of the female sex, however, seemed ready to extend anything but a welcome to the "hordes from the North."

Camp was formed on the outskirts of the city in a beautiful beech grove that was in every way pleasantly

located. Here tents were put up, huts built by some, and about two weeks of beautiful November weather spent most pleasantly. A line of guards encircled the camp at night to break the men in and enforce discipline as much as anything, perhaps. On this duty one of the men accidentally discharged his piece and the bullet passed through his foot. This was the first gunshot wound in the history of the regiment,

Upon leaving the barracks at Camp Butler each company broke up into messes, composed of from eight to fifteen men, who drew their rations in common and did their cooking together.

Nearly every day our regiment went out on dress-parade, a term that, to the non-military reader, needs explanation. To participate in this, each man, before falling in ranks, was required to have his uniform in good order, his accoutrements in neat trim, his gun and metallic appendages bright, then our regiment in line marched to some convenient level, open space, and went through the manual of arms, and, so to speak, displayed itself to the very best advantage.

One day our regiment selected for its place of parade an open space near a public highway, parallel with and facing which, it was drawn up. Some military exercises had just been gone through and the men were standing easily at *parade-rest,* when a *turn-out* passed along the road within a few feet of them that was new to Northern eyes, but afterward frequently seen in the South during war times.

An old dilapidated family carriage that looked as though it might have seen service since the Revolutionary period, drawn by a large, dark-colored, raw-boned horse, only a skeleton in fact, and a little, old, mouse-

colored donkey; upon these were shreds of old harness, attached to which were some shabby old relics of silver mounting. Mounted on the box, with rope lines in his hands, was an old gray-haired darky, who sat upright and dignified, an old and very high plug hat on his head, and his person attired in the antiquated remains of a coachman's livery. Within the carriage was a man and woman. The whole outfit was so ridiculous to Northern eyes that a hearty laugh went along the line, followed by a shout that was participated in by a thousand voices.

At this period but few negroes lived in rural sections of the North, and most of these had comparatively regular features, but it was soon observed that very many of their brethren of the South had receding foreheads, immense mouths, exceedingly thick lips, and flat, shapeless noses.

After remaining about two weeks in camp, orders came one day to occupy Fort Pickering, just below the city. Like nearly all localities for any time occupied by troops, unless extraordinary precautions are taken, this post was filthy and repulsive in the extreme. Meantime snow fell, cold weather came on, and some most unpleasant days were passed, and, to make matters worse, the health of many began to fail.

Our mess numbering about eight persons, occupied a Sibley tent not far from the river bank. A Sibley tent is round at the base, having in its middle a center pole, toward which the canvas slopes from every direction, forming a perfect cone. The location of this tent on the high bluff next the river gave the wind full sweep, and the swaying of the canvas and flapping of the ropes was anything but pleasant, especially at night.

Fort Pickering was at this period surrounded by earthworks with cannon all along at proper intervals. At the date of occupancy the works were constantly being strengthened by the use of the spade and shovel. Most of this work was done by negroes, who were fed and paid by the Government.

After a time came an order for our regiment to do patrol duty in the city. This necessitated the breaking up of the regiment into squads, who, for the time, found quarters and did duty in various parts of the city. The company to which I belonged found quarters in a large brick block[1] not far from the river, In this building were holes made by cannon shot, thrown during the naval engagement the 6th of June previous.

Various were the duties performed; at one time it was guarding a steamboat at the wharf; at another, goods at the levee; again, it was standing in the rain some dark night at some cheerless corner, for what, no one could say; then, maybe,with an officer and a number of men, it was a tramp, begun after bed-time, to the suburbs, all quietly; a sort of scouting expedition that always ended in weary legs and good appetites for breakfast.

About this time General Sherman organized, at Memphis, an army to advance on Vicksburg, and the wharf was lined with steamboats loading with provisions, munitions of war, and a little later, men. One day a great many boats loaded with soldiers left the landing and steamed down the river. It was known to all that there was to be a fight, and I remember looking at the many men that crowded the decks of these steamers as the bells rang, signaling the engineers to put on steam, when

[1] Bradley Block.

the wheels began slowly turning, lashing and churning the water nearby; the boats gently swung round with their prows down stream, then getting out into the main channel, a full head of steam was turned on; that heaving sound, characteristic of a boat under full headway, began; and the men raised their hats and cheered wildly and long.

They seemed more bent on a pleasure excursion than to give battle and meet a determined and powerful foe. I remember looking at them in this jolly mood, and wondering how many of the merry ones would soon find a grave on a battlefield, and what number would return maimed and wounded. Not very long was it when word came that Sherman had been repulsed at Vicksburg, and in a little while after, whole boat loads of wounded soldiers came up from below.

About the middle of January, 1863, a comrade of mine, a warm friend, was taken seriously sick and had to be removed to our regimental hospital. That he might have special care and be made as comfortable as possible, I accompanied him thither and remained with him some weeks, till his friends came from the North and took him home to die.

Becoming acquainted with the surgeons in charge and liking them, and not caring for the irregular and mixed duties of a soldier left about the city, I was induced to remain and become a regular hospital attache. The building occupied was a double frame structure, having a partition from front to rear through the center, with no doors of communication. It was two stories high, and upstairs and down had wide porches the whole width of the building. On either side of the partition were two rooms, one in front and one in rear, and a hallway with

a flight of stairs that led to the second story, arranged precisely like the lower. One side of the partition, with its four rooms, was occupied by the sick—each room formed a separate ward, and for three months during the winter of 1862-3 these apartments were literally crowded with the sick from my regiment. The other side of the partition was occupied for offices and used as storage-rooms. Back of the main building and adjoining thereto was a long, low structure used as a kitchen and dining-room.

There was a great deal of sickness and many deaths this winter. The most fatal disease was measles. Quite a proportion of the newly-enlisted men had never had measles, and among this class that disease played havoc. A number of great strapping fellows were soon attacked with it, some of whom died, others became permanent invalids and were discharged, and a few lost their voices or had defective eyesight or hearing. So much for the ravages of a disease in the army that in civil life is considered a comparatively mild malady.

Perhaps no period of like duration was more discouraging to the Union cause than the winter of 1862-3. The Army of the Potomac, under Burnside, had met with terrible disaster at Fredericksburg, Va., December 13, 1862; Sherman had been repulsed with severe loss the same month at Vicksburg, and December 31, the last day of the year, and January 1, 1863, was fought the bloody battle of Stone's River, or Murfreesboro, between the Union forces under General Rosecrans and the Confederates under General Bragg, either side losing in killed and wounded eight to ten thousand men, and neither winning decisive victory.

An unusual amount of serious sickness prevailed throughout the armies that winter. One reason ,possibly,

was the great amount of rainfall, particularly in the western and southwestern field of operations. Another was the very large accession of new troops. For six months after enlistment a new regiment has to pass through a sort of winnowing process, in which the chaff, so to speak, is separated from the wheat; when the weaklings, the soft, tender, susceptible ones, either die, or, becoming unfit for duty, are discharged, leaving the command with a lot of tried men, as it were—a veritable "survival of the fittest."

Anyway, the winter of 1862-3 was one of peculiar discouragement to Union people. Nearly all with whom I came in contact at this period, most of whom were soldiers, seemed to feel this. In and about Memphis sickness of a serious character prevailed among the troops all winter.

The regimental hospital was on one of the main streets, and from its front windows several times daily could be seen a slowly-moving ambulance within which was a pine coffin containing the dead body of a soldier, preceded by a military band playing a dirge, and followed by a squad of soldiers with reversed arms. Further on in the suburbs was the soldiers' burying ground.

Erysipelas prevailed as an epidemic, and many suffered terribly from this disease. When it attacked the face, its favorite site, the features were horribly swollen and distorted, the eyes closed, and when all was painted over with iodine, a frequent local remedy, the sufferer's countenance was as inhuman-like as can be imagined. Erysipelas, measles, rheumatism, typhoid fever, dysentery and other fatal troubles carried off many men during the winter. For a time scarce a day passed but one or more men died at our regimental hospital. As one

poor fellow after another was carried out in his pine coffin I remember thinking of the sad news the next outgoing mail would convey to friends away up North.

Some wife, mother or sister would, for a time, lead a sadder life and carry a heavier heart. Before death, in the great majority of cases, the sufferer seemed to pass into a listless condition, wherein indifference was manifested for everything about him; the past and the future seemed alike to be ignored. The mind appeared, in all cases, to fail with the body, and sensation became blunted, so that the so-called "agony of death" was never seen.

One case, however, is recalled in which a patient, just before death from pulmonary consumption, bade farewell to those about him, and expressed a wish to meet them in a better world. His mind appeared clear up to the last moment, and his wasted features and sunken eyes seemed cheerful, and at times almost animated.

Connected with our hospital was a lady who acted as matron. She frequently passed through the wards with some delicacy for the sick in her hands; this she gave to such as could take it; often the poor fellow had no stomach for anything, but the pleasure of receiving something from the fair hands of woman was too tempting to resist, and down it went, stomach or no stomach. Again, she would pass from cot to cot, saying a kind word to each occupant, adjusting the blanket for this one, wiping the clammy sweat of death from another's brow, and maybe writing to mother or wife for one too feeble to use his pen.

At that period the trained nurse, as we have her today, was wholly unknown. Our matron did no nursing, but she was a woman, and that meant much—very, very much—amid those surroundings. When she came through

the wards neatly dressed, with her hair combed smoothly down over her face, as was then the fashion, and a pleasant smile lighting up her countenance, she seemed a veritable angel of mercy; and her mere presence brought up visions of those near and dear in the far-off Northland. To one it was, maybe, a loving mother. To another, a kindly sister; to yet another, a faithful wife; and, perhaps, to one more, it was a devoted sweetheart. But always the presence of gentle, kindly, tender womanhood. Should the reader be of the masculine gender, and disposed to tire of womankind, let him get rid of all her sex; banish them from his presence for, say, a period of six months. Then, if at the end of that time his heart does not fairly leap at the mere sight of a woman's skirts, his experience will be far different from what mine has been.

One night in February a poor soldier in the delirium of typhoid fever, during the temporary absence of the attendant, got up from his cot, slipped out of the door and, on the return of the nurse, could be found nowhere in the building. Next day he was heard of at his company quarters in a distant part of the city, to which he had made his way in the dead of night, through six inches of snow with the delirium of a burning fever upon him.

About the middle of February signs of spring began to show themselves in that genial climate. Grass became green, peach trees blossomed, bees came out and birds came around. Sitting on the upper front porch one day and looking toward the river, not many rods away, two or three gunboats were seen to approach the little village of Hopedale,[2] just opposite Memphis, on the Arkansas

[2] Now West Memphis.

shore; they did not land, but pretty soon turned away and took position in the middle of the river, from which point a number of shells were thrown into the village and soon Hopedale was in flames. It seemed this place had been a sort of rallying point for guerillas, bush-whackers and other irregular Confederate soldiers and to stop their incursions Hopedale had been ordered burned, after, of course, first warning the inhabitants. All this I remember reading in a Memphis daily of the time, and an editorial upon it closed with the words: "Poor Hopedale"—war's fortunes for the time converted it into a *Hopeless-dale.*

Not far from the Arkansas shore, in the river, were the spars and rigging of the sunken *General Beauregard,* a Confederate vessel lost in the naval battle before Memphis in June, 1862.

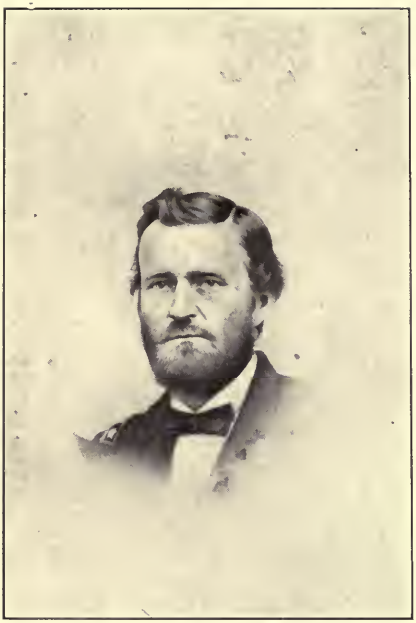
As the beautiful weather of spring approached, in leisure hours most enjoyable walks were taken about the city. Nowhere was the soft spring air more pleasure-giving than in a little park near the business part of the city—name forgotten. In this was a statue of General Jackson, having engraved upon the marble pedestal the hero's well-known words: "The Federal Union—it must and shall be preserved!" This patriotic sentiment was too much for the eyes of some miserable vandal, and the word "Federal" had been obliterated with a chisel or other sharp tool.

I remember frequent attendance at an Episcopal Church in the city. The pastor had but one eye, and was a very plain man in appearance, but was an able preacher, Here I first saw General J. B. McPherson. His division was at the time encamped near the city, and he improved the opportunity for attendance at a church

which is said to be a favorite denomination with regular army officers. His handsome person, graceful carriage and affable manners are well remembered.

In the early part of the winter a great many troops were encamped about the city. Most of these were later moved to the vicinity of Vicksburg. While Sherman was making a direct attack on Vicksburg by the river in December, 1862, Grant was moving a co-operating force through the interior, but the capture of his supplies at Holly Springs, December 29, caused an abandonment of the co-operating enterprise. Grant was seriously censured at the time by many in his own department, and I remember vigorously defending him at this period from the charges of drunkenness, incompetency, etc., made by a fellow soldier. It turned out that the abandonment of the line intended to be occupied by the co-operating column was fortunate, as the subsequent flooded condition of the streams would have made the escape of the command next to impossible.

About the time Grant withdrew from this line there was much fear of an attack at Memphis from the Confederates. One day a comrade came running into quarters saying General Bragg was just without the city with an army of ten thousand men, and had demanded its surrender. I was at that time in the ranks, and, like nearly all soldiers, often played at cards for pastime. At this very juncture I had in my breast pocket a long-used pack of cards, and, of course, they were dirty and much soiled. One of the first things I did was to remove these, for how would it sound should I fall in battle to have it said: "In his breast pocket was found"—not the Bible his mother handed him upon leaving home and



General Grant as he looked during the Vicksburg Campaign.

(*See page 68*)

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bade him always carry in his knapsack, nor yet the picture of his affianced—"but a deck of cards."

Well, the cards were removed, but I didn't fall; didn't, indeed, have a chance to, for General Bragg didn't come near, nor ask the surrender of the city.

CHAPTER VII.

The Vicksburg Campaign.

"With mortal heat each other must pursue;
———— What wounds, what slaughter shall ensue."
—Dryden.

Vicksburg was called the Gibraltar of the West. It was certainly the greatest stronghold on the Mississippi River, and after the fall of the defenses above and the capture of Forts St. Phillip and Jackson, near the mouth, with the consequent fall of New Orleans, Vicksburg became the key to the further obstruction of the river by the Confederates. After the failure of Sherman's attack in 1862, a rendezvous for troops was made at Milliken's Bend, La., twenty miles above Vicksburg.

After the non-success of various plans for the capture of the coveted stronghold, Grant, in the spring of 1863, resolved to get position on the river below by marching his army across the peninsula, in Louisiana, opposite Vicksburg, formed by an abrupt bend in the Mississippi. For this expedition preparations were begun in March. Toward the latter part of this month my regiment was ordered aboard a boat for Vicksburg. Getting all ready and loaded consumed a whole day, and as night drew near a severe snowstorm came up. The boat got under way about midnight. Next morning the storm had subsided and the sun came out warm and bright.

On the way several gunboats were passed and always spoken to as they patrolled the river, and knew points where passing vessels were most liable to be fired into by guerrillas. The sailors on the gunboats always seemed

clean and well dressed, and the deck and all parts of the vessel in sight appeared neat and orderly. In more than one instance, too, it was noticed that Jack, having just done his washing, had hung it out to dry upon a line stretched upon the gunboat deck. Most of the gunboats were heavily mailed with iron, hence were called iron-clads. They were not all built after the same pattern, however.

Another kind of warlike craft were the tin-clads. These were ordinary steamboats protected with thin iron plating that was impervious to musket balls. These were armed with several light pieces of artillery and manned with a number of sharp-shooters. On the trip down the river several boats laden with troops were encountered. Toward noon on the second day Milliken's Bend, twenty miles above Vicksburg, on the Louisiana side, was reached, and here our regiment debarked and went into camp. The place selected was near the levee that all along the lowlands next the river had been thrown up to protect the adjacent plantations in time of high water. In many places these had broken, and nearly the whole region was inundated; the bayous and lagoons had, meantime, grown into inland seas.

April 9, 1863, the division to which our regiment belonged was reviewed by General Grant. As my place was not then in the ranks, and as I had never seen that officer, I managed to get a good view of him while he sat on his horse, attended by a few staff officers. As each regiment passed the officers presented their swords, and the men their guns, in salutation; and Grant, in recognition, raised his hat. During the following three months General Grant became a familiar figure. At this time he appeared a little heavier than the average man

of his height, and was, moreover, a little stoop-shouldered. He wore a short, stubby, slightly reddish-brown beard, and his whole appearance was modest and unassuming.

From the lips of the late Reverend W. G. Pierce, who served as Chaplain of the 77th Illinois Infantry, I had the following: In the fall of 1862 Grant's army was in camp for a time, and the chaplains of a certain division were desirous of holding a series of religious meetings, but the weather was cool and the men did not like to sit out in the open during services. Nearby was a typical Southern "meeting-house," but unfortunately for those interested, it was occupied by General Grant for his headquarters. If that building could only be procured, the meetings could be held. In the conference that was held some one suggested that General Grant was very obliging and maybe could be induced to let the building be used as desired, and finally it was arranged that Chaplain Pierce should call on General Grant and make known the wishes of the religious people in the division.

With a good deal of trepidation the errand was undertaken, and when its object was made known to General Grant he very obligingly said: "Why, yes, Chaplain, you can just as well have this building as not; and as for our things in here now, we can move them to a large tent we have." General Rawlins, General Grant's chief-of-staff, overheard the conversation, and when he realized what was about to be done began making the air blue with oaths; and, meantime, paid his peculiar respects to the division chaplains as only he could do. With a quiet smile General Grant said: "Never mind, Chaplain, we keep Rawlins here to do our swearing." Then reaching for pen and paper he wrote an order directing that the

church be vacated, and that it be put at the service of the chaplains of the division.[1]

In our Hospital department a large tent had been put up, and in this, upon cots, the sick were made as comfortable as possible. One thing they certainly had in abundance was fresh air. The water used came from the Mississippi, which at the time was very high, and there was so much sediment that a bucket dipped in the current would be filled with water which, after standing for a time, would have more than an inch of "settlings" in the bottom. But the natives insisted Mississippi River water was healthy, and after sedimentation it was certainly pleasant to drink.

Pretty soon after the "review" came an order to move —"marching orders." The sick were directed to be all taken to a hospital boat, by which they would be taken up the river. Accordingly, they were put in ambulances and taken to the place designated.

I have several times made use of the word ambulance; this, to the reader whose memory does not reach back to Civil War time, may need explanation. An ambulance, then, is simply a light vehicle on springs with a shallow bed and a strong canvas cover overhead. The back end gate worked on hinges at the bottom, so it could be instantly let down and the very sick, or badly injured, slipped out, and not *lifted* over avoidable obstructions. (See pages 133, 134.)

As before said, the sick were put into ambulances, such as were able sitting on their rolled up blankets, those very sick lying upon theirs, spread out. A train of ambu-

[1] This anecdote has never before been in print and its truth can be vouched for.—C. B. J.

lances, loaded with sick, made a dreary procession, but at the head of one of these it was my duty to lead the way to a hospital boat, named, if my memory serves me well, the *D. A. January*. Each sick man, when taken aboard, had his name checked. The name, rank, company, regiment, brigade, etc., were given carefully to the authorities on the boat.

After the sick were aboard and made comfortable, I took occasion to look about the boat and was much pleased. Although I had frequently visited the well-kept general hospitals of Memphis, never had I seen all arrangements for the sick so comfortable and convenient. Then the constant moving of the boat, insuring continuous change of air, could not fail to be specially beneficial.

About the middle of April the whole command broke camp and started on the march. Our regiment was brigaded with five or six others, and had been assigned to General A. J. Smith's Division of the Thirteenth Army Corps.

A brigade was made up of from three to six or seven regiments; a division of from two to four or five brigades, and an army corps of from two to five divisions.

Every regiment had two or three ambulances to carry the sick or disabled, several wagons to haul the tents and other camp equipage. As the war progressed, however, and the men gained experience in the field, the amount of baggage was reduced to a minimum, and every man found it to his advantage to get along with the least possible in the way of clothing while in the field.

To each brigade was attached a battery. These, when complete, had six cannon and six caissons—ammunition wagons—to each of which were attached six horses. It

will be thus seen that a division, with its men marching in not very close ranks, its ambulances, wagons, batteries, etc., necessarily occupied a good deal of space when on the road. But, in addition, there was always a train of wagons besides, containing provisions, ammunition and necessary extra supplies.

To get this long line of men, wagons, batteries, etc., in proper order and in motion was no little task, and often consumed no little time and necessitated many false starts and sudden halts. To all this, however, the men soon became accustomed, and in a little while made good use of every halt by taking all the rest thus afforded,

Most of the section of country traversed was low, and the roads, when not overflown, were either quite muddy or else very rough. Indeed, in many places roads had to be made and bridges built; frequently, however, the road ran along the top of the levee, as before stated. The first day's march took the command to Richmond, La., a small town nearly west of Vicksburg, and the next to Holmes' plantation, a large tract of land belonging to General Holmes of the Confederate Army. Here a stop of several days was made, and from a letter written by me Sunday, April 19, the following extract is made:

"There are a great many fine plantations through here; indeed, through this part of the country there is nothing else but fine ones. Most of these have from thirty to fifty negro houses (quarters) on them. The planter usually lives in a one-story house with porches all around it. The plantations, though, are mostly deserted, only a few negroes remaining. It has been only three or four weeks since the first Federal troops came in here. One month ago the *Secesh* thought they were entirely safe here, but they were mistaken.

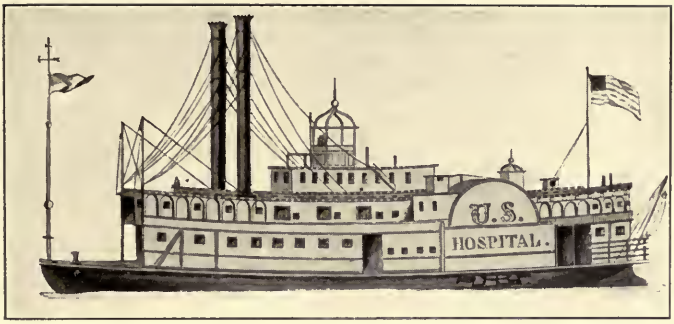
"Corn (April 19) is six inches high and has been plowed once; the forest is as green as it will be this year; roses and nearly all flowers are in full bloom.

"We are now encamped on a plantation owned by a man named Holmes—now a General in the Secesh Army. This place contains nine hundred acres, and is the smallest of four belonging to Holmes. He also owns four steamboats on the Mississippi River. On this plantation is a fine mill. Down here they have cotton-gins, grist and sawmills all under one roof."

The night of April 16, 1863, the six gunboats, *Benton, Louisville, Lafayette, Mound City* and *Carondolet,* and the three transports, *Forest Queen, Silver Wave* and *Henry Clay,* ran by the Vicksburg batteries—ran the *blockade,* as we put it. The transports were loaded with army stores; their boilers were protected with cotton bales and bales of hay, and each had in tow one or more barges loaded with coal. Every vessel was struck a number of times, but none, save the *Henry Clay,* received vital injury.

Regarding this occurrence the following extract is taken from a letter of April 19, 1863, also written at Holmes' plantation, about twenty miles west of Vicksburg:

"We are to march again in a few days; are going to Carthage, which is on the river below Vicksburg, Most of the heavy things, such as large tents, commissary stores, etc., were taken aboard transports to be conveyed down the river. These, of course, had to run the blockade at Vicksburg, and this they did last Thursday night (April 16). There were six gunboats and three transports. We heard the firing very distinctly. One transport was burned."



U. S. Army Hospital Steamer "D. A. January." (From Medical and Surgical History of the Civil War.)

Interior of Hospital Boat. Cots made-up for reception of patients.

(*See page 70*)

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Our regiment, in common with the division, received marching orders the evening of April 24, and about 8 o'clock at night got under way. The roads were rough and the night was dark, consequently one's footing was most uncertain. In the bayous all about, the alligators made night hideous with their bellowing. All night our regiment marched, and next morning at 6 o'clock pulled up at Smith's plantation, two and one-half miles from New Carthage. Here our division went into camp, and, although two or three miles from the river, several steamboats came in on a bayou and were near camp for a day or so.

Having met with such success running the blockade the night of April 16, the Federals resolved to attempt it again, consequently the next week a number of transports were loaded with stores, and with their boilers and machinery well protected with baled hay and cotton, again ran the blockade, losing only one vessel, the *Tigress,* if the writer's memory serves him well. The boats that came to Smith's plantation had been struck in a number of places, and had portions of their pilot-houses shot away. One boat was the *Hiawatha* and the other the *Silver Wave.*

While at Smith's plantation quite a little sensation was created by reason of one of the soldiers receiving an accidental shot. Upon examination, however, it proved to be of little danger, though received in the neck; it was from a revolver shot of such small caliber that but little injury was inflicted. This was Sunday, and is remembered as a warm, sultry day, the sun at one time shining bright, at another passing behind clouds. A little while before night orders came to pack up and go on the march at once. The night was intensely dark, and soon

a drizzling rain began falling, but the men marched along as merry as could be, singing, whistling and cracking jokes. But, after a time, the pitchy darkness, wetting rain and rough roads took the merriment out of everyone, and the march was continued till about 1 or 2 o'clock A.M., when our regiment was halted by the side of a rail fence, and in a little time I was sleeping sweetly on two fence rails for, perhaps, two hours and a half, when some coffee was hastily made and drank, and the march resumed at daylight. It still rained, and the roads were horrible, but the march was kept up all day, while the weather continued cloudy and rain fell at intervals. The country passed through was uninviting, and the bad roads and unpleasant day make the memory of this time anything but pleasant. Wagons and artillery stalled, and horses and mules mired down, and all had to be pulled and lifted out by hand.

Night at last came, and I remember feeling too tired even to sleep. Coffee was made and plenty of this drank, and in a short time renewed strength seemed to come. With the coffee was eaten hard bread and salt pork. The pork was cut in thin slices, one of which was put on the end of a sharp-pointed stick and toasted. When one had marched all day this was eaten with relish, as was the hard bread that, in camp, was most unpalatable. The ground was wet and thoroughly saturated with water, and to meet this condition of things, little boughs were broken off the trees and thrown on the ground; upon these, rubber and woolen blankets were spread, and the sweetest sleep imaginable obtained.

The sun came out bright and warm next day, and for a long distance the road lay along the west bank of Lake St. Joseph, a most beautiful sheet of water, said to have

been once the bed of the Mississippi. Upon the borders of this lake were several handsome residences. Two of unusual elegance are in particular called to mind; one belonged to a Dr. Bowie, and was furnished in most elaborate style. This, as well as the other fine residences, was vacated by the owner. The Bowie house was burned, some weeks later, about the time Sherman's corps came through that region.

Along the lake's western bank the road wound in front of most delightful homes, while its eastern shore was overhung by noble forest trees, and these had long festoons of moss hanging gracefully from their boughs. Many flowers, shrubs and trees were seen with which Northern eyes were unfamiliar; these gave the region a half tropical appearance. In this delightful spot, with the air soft, balmy and filled with the fragrance of flowers, birds singing, and so much to please the senses, I thought I never had looked upon so much of blooming, sunny, delicious, glorious nature. It was, indeed, a perfect specimen of the Sunny South—a real little paradise, and as such was, no doubt, regarded by its wealthy residents, who only a few weeks before felt as secure from invasion as the residents of the North.

The region being in a great degree isolated, in a low level section of country that had to be protected from overflow by levees was, particularly in a season remarkable for high water, deemed safe from all invasion, if not, indeed, proof against it. But the persistent Grant had decreed it otherwise, and now long and formidable columns of energetic and hardy Northerners were making their way through the very heart of this enchanting country.

So impenetrable was the locality deemed by the Confederates that Pemberton, it was said, to the last persisted in the belief that the movement was not in force and was only a feint, and intended as a diversion from a serious attack on Vicksburg from some other quarter.

The 29th of April the Mississippi was reached at Hard Times Landing, nearly opposite Grand Gulf. Just below the latter place is De Shroon's plantation, and thither the column marched after a short stop at Hard Times. The line led in sight of Grand Gulf, into which our gunboats were seen throwing shells; the firing was very deliberate, and at the time was not responded to by the Confederates. The navy, however, failed to reduce the works.

About 10,000 troops, belonging to the Thirteenth Corps, had gone aboard transports at New Carthage, some twenty or thirty miles above. A landing place for these was sought above Grand Gulf, on the Mississippi side, but none being found, they debarked at Hard Times after nightfall, and quietly marched across the peninsula, on the Louisiana shore, opposite the rebel stronghold.

Meantime, the navy engaged the Confederate batteries, during which the loaded transports ran by. My regiment was encamped a few miles below, and the cannonading made a terrific noise. Whether it came from the heavy caliber of the guns engaged or from the peculiar state of atmosphere, I cannot say, but never did the terrific din of cannonading strike my ears with such force. Every shot, too, seemed to have a peculiar ringing sound that was piercing in its effects upon the organs of hearing. As before stated, my regiment encamped the night of the 29th of April at De Shroon's plantation, below Grand Gulf, on the river.

Very early on the morning of April 30 the gunboats and transports, both alive with soldiers, were seen on the river. These moved over towards the Mississippi shore, and I remember almost shuddering with fear lest they would be fired into from the adjoining hills. The boats all moved down the river about six miles and landed at Bruinsburg.

The Hospital department of our regiment did not go aboard a boat till near nightfall, and having been informed that all would remain on board over night, and feeling much fatigued, I, beside a companion, stretched myself upon two cotton bales lying side by side and slept sweetly till early dawn, when it was found that the boat, having dropped down the river during the night, was then tied up at Bruinsburg. Word was received to join our regiment at once, then in line upon the shore and ready to march inland, where it was said a battle was already in progress.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our First Battle.

"The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn the marshaling in arms—"

—Byron.

While the fleet of gunboats under Commodore Porter at Grand Gulf, below Vicksburg, engaged the enemy, and McClearnand's corps was seeking a landing nearby, upon the same date, April 29, 1863, Sherman debarked ten regiments above Vicksburg on Yazoo River at Haines' Bluff, as if to attack the latter place, while at the same time it was bombarded by eight gunboats.

The whole demonstration at Haines' Bluff, however, was only a feint intended to confuse the enemy and divert his attention from the real point of atack at Grand Gulf.

The Thirteenth Corps effected a landing at Bruinsburg, Miss., April 30, and early on the morning of May 1 met most of Grand Gulf Garrison (Confederate) under General Bowen, seven miles inland from Bruinsburg and within five miles of Port Gibson, the most important town in that vicinity and located on Bayou Pierre. The Federals were upon the southern side of this stream. To reach them the Grand Gulf Garrison had to cross the bayou and, as the water in the stream was at the time high, they were obliged to go to the only bridge in the vicinity, namely, the one at Port Gibson, but much out of their way.

It had been the hope of the Federals to secure possession of this bridge before the arrival of the Confed-

erates; and it was the hope of the latter to meet the invading column at or very near the landing place, Bruinsburg.

But neither side had its wish gratified; the Confederates reached the bridge at Port Gibson, crossed upon it, and pushed five miles beyond toward the river, when their further course was interrupted by the Federals in force on high ground. So much for what immediately preceded the battle of Port Gibson. As narrated in the previous chapter, the night of April 30 I had slept beside a companion aboard a river boat upon two bales of cotton, and at early dawn, next morning, went ashore with this companion and joined our regiment, then falling in line two or three hundred yards distant. I had just reached our regiment when, putting my hand in my pocket, I found that three or four dollars in money, all I had, was gone. I spoke of my misfortune, and received a lecture from Wigton, my companion of the night previous, and some twenty-five or thirty years my senior.

"Just like you," he began; "always losing something. Your carelessness will be the ruin of you yet. I'm thinkin' you'll lose your head one of these days."

As the firing from the battle, then in progress a few miles away, could already be heard, the last and greatest accident was not at all an impossibility.

However, as the command was in the heart of the enemy's country and was just on the point of cutting loose from its base of supplies, I felt as though I could not give up my lost money without making an effort to find it. Learning that a few moments would elapse before the command would start, I ran back to the boat, made my way to the bales of cotton, and turning them about, had stooped over and was looking around care-

fully, thinking maybe the pocketbook had slipped from my pocket, when a voice just behind was heard calling my name, and asking:

"Have you found your pocketbook? I declare, mine's gone, too."

Looking up, who did I see but Wigton, my comrade of the night previous, who only a moment before was chiding me for my ill-fortune and negligence. It was clear now that someone had stolen both pocketbooks while their owners slept.

The joke on Wigton, however, was too good to keep, and it was many a day before his companions let him hear the last of it. Poor Wigton; his beard was quite gray, and, for one in active service, he was quite old, but he was a brave, true soldier, and when last seen was very lame and hobbling about on crutches with a prospect of remaining so from a wound received in the Red River Expedition in the spring of 1864.

Just before starting on the march each man received in his canteen a little whiskey. The regiment had never been in battle, and whether this was given to supply them with extra courage or whether it was thought the enforced march about to be entered upon required the use of stimulants, is not known. But whatever the intention may have been, no good came from the whiskey, and before night several in our regiment were foolishly drunk. When all was ready we started off at a brisk pace toward the rising sun, just visible through the tree-tops, For two miles the road ran through the river bottom, then up a long hill of red clay, next by quiet farmhouses and cultivated fields, through pretty wooded groves and up quiet lanes, all bearing the marks of peace,

and resting in supposed security from the inroads of invading armies.

The boom of cannon could be heard, and after awhile the rattle of musketry; this excited the men, and they marched the faster. As the morning advanced it became very warm and many threw away knapsacks, overcoats and anything and everything that impeded progress toward the sounds of battle in front.

By and by, towards noon, a field hospital at the roadside was reached, and here a stalwart soldier, with his arm in a sling, and the bright blood oozing through the bandages over a wound on his breast otherwise bare, came and stood by the roadside and watched the re-enforcements go forward. His was the first blood I saw flow from a Confederate bullet.

Other field hospitals were soon passed, and after a little, fences thrown down, corn fields tracked over, and everything disarranged and tramped upon, told that large bodies of men had been deployed and advanced over that ground earlier in the day. A little ahead broken wheels and dismounted cannon, and now and then a dead soldier, with here and there a disemboweled horse, showed that the advance of the Federals had met with resistance. Next the road ran down a hill and into the timber; here the command halted for a few moments, and I stepped aside to see some Federal surgeons dressing the wounds of a young Confederate soldier. He was a stout-built young fellow, but was pale and seemed exhausted from loss of blood. He was suffering from a large flesh wound in the calf of the leg.

Our regiment was ordered to make some coffee and have dinner, and then move to the front, This done, the knapsacks were piled up and left in care of a guard,

and then the command turned to the left of the main road, passed forward through corn fields, and, at last, halted a little way from the top of, and partly down a hill, in a field of growing corn.

At this time the firing on this part of the field was desultory, bullets whistling past all the while, but no volleys were fired. Two hundred yards in front of our regiment was a branch and beyond was a cane-brake and thick timber. We were resting quietly, facing the cane-brake, when all at once without warning, a volley of bullets struck the ground all about us, but, strange to say, only one man was wounded, and he, in the hand, but slightly. Although the volley did so little execution the men were much excited and wanted to fire in return, but this was forbidden by the officers.

At this juncture some one from the top of the hill cried out: "Shell the woods," and in less time than it takes to tell it our brigade battery was brought to the top of the hill and was soon throwing grape and canister over the heads of our regiment into the dense timber beyond.

As soon as the battery ceased firing the wounded man was turned over to me to be taken back to our first aid station under the charge of First Assistant Surgeon David Wilkins, and located just back of the firing-line. Proceeding on this errand, I reached the top of the hill from which our brigade battery, the Chicago Mercantile, for a few moments shelled the woods in our front, when along came three mounted officers, who proved to be General Grant, Commander of the Army of the Tennessee; General John A. McClernand, Commander of the Thirteenth Army Corps, of which we were an integral part; and General John A. Logan in

command of a division in the Seventeenth Army Corps, and now known as the "Prince of Volunteer Soldiers." No sooner had these officers reached the rear of the Mercantile Battery than General Logan raised in his stirrups, and in a clarion voice demanded:

"Who in the h—l and d—nation ordered that battery to fire on that timber? My division is over there, and by —— —— I'll hold somebody responsible for this!"

No one gave answer to General Logan's red-hot inquiry, and in a moment he, General McClernand and General Grant, rode out of sight. After properly disposing of the wounded man I turned about to return to the front and came upon the dead body of an artilleryman who had fallen in the very spot I had occupied a moment before. Passing on, I found my regiment had advanced, and going forward over a hill, a bullet struck a young sycamore not far from my head. Later, we learned that Confederate sharp-shooters took position in trees, where they were protected by the foliage, and picked off any of our men who came in sight, and, doubtless, one of these drew a bead on me as I was crossing the brow of the hill.

Advancing, I came upon a regiment part of the way down hill, and in their front shells from the enemy's cannon were falling, and could be seen coming through the air. The sun was getting low, and I had not yet reached my regiment when I came upon four men carrying a stretcher upon which was Captain W. H. Johnson[1] of our regiment, who had received an ugly flesh wound in the gluteal region from a cannister shot. The party

[1] Captain W. H. Johnson, Company H, 139th Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

was conducted to a farm-house, where the wounded man was made comfortable, and later reached his regiment at Vicksburg, meantime making a good recovery from his injury.

The country all about Grand Gulf, Miss,. is hilly and broken up into ravines and hollows. A little west of Port Gibson the road to the river divides, and two roadways, for a number of miles, follow along two lines of ridges.

Upon either of these roads General Bowen, in command of the Confederate forces, took position five miles from Port Gibson the night of April 30, 1863. Here he encountered the Federals May 1, was driven back with considerable loss, and just before night made a stand with a small part of his force two miles from Port Gibson, while his main army retreated. During the night of May 1 the last Confederate withdrew beyond Bayou Pierre, and the bridge behind was burned.

The same night the Federals slept on their arms, with orders to renew the conflict early in the morning. When morning came, however, it was found there was no enemy near.

The night of May 1, 1863, is as indelibly impressed on my memory as the previous day's battle. Through the day the excitement, the novelty of being for the first time under fire, the many strange and interesting things incident to battle, made the whole experience rather pleasurable than otherwise. But night brought anything but pleasurable experiences. As before stated, the knapsacks, blankets and all of the kind had been left behind. And as the nights in the South, even in the warmest weather, are cool, much discomfort was experienced for want of something in the way of covering. A rubber

blanket was shared with a companion, but this seemed to catch all the dew and moisture there was in the atmosphere, and from its surface was absorbed by one's clothing. Under the circumstances sleep was broken, and in wakeful hours my mind naturally dwelt upon the horrible in the previous day's history. Thoughts something as follows had free course through my brain:

"Well, our regiment for six months has been wanting to be in a battle, and now it's been in one, and not a hard one either; but there is probably not a man but next time will cheerfully take some other fellow's word for it and stay out himself, if he can do so honorably. Then those dead fellows were lying beside the road just like they were slaughtered hogs or sheep! And besides, how piteously the wounded moaned, and how horrible their poor maimed limbs and gaping wounds looked. There may be lots of glory in war, but it isn't so radiant nor very apparent at about 1 o'clock the next morning after a battle."

However, the morning's sun of May 2 came up warm, bright and beautiful; some strong coffee was taken, when word came in that the Confederates were badly defeated the day before, and had all retired from our front; and that we were to follow immediately. At this time a young Confederate soldier turned up, but from just where no one knew. One of our surgeons, however, tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "You are my prisoner." He, like Barkis, was "willin'," and was at once turned over to the proper authorities.

All fell in line and were soon on the road to Port Gibson. A little way along the route, the place where the Confederates made their last stand was seen; this was at the top of a hill. By the roadside, near a pile of

rails, lay a dead Confederate, He seemed to have been a tall, lanky fellow, a typical specimen, and though the weather was as warm as June in the North, there was yet on his head a heavy fur cap. A little farther on, under a mulberry tree, lay the body of a good-looking young Confederate. He was rotund in figure, and had on what seemed to be a new suit of gray jeans. Already the blue flies were hovering about the dead body; but his late enemies, thus soon becoming familiar with violent forms of death, complacently gathered mulberries from the tree above him. Most of the Confederate dead were said to have been collected before the retreat and buried in a ravine. Those seen were what fell from the few left behind to cover the retreat. Thus, a few scattered dead Federal soldiers by the roadside were seen when coming upon the battlefield eighteen hours before, and now several Confederate dead, fallen by the wayside, were come upon when leaving the field of strife—a few falling rain-drops precede a thunder shower, and some scattering rain-drops again betoken its close.

About 9 o'clock Port Gibson was reached and found to be a pretty little town. Over two or three houses red flags were flying, thus indicating that the buildings were occupied as hospitals. At the door of one of these an attaché was met who seemed friendly and talkative. Being an enlisted Confederate soldier, he was an enthusiastic Southerner, and said:

"No, you never will take Vicksburg in the world. It will turn out just like your *On to Richmond*. The South will gain her independence, and Southern Illinois and Southern Indiana will yet become a part of the Confederacy."

His notions about Indiana and Illinois were evidently obtained at a very early period in the war, and badly needed readjustment. When asked if he thought failure to subdue the South would be for want of valor in the Federal soldiers, he answered:

"Not in you, men, you are from the West, and Western soldiers will fight, but Eastern soldiers won't."

Here was another notion obtained early in the war (concerning Eastern soldiers) that sorely needed revision. This man was dressed in jeans of the prescribed gray hue, he talked quite intelligently, and did not have the Southern accent, but among other things, hooted derisively at Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation as utterly futile, so far as any effect it would have in freeing the slave.

The Federals, at once, set about extemporizing a bridge across the bayou; this was completed so that many crossed that night and my regiment early next morning, when the line of march was taken up in a general northern course from Port Gibson. This, the 3d of May, was a beautiful Sabbath day, and many pleasant home-like places were passed. Grant's gaining the battle of Port Gibson and afterward promptly pushing his columns into the interior, turned the Confederate works at Grand Gulf and caused their evacuation. These were promptly taken possession of by our troops and made the base upon the Mississippi side of the river instead of Bruinsburg.

Two or three days after leaving Port Gibson rations gave out, and the army was directed to live off the country. The region was well-stocked with corn, bacon, sheep, chickens, turkeys, honey, etc. The corn was in cribs, from which it was taken, shelled and carried to the horse-mills, one of which was on nearly every plantation,

where it was ground into meal. Every Southerner regards his home incomplete without a large and well-filled smoke-house. This is a rough outbuilding, consisting usually of one room and generally without a floor, As soon as cold weather comes it brings to the Southerner hog-killing time, when, from ten to thirty hogs are butchered, the number depending on the size of the family and thrift of its head. The pork is first "salted down" in brine and, after soaking for a time, hung up to drip in the smoke-house. After a little while it is thoroughly smoked by having under it for days a smothered fire made of hickory. After going through this process the meat becomes bacon, and in the preparation of the latter the Southerner has no equal. Ham taken from his smoke-house is matchless in taste and quality. Many smoke-houses were found filled with bacon; others were discovered that bore marks of a hasty removal of contents to some less conspicuous place for safe keeping. Often the meat was buried or put in some retired spot in the woods, but, through a darky or some such means, its hiding-place was in nearly all instances sought out by the persistent Northerners.

Home-made bacon was a favorite meat with the soldiers, and for a time they enjoyed with it corn bread, made from the freshly ground corn meal of the country. Lamb, turkey, chicken and honey, for a season, made the bill of fare seem perfect. But the principal trouble of subsisting an army off a country in this way is the great improvidence of the soldiers. There is more wasted than eaten. However, for more than two weeks in May, 1863, Grant's army, of from thirty to forty thousand men, lived bountifully off the region east and southeast of Vicksburg.

Many pleasant camping places were found. One, in particular, comes in memory which, if the writer's recollection serves him well, was near Willow Springs. The Hospital department encamped in the shade of some bushy-like trees in the very shallow and dry bed of a wide stream that was covered smoothly over with the whitest and finest sand. It was level and clean as a thrifty housewife's kitchen floor. Here the corn meal was made into toothsome bread and eaten with fresh young lamb, while luscious honey was in plenty for dessert.

About this time I remember longing especially for fresh milk, and resolved at the very first opportunity to get some. One day, when on the march, a farm-house was passed, and upon the opposite side of the road were a lot of cows fastened up in the "coppen" (cow-pen), as the Southerners say. I was not long in getting over the fence, nor long in selecting a cow with a fine udder, from which I soon filled my canteen. The fence was again hurriedly clambered over and the regiment overtaken. By and by, when a drink of nice, fresh milk could no longer be postponed, the canteen was turned up, when, horrors! what a bitter taste! Quinine could have been no worse. It was learned soon after from a native that the cows in that season feed upon young cane-shoots, and these give the bitter taste to the milk.

CHAPTER IX.

Attack on Vicksburg From The South and East.

"The neighb'ring plains with arms are covered o'er;
The vale an iron harvest seems to yield—"

—Dryden.

It had been Grant's intention, upon securing a foothold below Vicksburg, to detach part of his command and send it to General Banks at Port Hudson, which place the last-mentioned officer was about to besiege. But learning that ten days would elapse before Banks would be ready to commence active operations in the vicinity of Port Hudson, and meeting with such gratifying success at the battle of Port Gibson, with the consequent evacuation of Grand Gulf, Grant resolved to push for the interior and threaten Vicksburg from the east and southeast.

About the middle of May, 1863, General Joseph E. Johnston came to Jackson, Miss., the State capital, established his headquarters there, and assumed general command in the department. Johnston had under his immediate command ten to fifteen thousand troops. To prevent the junction of these with the force under Pemberton at Vicksburg, became an immediate object with Grant. The Seventeenth Corps, under General J. B. McPherson, and Fifteenth, under General W. T. Sherman, had followed the Thirteenth Corps from Milliken's Bend before the 10th of May, and were with Grant, southeast of Vicksburg.

The second week in May the battle of Raymond was fought, twenty miles west of Jackson, between troops of the Seventeenth Corps, mainly Logan's Division, and some of General Johnston's command; the latter were defeated and returned to Jackson, which place was soon after attacked by Sherman, and the troops defending it, under General Johnston, beaten and driven North. All this time the Thirteenth Corps was hugging the eastern bank of the Big Black River. McClernand, with the Thirteenth Corps, was thus on the left, McPherson in the center, and Sherman on the right, all facing the north.

From the 3d of May, when our regiment left Port Gibson, till about the 13th of that month, the part of the army we were with, General A. J. Smith's Division of the Thirteenth Corps, moved in a general northerly course. Willow Springs, Rocky Springs, Cayuga and Mount Auburn were severally occupied, and among other streams crossed were Big Sandy, Five Mile Creek and Fourteen Mile Creek. At Cayuga the command, our division, halted for a day or two. It was now dry and dusty, the immediate vicinity was devoid of streams, and the only water available was dipped from stagnant ponds, after the green scum covering them had been pushed aside. While here, towards the middle of a hot sultry day, a division marched by on the dusty road, near which Smith's Division was encamped. Among the moving troops was a Wisconsin regiment which had a pet eagle. A perch was made for him upon a thin board cut in the form of a shield; to this he was chained, and all was borne upon the shoulder of a soldier. As before said, the day was hot, the roads were dusty, and the eagle, with drooping feathers and a general crestfallen appear-

ance, looked anything but the "Proud Bird" he is supposed to be. Wonderful stories concerning the eagle were, however, in circulation. Among other things it was said that in time of battle, when he was always loosened, he would soar above the men, flap his wings, hover about and scream with delight. The Wisconsin regiment that had this "emblem of its country" became noted as the "Eagle Regiment,"

At Auburn, General Frank P. Blair's Division joined Smith's. Frank P. Blair, before the war, was a prominent and vigorous opponent of slavery, and lived at St. Louis, Mo. In the hardly-contested slavery discussions that preceded the war many free-soil speeches were made by him, and full reports of these frequently appeared in the *Missouri Democrat,* the only paper of any prominence published in St. Louis that opposed slavery. Blair entered the army and proved a most efficient officer.

While at Auburn word was received of Hooker's defeat—the Army of the Potomac—at Chancellorsville, the 2d and 3d of May, 1863.

Our immediate command—Smith's Division—moved northward, and about the 13th or 14th of May crossed Fourteen Mile Creek and encamped over night some miles north of this stream. It was at the time understood that the enemy was not far off—in fact, they were in force but five miles away, at Edward's Station, on the Vicksburg & Jackson Railroad.

All this time the line of march had led in a northerly direction, but early the next morning, after encamping north of Fourteen Mile Creek, the division faced about, recrossed that stream, and finally took a road eastward for Raymond. This place was reached late in the evening, and our regiment went into camp some little dis-

tance east of the town. Early next morning we faced about again, passed through the town and took a road leading in a northwesterly direction; very soon the enemy's pickets were encountered, and the whole division, about 9 o'clock, deployed and advanced in line of battle.

The country, on both sides the road, was either cultivated fields or, for the most part, open timber, so that the advance was unobstructed by thick underbrush or ravines. The enemy did not seem to be in strong force in front, and the advance was most beautiful and orderly. Every regiment had its flag unfurled and banner flying, and all moved forward with stately tread. The writer looked on with admiration, for here was the "pomp and circumstance of war" without its horrors. But heavy firing off to the right told that others were not coming off so easily. This was the battle of Champion's Hill, an elevation that commanded the whole region.

The road upon which were Smith and Blair's Divisions ran to the south of the elevation, hence but slight resistance was found in their front. But, on the other roads to the north, upon which Carr's, Osterhaus' and Hovey's Divisions came into action, the enemy was met in force. Hovey's Division belonged to the Thirteenth Corps, but for the time was with McPherson upon the northern or main Vicksburg & Jackson Road. Hovey fought terribly and suffered severely; a large share of the whole loss was sustained by his division, which that day lost one-third of its number.

The Confederates sustained overwhelming defeat, losing in killed, wounded and missing upwards of six thousand; and, towards and after night, retreated precipitately.

The Thirteenth Corps pursued them early on the morning of the 17th of May, and before noon came upon their fortifications on the Big Black River, where the railway bridge crosses that stream. With the Hospital department I was behind with the trains. These moved very deliberately. Early in the morning a house was passed that had been riddled through and through with cannon balls.

Before noon Edward's Station was reached, and at the Confederate Hospital the writer's attention was called to a young Confederate who, it was said, had his heart on the "wrong side." There was probably some enlargement that made the heartbeat appear to the right of the center of the chest. At noon-time rest and dinner were taken under some trees in a pasture, and while here a Confederate paper was seen which told what terrible losses the invaders had sustained, and how they were soon to be hurled back and sent flying to their homes!

After a time the road was again taken, and pretty soon a cot was passed at the side of the road upon which was a dying officer. Before Black River Bridge was reached the advance had skirmished with the enemy, and in this affair the officer, who was the Colonel of the Twenty-third Iowa, if my memory serves me well, received a mortal wound, He was lying on his back unconscious and deadly pale, and upon his brow was the clammy sweat of death. Towards night a stop was made, and, with some comrades, I slept near the front gate of a farmhouse; nearby lay the dead body of a Confederate soldier who fell in a skirmish earlier in the day. His body lay there all night. Next morning the march was again resumed. The whole line of the route, particularly that of the day previous, was strewn at the roadside with

the guns, knapsacks, canteens, broken wagons and extra garments of the Confederates. These were especially numerous between the Champion's Hill battle ground and Edward's Station.

Pretty early on the morning of May 18 the bluffs of Black River were reached, and the remains of the burned railroad bridge came in sight. A little later my regiment was found inside of the Confederate works captured the day previous. I soon had from my comrades, who had been participants in the battle of Black River Bridge, a full account of the whole affair. It was almost a bloodless victory. A bayou circles around to the east from Black River at the railroad bridge, forming a sort of horseshoe, one-half to three-quarters of a mile in extent; just within this the Confederates, with cotton bales from the neighboring plantation, had extemporized breastworks. These were well manned, and at convenient intervals cannon were planted. Upon the hills, just west of the river, the Confederates were in force. Lawler, with his brigade, charged the left flank of the Rebel line, when the whole of the enemy either surrendered or sought safety in flight. Seventeen hundred prisoners were taken, many of whom, when the charge was first made, became panic-stricken, tore out little bunches of cotton from the bales in the breastworks and hoisted these upon the points of their bayonets in token of surrender.

I spent some time in visiting the works lately occupied by the Confederates; they seemed strong, and the whole position was very similar to that occupied by the Federals eighteen months later at Franklin, Tenn., where the furious charges of Hood's forces were made unsuc-

cessfully and with such terrible loss, upon Schofield, the Union Commander.

Having lost, since the 1st day of May, 1863, the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill and Black River Bridge, all in the vicinity of Vicksburg, the Confederates, on the 17th of the same month, retired within the works of that stronghold.

As soon as the position at Black River was lost, the bridge at that point was burned, The Pioneer Corps, however, fell to work most energetically, and by 10 o'clock of May 18, a temporary bridge was ready for use. Eighteen guns were captured at Black River. Many of these were handsome and finished in a most beautiful manner. Several had painted upon them in gilt letters names of popular Confederate officers, but qualified with the word lady. Thus there was the "Lady Davis," "Lady Price," "Lady Beauregard," etc.

Before noon nearly the whole command was across the Big Black River and headed for Vicksburg, ten or twelve miles distant. The way was, for the most part, lined with farmhouses.

The Thirteenth Corps bore to the left and, at nightfall, was within about four miles of the works that encircled Vicksburg. Orders were given to make fires only in the ravines, with which the region was well supplied.

Early next morning the whole command advanced. As the Confederates had, so far, been defeated and had in the last engagement yielded what seemed a strong position with so little resistance, the opinion came to prevail throughout the Federal Army that Vicksburg would yield without further resistance. Filled with this idea the Union forces confidently approached the outworks of Vicksburg on the morning of May 19, but

found the Confederates without these in line of battle. They soon retired, however, and meantime the Federals, by this time convinced that the foe in front intended to fight, approached cautiously but determinedly.

The division established its hospital about four miles from the Confederate works at the house of a man named Swett. The house was built mainly of logs in the center of a large yard that sloped down in nearly every direction.

Everything was got in readiness at the hospital to receive the wounded. The surgeons had their instruments all ready for use; long, bright, razor-edged knives for cutting through fleshy parts in amputations and sharp-toothed, shining saws for sawing bone. Then there were strong forceps for extracting bullets, bone pliers for snipping off jagged ends of bone and tourniquets for arresting hemorrhage. Sponges for washing wounds and lint and bandages for dressing them were in plentiful supply.

Among the more prominent drugs were morphine, for alleviating pain, chloroform and ether for producing anesthesia (insensibility to suffering), brandy, wine, whiskey and quinine for exhaustion, and perchloride of iron, a powerful styptic, to stop bleeding. To be used in the way of nourishment there were beef essences, condensed milk, strong coffee, beef soup, broths, crackers, etc., etc.

The yard at Swett's was filled with shade trees, and under these it was proposed to put the wounded. Ambulances were sent to the front, and everything was in readiness at the hospital to make as comfortable as possible the injured. Toward noon I went forward a

couple of miles; since 8 o'clock there had been firing, and this grew heavier and heavier as the day advanced. As yet, however, there was but little in the immediate front, but nearly all was to the right. Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, was on the extreme right, McPherson (Seventeenth Corps) was in the center, and McClernand (Thirteenth Corps) was on the left.

At noon the firing to the right became very heavy, the musketry was incessant, and this was very frequently punctuated with the boom of cannon. Gradually the incessant report of musketry and frequent boom of cannon crept round to the left, and in the afternoon the whole line was engaged. Toward evening the ambulances commenced coming in loaded with the wounded. These poor fellows had to be lifted carefully from the ambulances and laid around upon the ground till the surgeons could examine and care for their injuries. Two or three operating tables had been extemporized with boards; at each of these surgeons were soon busily at work amputating legs and arms, probing wounds and otherwise operating upon the injured. The great majority of injuries came from musket balls, a few came from pieces of shell, and occasionally one from a grape shot.

Nearly all were perforating wounds, though occasionally only a bruise was found, and this usually came from a piece of shell. Where bones of the extremities were seriously injured amputations were nearly always resorted to. In the case of the arm, however, especially between the shoulder and elbow, if the joints were not involved, the wound was enlarged and the ragged ends of bones pared off smoothly, the arm put in a splint, and if the case resulted fortunately, fibrous tissue first and

later a bony structure took the place of the original hard bone. This operation was called a *resection,* All sorts of wounds were encountered. One poor fellow was shot in the face in such a way that the whole lower jaw was taken off; the wound, however, was not necessarily fatal.

A bullet passed through a man's skull and into the brain cavity; for days he lived, walked about and waited largely upon himself. He seemed dazed, however, from the first, and after awhile became stupid, helpless and died. Some that were brought in were so severely injured that there was no hope of doing anything for their recovery; such cases, if there seemed to be much suffering, were made as comfortable as possible and laid upon the ground, and the attention of the surgeons given to those whose injuries were likely to receive benefit. One poor fellow was shot somewhere in the base of the brain and, when taken out of the ambulance, one side of his face was in convulsions. His case was deemed hopeless, and he was placed upon the ground. All night and till noon next day the convulsions continued; one eye was in constant motion, and the muscles of the same side of the face jerked and twitched in horrible contortions. But at last death came to his relief.

All were kept busy till away in the night caring for the wounded. Blankets were spread upon the ground under the trees, and upon these, side by side, the injured ones were laid. Toward morning others of the wounded were brought in that could not be reached till nightfall protected the rescuing parties from the bullets of the enemy.

The next day, May 20, was occupied in perfecting the care of the injured. Many operations were of too delicate a character to be performed after night; these were made the morning following. Sometimes in the army,

however, very delicate operations were, from necessity, performed after night. In the medical supplies were little wax candles that gave a pretty light, free from smoke and without much dripping, as from tallow candles. When working after night a number of these were lighted and held for the convenience of the operator. The night after the battle of Champion's Hill I remember coming upon some surgeons who were amputating at the shoulder-joint the arm of a poor fellow who had been wounded near the shoulder, Just as I came up the surgeons were turning the bone out of its socket and adjusting the flaps. This operation, in the army, was considered a very critical one, and was not often performed when other means would avail.

At the front the lines were advanced as near as possible to the enemy's works, and at night the spade was used freely, thus making rifle-pits to secure protection from the enemy's bullets. The casualties were comparatively few on the 20th and 21st of May; yet throughout both these days wounded men were from time to time brought in from the front.

Meantime preparations for the care of the wounded were made on a much more extended scale. When the trees in the yard failed to give shelter from sunshine by day and dew at night, limbs heavily laden with leaves, cut from the timber nearby were laid upon poles that rested upon others set in the ground. While engaged in this work a cannon ball came whizzing through the air and buried itself in the ground in the center of the yard. One of the men, curious to see what character of missle it was, got a shovel and excavated the ball. It proved to be a conical steel ball about two and one-half inches through and seven or eight inches long.

Meanwhile full rations were now received for all, from a base of supplies established on the Yazoo River, upon Sherman's right; from this point a wagon road in the rear of the army was made, and over this were conveyed supplies of all kinds to the troops. For a day or two after the investment, Warrenton, about six miles below Vicksburg, had been used as a base. But the new base upon the Yazoo gave direct communication with the great North and its limitless supplies of all kinds.

CHAPTER X.

Assault and Siege of The Confederate Stronghold.

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die."

—Tennyson.

At 2 p.m., May 19, an assault was made on the Confederate works at Vicksburg. This assault was unsuccessful, so far as capturing the stronghold was concerned, but resulted in giving the Federals an advanced position, which position was made secure by the use of the spade the succeeding night. Believing that the Confederates would not hold out against another determined assault, a second one was ordered at 10 a.m., May 22. This was opened by a terrific cannonade from all the Federal batteries; following this was an incessant rattle of musketry.

It was known at the hospital this charge was to be made, and the constant boom of cannon and continual roll of musketry firing after 10 in the forenoon all knew would soon bring in a frightful harvest of mangled and wounded. The slain would, of course, for the time at least, be left on the field. About 2 p.m. through the trees was seen a long train of ambulances approaching, all heavily loaded with mangled humanity. Upon reaching the hospital grounds two or three ambulances were backed up at once, and the wounded lifted or assisted out. One of the first that I assisted in taking from the ambulance was a tall, slender man, who had received a terrible wound in the top of his head; a minnie ball had,

so to speak, plowed its way through the skull, making a ragged, gaping wound, exposing the brain for three or four inches. He lived but a moment after removal from the ambulance.

The captain[1] of the company in which I enlisted was in another ambulance, mortally wounded, with a bullet in his brain. He lived a day or two in an unconscious stupor—a comatose state—as the doctors say. But the majority of the wounded were boys, young, brave, daring fellows, too often rash, and meeting death, or next to it, oftentimes from needless exposure.

One nice young fellow of eighteen the writer can never forget. He had been wounded in the bowels, and was sitting at the root of a large tree, resting his head against its trunk. His name was Banks, and knowing me well, he recognized me, and calling me by name, said: "Ah, I'm badly wounded." Already his lips were ashy pale, a clammy sweat was upon his face, and from the wound in his abdomen a long knuckle of intestine was protruding. A few hours more and young Banks was resting in the sleep of death. No danger from enemy's bullets now; the poor, senseless clay, which a little time before had been the dwelling-place of joyous young life, nothing could harm more. By the quiet form sat the father, sad and heart-broken, himself a soldier, but the balance of his term of service would seem lonely and tedious.

Arms and legs of many in the ambulances were hanging useless and lying powerless by the sides of their owners, and soon the surgeons at several tables were kept busy removing mangled and useless limbs. As on all such occasions when there were a great many wounded

[1] Captain William M. Colby, 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

on hand at one time, but little was done for the mortally injured, save to lay them in a comparatively comfortable position; those having mangled limbs and broken bones were first attended, while those with unextensive, simple flesh wounds were passed by till more serious cases were looked after. Judgment, however, in this direction was not always unerring, and I remember one man, with what seemed a slight wound of the foot, who was rather persistent in asking immediate attention; but the number of dangling limbs and gaping wounds calling for immediate care seemed to justify the surgeons in putting him off for a time. His case was attended to in due course, and later he was sent up the river to a large Memphis hospital, where, some weeks subsequently, he was infected with hospital gangrene, and died from its effects. Of course, the delay in dressing his wound weeks before had nothing to do with the untoward result, but it did bring sharp criticism upon the surgeons.

All the afternoon and till late at night on May 22 did the surgeons work with the wounded; amputating limbs, removing balls, cleaning and washing wounds, ridding them of broken pieces of bone, bandaging them up and putting them in the best shape possible. A few were bruised from stroke of spent ball or piece of shell, and recovered in a few days. Long lines of wounded now occupied the shaded places, in the yard, and to attend to the wants of these kept all busy, Carbolic acid and other disinfectants were at that time not in use, and all wounds were at first treated with simple water dressings. Old muslin cloth or lint was saturated with cold water and applied to all fresh wounds. As soon as these began to supurate, simple cerate, a mild, soothing ointment, consisting of two parts of fresh lard and one of white wax,

Captain Wm. M. Colby, 130th Illinois Volunteers.
Mortally wounded at Vicksburg, May 22, 1863.

(*See page 103*)

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was applied. In most bullet wounds, the ball in entering the body carried before it little pieces of the clothing, leather of the belt or cartridge box, tin of the canteens or any such substance first struck by the missile. In nearly all instances these foreign substances were discharged in the form of little dark-colored bits of *débris*.

Every day the wounds were washed and freshly dressed. But, as the weather was warm, many wounds became infested with maggots. This looked horrible, but was not deemed specially detrimental. Two or three days' extra work was made by the large number of wounded, resulting from the assault of May 22. After this there was a constant accession of wounded men at the hospital, but only a few at a time.

One man received a wound from some sort of a large missile that made an extensive opening at the place of entrance, the fleshy part of the thigh, in which it buried itself deeply and could not be reached. In a day or two the limb all about the wound began to assume a greenish-yellow hue, and later the man died. Cutting into the wound after death revealed the presence of a copper-tap, more than an inch across, from a shell.

About a week after the siege began a young man from an Ohio regiment died from a wound, resulting from his own imprudence. The first day of the investment, while his regiment was drawn up in line, three or four miles from the enemy's works, there being some delay in the advance, the young man got some loose powder, ran it along in a little trail, covered this with dust and tried to fire it. As it did not ignite he was stooping over with his face close to the ground when the charge took fire. His face was badly burned, and later was attacked with erysipelas, from which death resulted. This seemed an

inglorious way of yielding up one's life when the opportunities for dying gloriously for one's country were so plentiful and ready at hand.

As soon as communication by the Yazoo[2] was opened up with the North, supplies in great abundance came in for the sick. In the way of eatables for the hospital were delicacies of various kinds, fruits, mild home-made wines, etc. Clothing for the sick and wounded was furnished in full quantities. This, for the most part, consisted of cotton garments for underwear, shirts, nightshirts, drawers, gowns, etc., nearly all of bleached muslin. Cotton goods were at the time expensive in the market, from the fact that the supply of the raw material by the South was stopped for the period during which the war continued.

Nearly all these things were donated by individuals and communities. Very many of the garments had the name of the donor stamped upon them with stencil plate. Quite a number of the articles seen by the writer had the name, now forgotten, of a lady with postoffice address at Janesville, Wis.

The assault of May 22 convinced all, officers and men alike, that Vicksburg was much more securely intrenched than had been supposed, and that the only way to capture it would be by siege. Accordingly all made up their minds to await the result patiently, but of the final fall of the stronghold no one entertained a doubt. Indeed, of ultimate triumph every man seemed from the start to have full confidence.

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[2] The Yazoo River empties into the Mississippi just above Vicksburg, consequently boats could enter its mouth and run up stream to our troops.

As before stated, after settling down to siege operations there were comparatively few wounded. Back of Swett's garden, under some small trees, the dead from the division hospital were buried. It was not possible to provide coffins, and so the dead were wrapped in blankets and covered over with earth—till their shallow graves were filled. As the siege progressed all the wounded and sick, who were able to be moved, were put in ambulances and conveyed to boats on the Yazoo River, from whence they went North.

Cane grew in abundance all about, and by cutting a number of these stocks, tying them together with strings, and putting the two ends on cross-pieces resting upon stakes driven in the ground, quite comfortable and springy cots were improvised for the hospital.

Swett's house had all the time been used as a place for storage of drugs and hospital supplies. Swett was a short, thick-set man with a rotund stomach and about fifty years old. He used to stand around and lean on his cane with much seeming complacency. In his yard were several bunches of fragrant jasmine in full bloom. This is a most beautiful and deliciously fragrant flower, scenting the air with its delightful odor.

In the timber all about were magnificent specimens of magnolia, having upon their branches, in May and June, long beautiful blossoms. Figs ripened in Swett's garden during the siege. These, while not liked by some when gathered fresh from the trees, by others were relished exceedingly. Thus, tree, flower and fruit lent something of their charms to assuage the horrors of war.

As soon as General Joseph E. Johnston discovered that Grant had securely invested Vicksburg, he began organizing a force to relieve the garrison, This force

sought to attack Grant's rear on the line of the Big Black River.[3] Grant, who by this time was receiving re-enforcements from the North, was fully on the alert, and confronted Johnston with ample force to keep the latter at a safe distance from the operations against Vicksburg.

Meanwhile, all sorts of stories were in circulation—nearly all favorable, however, to the Federals. At one time it was rumored Port Hudson, some three hundred miles down the river, had capitulated to General Banks; at another, that the Confederates could not hold out longer; again, that Richmond was taken, and then that Washington had been captured by Lee.

Of nights the mortar boats from the river shelled Vicksburg, and sometimes, with one or more comrades, I would go out upon a high hill in front of the hospital from whence the bombardment could be seen. The mortar boats were, perhaps, eight miles distant, and first a flash would be seen, then the discharge of the mortar, next a streak of fire, followed by a burning fuse; this would rise away up in the air and finally descend, and, just before reaching the ground another flash, the explosion of the shell, broke upon the vision. Some time elapsed after the flash was seen before the report could be heard. The shells thrown by these mortar boats were of one and two hundred pounds caliber, and all through the siege were thrown at regular intervals during the night-time.

One cannon, belonging to the Confederates, received the appellation of "Whistling Dick." The ball from it

[3] The Big Black River runs in a southwesterly direction, is some twelve miles east of Vicksburg, and a considerable distance below that stronghold, empties into the Mississippi.

passed through the air with a peculiar whistling noise that could be heard by all on the southwestern aspect of the works. It was a fine breech-loading rifled cannon of English manufacture.

Toward the latter part of June rumors of the impending fall of Vicksburg pervaded the command, and later, as the National anniversary drew near, it was said a most determined assault would be made on the 4th of July. Finally, preparations for this were in progress when, on the 3d of July, word came that the Confederates had already made propositions looking toward a surrender, and next day, the 4th of July, Vicksburg, after withstanding a siege of forty-six days, capitulated.

The command, though long expecting this event, was almost wild with joy. Some surprise was, however, felt that the Confederates should have yielded on the day they did; the belief prevailed that they had, in some way, gained an inkling of the intended assault and felt as though they could not withstand another determied effort on the part of the Federals. Up to date this was the most important success of the war. The number of men captured exceeded 30,000, with a vast quantity of small arms, cannon, heavy ordnance and munitions of all kinds. Indeed, more men capitulated at Vicksburg than were taken in one body at any other time during the war.

A day or two after I procured a pass and visited the city. It was alive with soldiers of both armies, All upon friendly relations, swapping yarns, telling experiences, trading curiosities, as if hostile words, much less shot and shell, had never passed between them. One tall young Confederate approached me and wanted to exchange a two-dollar Confederate note for the same

amount in United States currency; he said, by way of explanation, that he would, in a few days, be going home over in Louisiana on his parole and wanted the "greenback" money to show his folks. This was, most probably, not true; Confederate money was wholly valueless in the Union lines, and the United States currency was doubtless wanted for immediate use.

The various places of interest about the city were visited. The several roads passing from the city, upon reaching the bluff, had roadways cut through this. In many places these cuts were twenty and thirty feet deep, and the walls of red clay perpendicular, or nearly so. But the clay composing these walls was of such tenacity that washings never occurred, and the sides of the cuts remained as durable as if built of stone.

From the sides of these walls of clay caves were cut in which for security some of the citizens passed much of their time. I visited several of these caves, and found two or three of them carpeted and neatly furnished. Many places were seen where the immense shells from the mortar fleet struck the earth. When these failed to explode a great round hole was made in the ground, and in case of explosion after striking the ground, a large excavation was the result.

The great guns along the river front—the Columbiads of 9-, 11- and 13- inch caliber—were visited. It was these that blockaded the river and made the passing of even heavily-armored vessels hazardous. Some of the Confederate soldiers belonging to the infantry were about one of these huge guns, and one of them said within ear-shot:

"I'll bet this 'ere old cannon's killed many a blue-belly."

Passing out toward the outworks a Confederate regi-

ment, containing not many more men than a full company, was seen draw up in line for inspection and roll-call, preparatory to completion of parole papers.

In conversation with the Confederates some said they had had enough of the war and hoped the South would make an end of it; others avowed their faith in ultimate success; the great majority, however, were non-committal regarding their notions of final success or failure.

The rifle-pits and works of the Confederates that crossed the railway and dirt road nearby were visited. The neighborhood of the dirt road seemed especially to have been the scene of most obstinate conflict; it ran along on a ridge and the approach was particularly well guarded. The space outside the Confederate works, between these and the Federal rifle-pits, was dotted all over with Union graves; if some dirt thrown over a soldier where he fell could be called a grave.

A day or two after the assault the Union dead were buried under a flag of truce. The weather being very warm, before this was attended to, decomposition had already begun and the consequent stench would soon grow intolerable. Under these circumstances both armies readily agreed to a short armistice for disposition of the dead. The time allowed was too short for regular interment, hence dirt was thrown over the dead bodies where they lay, and in cases where they could be identified, a piece of board put at the head, upon which, in rude letters, were the names and commands of the fallen ones.

Wherever an elevation intervened between the Union lines and Confederate works the tracks of bullets through the grass and weeds were surprisingly thick and crossed and cris-crossed each other in various directions, and at one point there was hardly an inch of space but what

had thus been marked. This was near the Jackson dirt road, where the Confederates had an enfilading fire and used it to most deadly advantage.

Immediately upon the fall of Vicksburg, an expedition was started against General Joe Johnston who, during the siege, had been threatening Grant from the rear and on the line of the Big Black River. Under a broiling July sun the Union soldiers took up the line of march and followed the Confederates under Johnston to Jackson, Miss., to which, for a time, they laid siege. Finally, however, realizing that he was outnumbered, General Johnston evacuated his works at Jackson and permitted the Federals to take possession for a second time within two months.

Meanwhile, with the regimental surgeon I was assigned to duty at the Thirteenth Corps Hospital, which was in the near vicinity of a farmhouse, though the sick and wounded were in tents and everything needed for their comfort and care was on a much more commodious scale than had been possible at the Division Hospital, where I was on duty during the whole forty-five days of the siege. One peculiar method of prescribing was in vogue here: A number of favorite prescriptions for sundry diseases were put up in quantity and each given a number; consequently, instead of having to write out a prescription and having it put up separately the surgeon had but to designate a given number, and in short order the patient would have the desired remedy.

During this period I, from time to time, secured a pass and visited Vicksburg, which was gradually settling down to the new order of things. The wharf at the river front, very soon after the Federal occupation, assumed a busy aspect. Steamboats with all needed supplies came down

the river, I came near saying, in fleets. Many visitors came from the North, some to see friends in the army, some to see the newly-captured stronghold, some to look up new fields for trade and speculation, and some came on the sad mission of, if possible, finding the bit of earth that hid from view the remains of fallen loved ones.

General Logan, who commanded within the limits of Vicksburg after its surrender, had his headquarters in the Court House, which, from its location on a high hill, was a conspicuous object. Over the dome of the Court House floated the flag of the 45th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, an organization that was given the advance when General Logan's Division entered Vicksburg after its surrender and took possession. The 45th Illinois was thus honored because its members, many of whom were miners, had, during the siege, performed a great deal of duty of an exceptionally hazardous nature.

Toward the end of the siege, J. W. Spurr, Company B, 145th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, became the hero of a most remarkable adventure. He, somehow, managed to get possession of an old Confederate uniform and going to the Mississippi River at the extreme left of our lines went in the water during a heavy rainstorm after night and swam north, past the pickets of both friend and foe. Then, upon going ashore he at once went to some Confederates who were gathered about a campfire and engaged them in conversation. Later he left them and went to a house and asked for something to eat which was refused in consequence of the fact that, at that particular time, eatables in Vicksburg were at a very high premium. Finally, however, with the persuasive influence of a five-dollar bill both food and lodging for the time being were secured.

Young Spurr's hostess was an Irish woman, who was found to be a Union sympathizer, and who proved her fidelity by warning her guest that he was being watched. Consequently, after spending three days in the beleaguered city the daring adventurer, after night, found his way to the river's bank south of the city, went in the water and swam and floated down past the pickets of foe and friend alike, and upon reaching the Union lines was promptly arrested, but upon establishing his identity was as promptly released.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that this feat had few, if indeed any, parallels in either army during the whole period of the Civil War's four years' history. That an eighteen-year-old boy, on his own intiative and impelled by nothing save curiosity and innate dare-devil-try, should plan, undertake and successfully execute such a hazardous feat as that of young Spurr, is hard to believe. As to credibility, however, the reader can rest assured that the above is absolutely true, and can be verified by the best of evidence. J. W. Spurr, the hero of the adventure, is a well-preserved veteran, and has his home in Rock Island, Ill.

CHAPTER XI.

Running The Vicksburg Batteries.

"You should have seen him as he trod
The deck, our joy and pride."

—Selected.

Second in interest only to the operations of the Army of the Tennessee in the Vicksburg campaign was that of the Mississippi Flotilla under Commodore Porter, whose achievements were, for the most part, coincident and co-operative with those of the land force.

Of special interest was the passing of the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg some months prior to the fall of that stronghold. For a year or more preceding the latter event, De Soto, La., the terminus of the Vicksburg & Shreveport Railway had been in the possession of the Federals; consequently, the rich tribute to the Confederacy of corn and cattle from Western Louisiana and Texas came, for the most part, down the Red River by steamboat, and thence up the Mississippi to Natchez, Grand Gulf and Vicksburg, or below to Port Hudson, and from these points was distributed throughout the South.

To destroy the vessels plying in this service became, in the early part of 1863, a cherished object with the Federals. With this end in view, Colonel Charles R. Ellet was ordered to run the Vicksburg batteries with the ram *Queen of the West*. This vessel was not built originally for the naval service, but was a strong fleet freight steamer. Her prow had been strengthened and armed with a strong iron beak, her boilers and machinery were

protected with three hundred bales of cotton, and she was armed with both heavy and light pieces of artillery, a full complement of rifles, pistols and cutlasses, and, beside her crew, had aboard twenty-six soldiers.

Lying under the Vicksburg batteries was a Confederate transport, *The City of Vicksburg,* whose destruction was named as one of Ellet's first errands. Early in the morning of February 2, 1863, the *Queen of the West* passed round the bend, and under a full head of steam, made for the Confederate vessel tied to the wharf in front of the city, for which she was named. The strong beak of the *Queen* struck the *City of Vicksburg* with terrific force, but the great projection of the guards of the latter protected her hull and prevented the infliction of vital injury. Meantime, the current swept the stern of the *Queen* around so that she came alongside the transport, when a full broadside of turpentine balls was discharged into the *City of Vicksburg.* But as the fire from the Confederates had, meanwhile, grown warm and had already set on fire bales of cotton upon the *Queen,* this vessel continued on down the river while the burning bales were thrown overboard before the flames did other damage.

The *Queen* had the good fortune to destroy on this expedition three Confederate transports, but running short of fuel in about a week, she returned up the river. From the fleet above, a barge of coal was set afloat one evening that reached the *Queen* in safety.

On the 10th of February Colonel Ellet again started down the river, taking with him as tender, the *De Soto,* a small vessel captured by the soldiers on the Louisiana side of the river just below Vicksburg. This vessel had formerly been used as a ferryboat between De Soto, the

terminus of the Vicksburg & Shreveport Railroad, and Vicksburg. The Red River was entered and a small steamboat, the *Era,* captured from the Confederates. Further up this stream was a small Confederate work, Fort Taylor; this the *Queen* designed to destroy, but had the misfortune to run aground when within point-blank range of the enemy's guns, and in such a position as to render her own cannon unavailable. Under the circumstances there seemed nothing left for Ellet and his men but to abandon the *Queen* and endeavor to float down on cotton bales to the *De Soto,* one mile below. This was successfully done, but the *De Soto,* from some accident to her steering apparatus, became unmanageable, and had to be abandoned and blown up.

Meantime, all hands had gone aboard the captured vessel, the *Era,* but as she was in a damaged condition, poor progress was made against the rapid current of the Mississippi, when that river was reached. But all haste possible was made, as it was known the swift and powerful Confederate gunboat *Webb* was only sixty miles up Red River, and would probably pursue. There was no fuel available but wet cypress wood and ears of corn, and consequently poor time was made. A vessel was now descried which proved to be the powerful Federal gunboat *Indianola.* The latter came alongside the *Era,* furnishing her with fuel and other necessaries. Meantime, a vessel hove in sight from below, that turned out to be the Confederate gunboat *Webb* in pursuit of the *Era.* The latter was dispatched up the river and the *Indianola* gave chase to the *Webb,* but this vessel evaded her pursuer.

The *Indianola* had run the Vicksburg batteries the night of February 13. At the appointed time all lights

were turned down, and with no motion from her wheels, she drifted down in the darkness with the current and almost touched the levee at Vicksburg. Lights were burning all over the city, men were passing all about and a chain of guards were on duty next the water's edge. All these were talking, and the sound of their voices was plainly heard on the *Indianola.* Presently, however, a soldier on duty near a lighted fire saw a dark, moving mass on the water and discharged his piece; this was followed by many musket shots, and the *Indianola,* now putting on steam, became a target for the gunners beside the heavy Columbiads at the edge of the bluff. She, however, received but little damage, and passed on down the river, and rescued the *Era,* as before narrated. After this the mouth of the Red River was reached, and this stream ascended for a time, when it was learned the *Queen of the West* had undergone repairs at the hands of the Confederates, and might be expected down at any time. As the latter vessel, with the *Webb,* would be more than a match for the *Indianola,* this gunboat turned about, ran down to the mouth of Red River, and from thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Big Black River. The last-mentioned stream it was designed to enter and ascend as far as the Vicksburg & Jackson Railway Bridge, which structure it was the intention to destroy.

Toward night of February 24 two vessels approached from below, which proved to be the Confederate gunboat *Webb,* and ram, *Queen of the West.* The *Indianola* retreated up the river to near New Carthage, when she turned about to attack her antagonists. The Confederate vessels contrived to ram the *Indianola* a number of times, till she was reduced to a sinking condition and

was run ashore and surrendered. The Federal vessel thus lost was one of the best on the river and had been built but a short time,

The *Queen of the West* ascended the river as far as Warrenton, to serve as a sort of picket to the Confederate navy. Meantime, the Confederates were making strenuous efforts to raise and refit the *Indianola.* Two or three days after the surrender of the latter vessel, the *Webb* came hurrying down the river with orders for the *Indianola* to be blown up at once, as a powerful Federal gunboat had run the Vicksburg batteries, and was now on her way down the river, bent on the capture and destruction of all Confederate craft. As soon as this message was delivered the *Indianola* was blown up and the *Queen* retreated up Red River, whither she was preceded by the rest of the Confederate fleet.

But what of the terrible gunboat that created so much consternation with the Confederates, causing them to retire their movable vessels up Red River and blow up the superb *Indianola?*

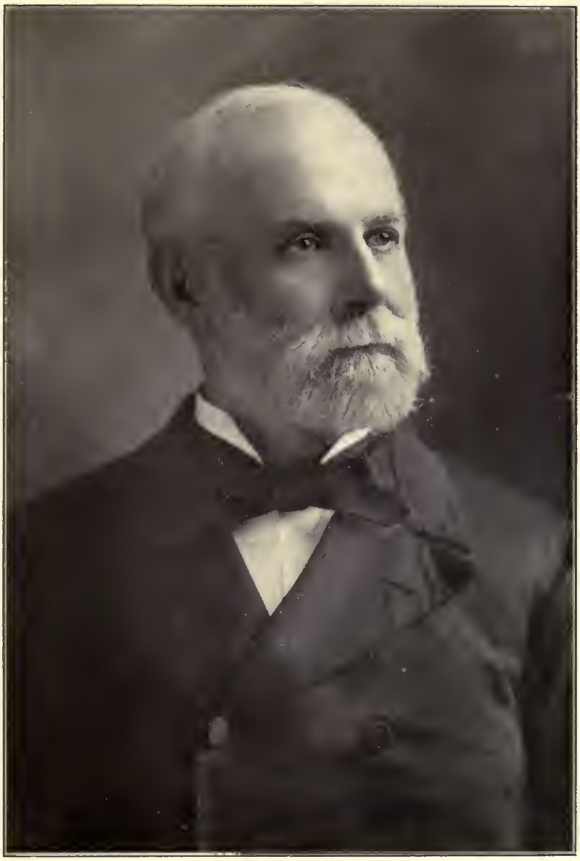
A few days prior to this action by the Confederates Commodore Porter had fitted up the hulk of an old flatboat in imitation of a gunboat. Pork barrels were piled up in the form of smokestacks, and through them poured quantities of smoke from mud furnaces beneath. A dark coat of paint and some further imitation work made the resemblance to a gunboat complete, and one dark night this dummy was set adrift in the current of the river just above Vicksburg. The Confederate batteries fired at her with much vigor, but some way all missed the mark, and the "gunboat" of such powerful aspect passed by unharmed; and by the *Star of the West,* word was hurriedly sent down the river for the destruction of the

Indianola. Two months later the *Queen of the West* was blown up to obviate falling into Federal hands, and about the time the Confederacy was going to pieces in April, 1865, the *Webb,* loaded with cotton, ran out of Red River, thence down the Mississippi, past several gunboats and even past New Orleans, but being at last intercepted by the *Brooklyn,* ran ashore and was set on fire.

The daring of this adventure of the *Webb* excited much interest at the time in General Canby's department.

About the middle of March, 1863, Commodore Farragut succeeded in passing the Port Hudson batteries with two of his vessels, and about a week later communicated from just below Vicksburg with Commodore Porter's fleet just above. Needing some re-enforcements in the way of vessels, Farragut asked for some from the fleet of Porter. Early on the morning of March 25, Colonel Charles R. Ellet, with the *Switzerland,* and Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Ellet, with the *Lancaster,* ran the Vicksburg batteries. The *Switzerland* was destroyed, but most of her crew escaped on cotton bales. The *Lancaster* succeeded in passing, but in a much damaged condition.

The passage of the Vicksburg batteries by a fleet of gunboats and transports the night of April 16, and by another the night of April 22, has been elsewhere referred to. The success of these attempts greatly facilitated the carrying out of Grant's plans in his operations against Vicksburg. Indeed, in nearly all General Grant's important battles and campaigns in the West he leaned heavily upon the navy, and it ever gave him cheerful and timely support,



Major George W. Kennard, late Commander of the steamer "Horizon," which ran the Vicksburg batteries on the night of April 22, 1863.

(*See page 121*)

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One of the vessels which ran the Vicksburg blockade, the *Horizon,* was commanded by Captain George W. Kennard of the 20th Illinois Infantry. Captain Kennard volunteered immediately after Fort Sumter was fired on, and served continuously till the war ended, four years later. He was severely wounded at Fort Donelson, attained the rank of Major before the war ended; is now (1917) a finely preserved octogenarian, and resides in Champaign, Ill., where he enrolled his name as a volunteer, now about fifty-six years ago. Following is his report of what transpired while he was in command of the *Horizon:*

STEAMER HORIZON, New Carthage, Louisiana, April 23, 1863.

COLONEL:—I have the honor to report that, in compliance with Special Orders, No. 111, Headquarters Department of the Tennessee, the steamer *Horizon,* leaving Milliken's Bend at 9 P.M., 22d inst., steamed down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo River, where she remained in the channel until signaled to pass the Vicksburg batteries, then steamed slowly down to the bend, where she put on a full head of steam. In passing the first battery she received two shots, one through her derrick and one through her smokestack, larboard side. At the second battery she received two shots through her bulkhead. At the next battery she received two shots on hurricane deck, and, in all, while under fire, passing Vicksburg batteries, about fifteen or sixteen shots, all forward and above boiler deck, except one through her cabin midships. When arriving below our pickets, she hailed the steamer *Moderator* and found she was disabled, and attempted to go to her assistance, but being unable to reach her, passed down to within two miles of the Warrenton Battery, and landed where the flag-ship had gone down, at which time the *Anglo-Saxon* was seen floating by in a disabled condition. The *Horizon,* being ordered to bring her in, followed her till within range of Warrenton Battery, drawing their fire, while the *Anglo-Saxon* floated by almost unnoticed, when she returned to the *Tigress,* and was ordered to pass Warrenton Battery and report at New Carthage.

At daylight, the *Horizon* had passed the battery, it firing seventeen rounds, none doing any damage except the last, which struck the wheel rudder. larboard side, damaging it considerably. When out of range of Warrenton Battery, the *Horizon* came up with the *Anglo-Saxon,* took her in tow, and floated down within signaling distance of New Carthage, and having given the proper signals, cut loose from the *Anglo-Saxon,* which was then taken in tow by steamer *Silver Wave,* sent out from New Carthage. The *Horizon* then steamed up and reported to General J. A. McClernand, at New Carthage.

The only casualty on board the *Horizon* was Private (George) McElvain, Company B, Twenty-third Indiana, slightly wounded in the head.

I am pleased to say that, while we were under fire, every man was at his post, doing his duty. Each is deserving credit for coolness and good conduct. I take great pleasure in recommending to you for favor the names of Lieutenant James D. Vernay. Eleventh Illinois Infantry, Lieutenant Jesse Roberds, Twenty-first Illinois Infanty, Nathan Collins, Second Indiana Cavalry, and James H. Cuers, Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, each of whom stood at his post and discharged his duties while under fire with a coolness and courage which deserves much praise. Pilots Collins and Curts, and P. Vancil, Thirty-first Illinois Infantry, mate, are each of them experienced river men, and are also trusty and reliable.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. W. KENNARD,

Captain Twentieth Illinois, Commanding Steamer Horizon.
COL. CLARK B. LAGOW, Commanding Fleet.

CHAPTER XII.

Personnel of Our Hospital Staff.

"In the multitude of counselors there is safety."
—Soloman.

"By medicine may life be prolonged,
Yet death will seize the doctor."
—Shakespeare.

The infantry Civil War regiment was made up of ten companies of about a hundred men each, so that the larger organization contained about one thousand men. However, most of the newly-formed regiments totaled about nine hundred. One Colonel, one Lieutenant-Colonel and one Major made up the field officers; and the Quartermaster, Chaplain, Adjutant, Surgeon, First Assistant Surgeon and Second Assistant Surgeon comprised the staff officers. The Surgeon had the rank of Major, and to designate this wore a gold leaf on either shoulder strap. The First Assistant Surgeon ranked as Captain, and had four bars on either shoulder strap. The Second Assistant Surgeon had the rank of First Lieutenant, and wore two bars on his shoulder straps.

Our Regimental Surgeon, Dr. L. K. Wilcox, came to us from Warsaw, Ill., then an important Mississippi River town, where he practised his profession. He was an Irishman, small in stature, with a red face, reddish hair and sandy moustache. He was about thirty-five years of age, a graduate of Missouri Medical College, now identified with Washington University, where he had for a classmate, and which he took pride in telling, the celebrated Rosa Bonheur, later the distinguished

painter of animals, It was long before the day of co-education of the sexes, consequently, it was very much out of the usual to have a woman in attendance upon medical lectures.

Dr. Wilcox, notwithstanding his inferior stature, was dignified; had a good deal of executive ability and managed his department with no little skill. He was, furthermore, an eminently practical man, and operated with a considerable degree of dexterity.

He was always neatly dressed, was an inveterate smoker, and had a very full under lip, which not infrequently assumed a sort of pouting aspect, and which I can close my eyes and see as plainly as if the protuberant member was before me, although it was fifty-three years ago that it was first photographed on the tablets of my memory.

Dr. Wilcox was a devout Catholic, and always crossed himself before partaking of food. He did this so adroitly, however, that the uninitiated were none the wiser.

Dr. David Wilkins was our First Assistant Surgeon. His home was in Greenville, Bond County, Ill., where he left a growing family and a good practice to serve his country. He was a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, was about forty years of age, and was better versed in his profession than most physicians of that day. He was of the average height, but was slender and, consequently, looked taller than he really was. Dr. Wilkins was a quiet, modest man who had little to say. He, however, commanded the respect of all, and his friends always thought he should have had a position of full surgeon. In the fall of 1863, after giving us most excellent service, he resigned from our regi-

ment and became surgeon of a colored organization with the rank of Major.

Our first Second Assistant Surgeon was a Dr. Barry, who met with bad luck not long after joining our regiment. As elsewhere noted, on our first trip down the Mississippi River to Memphis, Tenn., in the fall of 1862, one of our men, who had a slight ailment, died very suddenly, and Dr. Barry was, by some, said to have been responsible for this. But, whatever may have been the truth of this report, he very soon after resigned and returned to civil life.

Not long after reaching Memphis, late in 1862, as before narrated, our regiment suffered from a great deal of sickness, and our medical department was worked to the limit, but through it all we had no Second Assistant Surgeon. However, about June 1, 1863, while we were in the thick of the Vicksburg Siege, one came to us. This was Dr. W. F. Sigler, whose home was in Flora, Clay County, Ill. Dr. Sigler was six feet tall, well formed, and must have weighed more than two hundred pounds, consequently he was "dubbed" the "heavy-weight" of the Hospital department. He wore side whiskers (Burnsides), and always kept his chin and upper lip clean-shaven. He was a thoughtful man, well on towards forty years of age, intelligent, but was not a medical graduate. In his professional work he had some set-phrases, and one of these I shall never forget. Frequently when a soldier consulted him and would ask why he had this, that or the other symptom, Dr. Sigler would answer by saying: "O, that is owing to the debilitated condition of your system." The very next patient would want to know why he felt so and so, and out would come the same stereotyped reply, "O, that is owing to the de-

bilitated condition of your system." And so on, from patient to patient, and from day to day this "canned" (professional?) opinion was made to do service.

As said above, the Surgeon, First Assistant Surgeon and Second Assistant Surgeon, had respectively, the rank of Major, Captain and First Lieutenant, were commissioned by the Governor of the State and were hence known as *commissioned* officers. All officers below a second lieutenant received warrants signed by the Colonel, and were hence called *non*-commissioned officers. One of the highest ranking non-commissioned officers was the Hospital Steward, who with the Sergeant-Major, Commissary-Sergeant and Quartermaster-Sergeant comprised the *non*-commissioned staff of the regiment.

While our surgeons were fully up to the average in ability and attainments, yet they had never so much as seen a hypodermic syringe, a fever thermometer or a trained nurse; for the very good and sufficient reason that none of these were in existence. And that they had never so much as heard of an X-ray machine or a blood-pressure apparatus, goes without the saying, for the coming of these was, as yet, many years in the future. But, notwithstanding these limitations "there were giants in those days." There were such internalists as Austin Flint, of New York; George B. Wood, of Philadelphia; N. S. Davis, of Chicago, and others of equal note—great teachers, all of them. And there were such surgeons as Valentine Mott, of New York; S. D. Gross, of Philadelphia; Moses Gunn, of Detroit; Daniel Brainard, of Chicago; Reuben D. Mussey, of Cincinnati; John T. Hodgen, of St. Louis, and others of their kind. And all of whom had taught the medical men, who, with their regiments, were at the front. Yet, not one of these able

men knew anything of the germ theory of diseases, and, perhaps, had never so much as heard of the term *bacteriology,*

These facts being true, what wonder is it that the Civil War Regimental Surgeon knew nothing of asepsis and antisepsis, and that he was totally ignorant of the true nature of infection and devoid of knowledge to prevent its spread? True, Joseph Lister, then at Edinburgh, Scotland, was doing pioneer work in the field of asepsis and antisepsis, but his efforts had, as yet, been given no recognition. True, Pasteur had begun his era-making work in demonstrating the fact that germs were the true *seeds* of disease, and were ever and incessantly active in its spread, but the world had *not yet heard;* and of those who did hear, the most *did not heed.*

Our first Hospital Steward was James M. Miller, of Greenville, Ill., where he had served an apprenticeship in his father's drug store, and where he now resides and has the reputation of being the wealthiest man in his county. As Ward Master of the Regimental Hospital I served a sort of apprenticeship under Hospital Steward Miller, and later, when he saw fit to become a commissioned officer in a colored regiment, I succeeded to his position. This was not because I was as well qualified for the place as I should have been, but because I was the best fitted for it of anyone who was available. I had had a little Latin, a little chemistry, a little physics, a little higher mathematics before joining the army, and very shortly after I entered I began familiarizing myself with drugs and chemicals, and with such other duties as might fall to the lot of a hospital attache. Indeed, I studied so hard that sometimes things became confused in my mind. A condition not always any too safe to

work under, as my experience with our cook, as narrated in another chapter, will show.[1]

We had a few medical books, among which I recall "Pareria's Materia Medica," "Mendenhall's Vade Mecum," a work on chemistry; "Parishés' Pharmacy," and "Gray's Anatomy," then a new work just out. The illustrations in Gray were a very great improvement on all that had gone before, and consequently this work took, and long held, a high place among medical publications.

But few as were the books and many as were the handicaps, I, then and there, began the study of medicine, and, on the whole, I never before or since passed any happier days, and I really worked and studied with no little enthusiasm.

[1] See Chapter XIV.

Charles B. Johnson, age 21, Hospital Steward,
130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Equipment, Work, and Some Attaches of Our Regimental Hospital.

"A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,
Of various names, whereof I mention these:
Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,
Rhubarb and senna, snakeroot, thoroughwort—"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In the field the Regimental Hospital department was allowed two small tents for the officers, medicines, etc.; another small tent for the kitchen department and supplies, and a larger one for the sick. This last, known as the hospital tent, was about fourteen feet square and was capable of containing eight cots with as many patients.

In the field we almost never had sheets and white pillow cases, but made use of army blankets that were made of the coarsest, roughest fiber imaginable. In warm weather the walls of the tent were raised, which made it much more pleasant for the occupants.

However, the policy that obtained was to send those who were not likely to recover quickly to the base hospitals, though this was not always to the patient's best interests, for these larger hospitals were oftentimes centers of infection of one kind or another, especially of hospital gangrene, which seldom attacked the wounded in the field.

During a campaign our stock of medicines was necessarily limited to standard remedies, among which could be named opium, morphine, Dover's powder, quinine, rhubarb, Rochelle salts, Epsom salts, castor oil, sugar of

lead, tannin, sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc, camphor, tincture of opium, tincture of iron, tincture opii, camphorata, syrup of squills, simple syrup, alcohol, whiskey, brandy, port wine, sherry wine, etc. Upon going into camp, where we were likely to remain a few days, these articles were unpacked and put on temporary shelves made from box-lids; and, on the other hand, when marching orders came, the medicines were again packed in boxes, the bottles protected from breaking by old papers, etc.

Practically all the medicines were administered in powder form or in the liquid state. Tablets had not yet come into use, and pills were very far from being as plentiful as they are today. The result was that most powders were stirred in water and swallowed. In the case of such medicine as quinine, Dover's powder, tannin, etc., the dose, thus prepared, was a bitter one. The bromides, sulfonal, trional and similar soporifices and sedatives, had not come in use, and asafetida, valerian and opium and its derivatives were about all the Civil War surgeon had to relieve nervousness and induce sleep.

Among the surgical supplies were chloroform, ether, brandy, aromatic spirits of ammonia, bandages, adhesive plaster, needles, silk thread for ligatures, etc. There were, also, amputating cases well supplied with catlins, artery forceps, bone forceps, scalpels, scissors, bullet probes, a tourniquet, etc. But while all the instruments were washed in water and wiped dry to keep from rusting, such an idea as making them aseptic never entered the head of the most advanced surgeon.

There was an emergency case, about the size of a soldier's knapsack, and, indeed, intended to be carried on an attendant's back like a knapsack. In this emergency

case were bandages, adhesive plaster, needles, artery forceps, scalpels, spirits of ammonia, brandy, chloroform, ether, etc. This emergency case, or hospital knapsack, was always taken with the regiment when the firing-line was about to be approached, and where the First Assistant Surgeon was in charge and was ready to render first aid to any who might be wounded.

This first aid, however, never went further than staunching bleeding vessels and applying temporary dressings. Thus attended to, the wounded were taken to an ambulance, and in this conveyed to the field hospital in the rear, generally out of musket range, but almost never beyond the reach of shells and cannon balls.

Arrived at the larger field hospital the patient was cared for by the surgeons and male nurses. The wounds were examined and dressed, but never antiseptically, for no one knew the importance of antisepsis or how to put it in practise; consequently, every wound suppurated, and so-called *laudable pus* was welcomed by those in charge as an indication that the patient had reached one of the mile-posts that had to be passed on his road to recovery. Careful handwashing and nail scrubbing were never practised before operations or in dressing recent wounds. And yet, for the most part, the wounds in the end healed satisfactorily. The fact that those receiving them were, in the great majority of cases, vigorous young men had much to do with the good results. Here it may be proper to say that in the Civil War by far the largest proportion of wounds were made with bullets from what were called minnie balls. These were fired, in most instances, from single-shooters and muzzle-loaders, such as the Springfield rifled musket, the Enfield rifled musket, the Austrian

rifled musket, etc. These bullets weighed an ounce or more, and the guns from which they were fired would kill a man nearly a mile away, and that they produced large, ugly wounds goes without saying.

When a minnie ball struck a bone it almost never failed to fracture and shatter the contiguous bony structure, and it was rarely that only a round perforation, the size of the bullet, resulted. When a joint was the part the bullet struck the results were especially serious in Civil War days. Of course, the same was true of wounds of the abdomen and head, though to a much greater degree. Indeed, recovery from wounds of the abdomen and brain almost never occurred. One of the prime objects of the Civil War surgeon was to remove the missile, and, in doing this, he practically never failed to infect the part with his dirty hands and instruments.

When Captain William M. Colby of my company was brought from the firing-line to our Division Hospital he was in a comatose state from a bullet that had penetrated his brain through the upper portion of the occipital bone. The first thing our surgeon did was to run his index finger its full length into the wound; and this without even ordinary washing. Next he introduced a dirty bullet probe. The patient died a day or two later. (See page 103.) These facts are narrated to show the frightful handicap Civil War surgery was under from a lack of knowledge of asepsis and antisepsis; and it is needless to say that no reflection is intended to be made on our surgeon, for he was making use of the very best lights of his day, dangerous as some of these were.

Elsewhere (see page 99) I spoke of a soldier in the Division Hospital who had a bullet wound in his brain and who walked about for days in a half-dazed condi-

tion, and who got maggots in his wound, The poor fellow finally died, notwithstanding the efforts nature put forth for his recovery. Could these efforts have been supplemented by modern surgery no doubt the man's life could have been saved.

I think wounds from bullets were five times as frequent as those from all other sources. Shell wounds were next in frequency, and then came those from grape and canister. I never saw a wound from a bayonet thrust, and but one made by a sword in the hands of an enemy. In another chapter a reference is made to a man who received a deep wound in the upper part of his thigh, which, after some days, proved fatal. Not long after the wound was received the parts began to assume a greenish tinge and this became of a deeper hue, and when after death the parts were cut down upon, a copper tap from an exploding shell was found to be the ugly missile which had inflicted the injury that, in the end, proved fatal.

Where so many men are grouped together accidents of greater or less gravity are liable to occur. On the whole, however, our regiment was fortunate. We lost two or three by drowning and one by a steamboat explosion, as elsewhere narrated (see pages 142-3), and I can recall but three who received accidental bullet wounds. One of these was a pistol shot of small caliber (see pages 55, 73), and the other was from one of the Springfield guns that was supposed not to be loaded. Looking back, I can but regard our record in this direction as especially fortunate, when the handling of so many loaded guns through so long a period is taken into account.

The only light vehicle in the regiment was our hospital ambulance, already referred to as a four-wheeled vehicle

with bed on springs and covered with strong ducking. The rear end-gate opened with hinges at its lower part for the convenience of putting in and taking out very sick or severely injured patients. The driver of our hospital ambulance was a soldier by the name of Throgmorton, who knew his business, and attended to it. He was an expert horseman, and kept the pair of bays under his care well-groomed and properly attended to in every way. They were, to a degree, spirited, and when the occasion called for it, were good steppers. Besides serving its purpose in conveying sick and wounded, our ambulance proved useful as a sort of family carriage, upon several occasions taking *certain* of us *well ones* "here-and-yon."

For service about the hospital men were detailed from the regiment to serve in the several capacities of nurses, cooks, and ambulance drivers, etc. Service of this kind was known as "special duty," and not a few came to have no little aptness in their new duties. Especially was this true of the men who cared for the sick, some of whom developed quite a little insight into disease, and were frequently able to make tolerable diagnoses and prognoses. Our cook came to be of so much consequence that he has been given a chapter to himself, which appears elsewhere. (See next chapter.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Our Most Efficient Cook and How I Undid Him.

"Herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

—Milton.

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."

—Shakespeare.

Tom Ralph, who came from England when a boy, was our cook at the Regimental Hospital. He was about thirty years of age, had very black hair, dark eyes and swarthy complexion, was of medium height and of stocky build. He wore a heavy black moustache with long waxed ends and the rest of his face was kept smoothly shaved when conditions permitted it. Tom was, by nature, a neat dresser, and few men in the regiment blacked their shoes oftener, brushed their clothes more, and wore their military caps more jauntily than he. Before the war he had been cook on a Mississippi River steamboat, and spent several years on the *Father of Waters* when steamboating was at high tide. To the younger hospital attaches, most of whom had come from farms, and were ten years, or more, Tom's junior, our cook seemed to be a much-traveled man who had seen no little of the world.

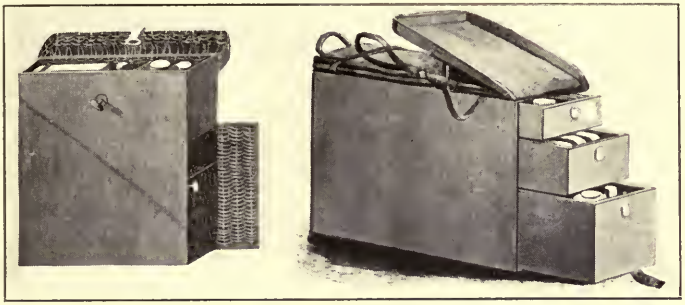
Tom's steamboating had given him opportunity to spend no little time in St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans and other Mississippi River cities, and in these he had occasionally attended theatrical plays that had left their impressions on his mind. He was an all-around good

fellow, but was, nevertheless, a "good-feeler," and not unconscious of his superior experience and worldly wisdom. Upon occasions he would strike a dramatic attitude, and with a butcher knife in lieu of a sword, would exclaim, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" At other times he would assume an especially sober, serious mien, and repeat from Hamlet, "To be or not to be, that is the question."

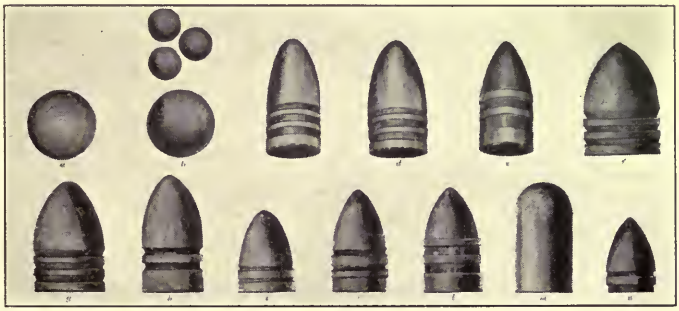
But, notwithstanding his worldly experience and other accomplishments, Tom was very practical and was an all-around good cook, and kept his utensils as clean as soap and water could make them. Indeed, our chief surgeon was wont to say, "Tom is as nice as a woman."

We had a little tent in which was kept the mess-chest and other things culinary in character, which, of course, included our rations and such other articles of diet as we might, upon certain fortunate occasions, have the good luck to procure. Our plates and cups were of tin, likewise our spoons, and these, with two-pronged forks and iron case knives, made up our table ware. We had one tin vessel for making coffee and another for tea, and, in addition, a due supply of pans, kettles for cooking meat, making soup and cooking potatoes and fresh vegetables, on the rare occasions when these could be procured.

But, notwithstanding the simplicity and plainness of our culinary appliances, Tom always "set the table" neatly and, considering surroundings, attractively, on the opened-up-and-spread-out top of the mess-chest, and for each one who sat down was a clean tin plate and at its left a clean knife and fork, and at its right a clean tin cup, for with Tom, "Order was Heaven's first law." Our food was substantial, but our menu was, so to speak,



Civil War Hospital Knapsacks. (From Medical and Surgical History of the Civil War.)



Some Civil War Missiles. (From Medical and Surgical History of the Civil War.)

(*See page 131*)

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monotonous. For breakfast, bacon (which the boys called "sow-belly"), baker's bread and coffee; for dinner, coffee, bacon and bread; and for supper, bread, coffee, bacon and so on, could one wring the changes almost indefinitely. But, fortunately for us, Tom was resourceful, and for dinner, if for no other meal, managed to have a variety. Today it would be corn beef (which the boys called "salt horse") and potatoes. Tomorrow fresh beef and potatoes. Next day we would, perhaps, have a pot of well-seasoned soup, the principal ingredient of which was a liberal part of the bony carcass of some bovine "critter." At best the fresh beef furnished us was nearly always poor, and as elsewhere noted, the boys used to say the army beef cattle were so poor that at best they were mere "shaders"—shadows.

When vegetables were in season Tom would "skirmish round" among the "natives" and get at one time a mess of beans, at another cabbage; at still another turnips, and sometimes he would get what the negroes called "gumbo," correctly okra, an unctuous vegetable, good in soup and a favorite with the Southerners.

All Tom's cooking was done on a fire built of sticks in the open, and while we were eating, a kettle of water would be heating, and in this, well saturated with soap, the dishes after every meal were thoroughly washed by our always careful and cleanly cook. Tom came to be our pride, and likewise the envy of all the officers' messes in the regiment, and fortunate did the officer or soldier deem himself who was an invited guest at our table.

One day Tom came to me and asked for a Seidlitz powder to relieve him of "biliousness." In response I told him that we had none of these, but I thought I could

make one for him. However, when it came to "delivering the goods," I felt a little "shaky" and uncertain, for I recalled that one of the ingredients was either sodii et potassii tartras, or antimonii et potassii tartras, but which was which, I could not, for the life of me, remember. As we were about to break up and start on the march our few reference books were all packed up, and further than this, there happened to be no doctor near at hand to put me right. As it was, I gave the matter the benefit of a doubt, and, of course, got in the wrong ingredient, namely, antimonii et postassii tartras. In plain English, tartar emetic. When the mixture was prepared it was noticed that it was somewhat lacking in "siz," but Tom gulped it all down like a good patient.

In a little while he complained of feeling "sorter squeamish" about the stomach, and later he vomited. Then he vomited and purged violently, and developed a seemingly typical case of cholera morbus. Poor Tom was white as a sheet and limp as a rag. Fortunately, one of the regimental surgeons had returned, and in due time the patient was made relatively comfortable, but it was two or three days before he recovered his wonted strength. However, his attack of "biliousness" was certainly cured!

The surgeon who attended Tom suspected there had been some mistake and said so to me aside. I "fessed up" and made a "clean breast" of the matter, but Tom seemed satisfied with the diagnosis of "cholera morbus." As for me, I certainly got a practical demonstration of the difference between tartar emetic and Rochelle salts, which I shall never forget, but the demonstration was hard on poor Tom.

CHAPTER XV.

From Vicksburg to New Orleans.

"The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows."

—Addison.

The campaign of less than three months' duration that ended with the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, was the most brilliant and successful of the war, and in many respects one of the most remarkable achievements in modern military history.

Grant, when he landed at Bruinsburg, Miss., just below Grand Gulf, and some seventy miles below Vicksburg, had but twenty thousand men immediately with him. Yet, with this small force he advanced boldly into the heart of the enemy's country, and, by so doing, put Vicksburg and a hostile army of sixty thousand men between his own little army and the North. True, Grant received an accession of from ten to twenty thousand men as the campaign progressed, but meantime General Joseph E. Johnston, one of the best of Confederate commanders, had assumed control of the territory threatened, and with headquarters at Jackson, Miss., was harrassing the invading army from the east and northeast, while at the same time Pemberton was striving to do likewise from the west and northwest.

A junction of these forces immediately north of Grant would, perhaps, have been fatal to the campaign, and very likely have seriously compromised the safety of the Federal army. But this junction Grant prevented by prompt and decisive movements. McPherson, the sec-

ond week in May, met and defeated a portion of Johnston's army at Raymond, Miss., eighteen miles east of Jackson, and two or three days later, portions of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps defeated Johnston and drove him from his base at Jackson, Miss. Then facing about to the west Grant met Pemberton with a large Confederate force in a strong position at Champion's Hill, May 16. The position was well chosen, and was about half-way between Jackson and Vicksburg, and just south of the railway that connected the two places. However, the Confederates were overwhelmingly defeated, and the two days following driven within their almost impregnable defenses at Vicksburg, where, forty-five days later, more than thirty thousand surrendered as prisoners of war. Nearly as many more had been lost during the campaign from Pemberton's army in killed, wounded, prisoners and desertions.

Shortly after Vicksburg surrendered the Confederate forces, six or eight thousand in number, at Port Hudson, three hundred miles further south on the Mississippi River, capitulated.

The fall of Vicksburg with the consequent control of the Mississippi River by the Federals, greatly disheartened the Confederate leaders and tended to convince the masses in the South of the hopelessness of their cause. To use an expression of the time, Grant by taking Vicksburg had "cut the Confederacy in two."

Every soldier in the army of the Tennessee was especially proud of the great achievement, and long before the campaign closed became very fond of Grant and thoroughly impressed with the idea that he was the ablest of Union generals.

Toward the latter part of July the army under Sherman returned from Jackson, and the writer's regiment, with many others troops, went into camp two miles below Vicksburg, immediately on the river. As a most toilsome, dangerous and important campaign had been entered upon and conducted to an eminently successful issue, it was only meet that all who had engaged in it should have and enjoy a well-earned period of rest. Two miles below Vicksburg the bluffs recede a half mile from the river, and upon the level ground intervening the troops encamped. Meantime, their duty was light, a little drill in the morning and dress parade at night.

About this time the enlistment of colored troops (see page 152) began in the Department of the Tennessee, and the negro, in the brand new uniform of a Union soldier, was looked upon with curious eyes. A few of the white troops at first found fault with the idea of utilizing the colored man in this way, but after a little all took it as a matter of course.

While passing through Louisiana and Mississippi quite a number of negroes had followed the army. These at first were shy, very respectful, and looked upon every Union soldier as a sort of saviour—a being whom the Lord had sent South to liberate the poor down-trodden slave. Following the army, however, and observing the many human traits of "Mr. Linkum's sojers" soon disabused Sambo's mind of any erroneous first impressions.

My tent was but a few feet from the river bank, but, though there was overhead a hot July sun, there was at nearly all times a delightful breeze. A little to the north was Vicksburg, to the northwest was the great bend in the river that made the peninsula to the westward, and across which, twenty miles distant, the now victorious

army, three months before, had trudged through mud and mire.

In my leisure moments I prosecuted my medical studies, but sometimes lay idly upon my cot and looked out upon the great river as it swept by "unvexed" to the sea. Often great logs and large trees floated by in the free current, and now and then a dead horse or mule, and occasionally the dead body of a man. But so cheap had human life become as the war progressed, that an unknown body floating by excited but little comment. So the time went by, not unpleasantly, but few were sick and these were made quite comfortable in the large hospital tent on the river bank,

At the wharf in front of Vicksburg were always a number of steamboats engaged in receiving and discharging cargoes. About 10 A.M. one day a terrific explosion was heard in the direction of Vicksburg, and looking toward the steamboat landing, an immense column of smoke and *débris* of all kinds was seen rising in the air; in a moment this spread out and looked precisely like a huge mushroom. It was at once conjectured that a steamboat had blown up, and as a detail of men had been made from our regiment that morning for duty at the wharf, our surgeon at once called for the ambulance, and in this we drove rapidly to the scene of the accident, and upon arriving there found that a steamboat loaded with ammunition had blown up. Part of the ammunition consisted of concussion shells. A case of these, it was supposed, had fallen through the gangway from the deck of the steamer to the bottom of the hold, when an explosion followed that immediately involved all the ammunition on the boat.

Upon the wharf several dead bodies were seen lying upon the pavement, and all around were pieces of the boat and *débris* of all kinds that at the moment of explosion had been thrown in every direction. A number were killed outright, some were seriously wounded, others mortally so, and several on the boat were blown out in the river and afterwards swam ashore, and thus escaped with their lives. One man from our regiment was instantly killed, and, although some eight or ten from the same organization were assisting in handling the ammunition, all but the one happened at the moment to be on shore, and thus escaped.

Toward the latter part of August came orders for the Thirteenth Corps to go to New Orleans. Our regiment embarked on an excellent river boat, and made the trip most pleasantly to the place designated, and went into camp at Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans.

One day the troops were reviewed by Generals Banks and Grant. Toward evening of this day word was received that General Grant had been thrown from his horse and killed. This news to the Thirteenth Corps was especially unpleasant, but fortunately for the country, Grant was not fatally injured.

The monotony of camp life at Carrollton was, in part, relieved by frequent visits to the city of New Orleans, with which there was convenient railway connection. Those in command were lenient in this direction, and hence passes were easily procured.

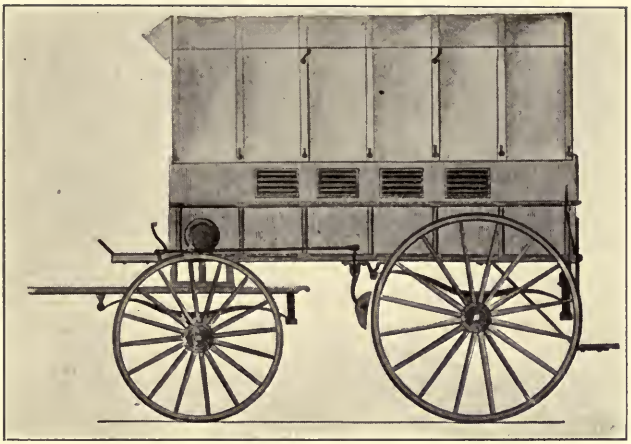
While here I witnessed a military execution. A colored soldier, in an altercation, had killed a comrade, was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. At the time appointed, in the presence of many troops in line upon an open field, the condemned man, supported by a

colored minister on either side, walked with tottering steps to the place of execution; here he was seated and bound in a chair, beside which stood an open coffin. Meantime, a file of soldiers with guns lightly charged took their places in his front, and at the word of command drew up their pieces, took aim and fired with fatal results to the criminal. This was the only military execution I was cognizant of during my more than three years' service in the army.

About the middle of September the regimental hospital tents were moved a short distance and put up under some graceful live oak trees. These have beautiful foliage, and frequently, near the ground, divide into several branches that are spreading in character.

The month of September was passed quietly and lazily in camp; rumors, however, were rife of what was going to be done. Early in October our regiment was ordered to take a boat for Algiers, about ten miles down the river.

This order was obeyed one beautiful Sabbath day, on the calm evening of which the regiment found itself at the wharf of the place designated.



Hospital Ambulance. (From Medical and Surgical History of the Civil War.)

Army Wagon fitted up for carrying wounded. (From Medical and Surgical History of the Civil War.)

(*See page 134*)

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CHAPTER XVI.

Soldiering on Bayou Teche—Evangeline's Country.

"On the banks of the Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land with its forests and fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest,
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

—Longfellow's Evangeline.

Before the war what was known as the New Orleans, Opelousas & Western Railroad was completed from Algiers, on the Mississippi opposite New Orleans, to Brashear City, eighty miles west of the former place. The railway was projected further west, however, through a rich and beautiful section lying on Bayou Teche, known as the Teche country. Here, from all the fertile lands tributary to Bayou Teche, was produced vast quantities of sugar, till the breaking out of the war paralyzed this industry. From the inception of the Rebellion till the beginning of 1863, this fertile region was held by the Confederates.

About the middle of January, 1863, General Weitzel led an expedition from Brashear City into the Teche country. He was accompanied by a squadron of gunboats under Commodore Buchanan. Near Pattersonville the bayou was obstructed by torpedoes, a sunken steamboat and an earthwork, Fort Bisland; just above was the

Confederate gunboat *J. A. Cotton.* A sharp fight ensued, in which Commodore Buchanan lost his life, a ball from a Confederate sharp-shooter having passed through his head. But the infantry got in the rear of the Confederate works and these were soon abandoned. The following night the Confederate gunboat *Cotton* was deserted and set on fire. With this success the expedition of General Weitzel returned to Brashear City.

About April 10, 1863, another expedition was sent up Bayou Teche. General Richard Taylor, a son of President Zachariah Taylor, was in command of the Confederate forces. He made a stand at Fort Bisland, but General Emory engaged his attention in front while General Grover was striving to get in his rear. The Federals failed to capture the Confederates, but caused them to abandon the Teche country so hastily that they were compelled to set fire to several transports laden with stores at New Iberia, on Bayou Teche, and also to an unfinished gunboat. April 20, General Banks entered Opelousas and General Taylor retreated beyond Vermillion Bayou, Later General Banks occupied Alexandria, and from there advanced to Port Hudson, which place he invested about May 24, 1863, and six weeks afterwards, captured.

Our regiment, having reached Algiers, opposite New Orleans, by steamboat, debarked October 4, 1863, and took the cars for Brashear City on the New Orleans, Opelousas & Western Railroad. The train was made up of open flat cars, and, when in motion over a rough roadway, much care had to be exercised lest some of the men should fall overboard. The start was made early in the morning. The country traversed was covered with interminable swamps, bayous, lagoons and sluggish creeks. It was heavily timbered, and for most of the way seemed

one vast wilderness. Brashear City was reached at night and next day the command started up Bayou Teche. The country now seen was attractive and many delightful homes were passed. The houses, half hidden in trees, had wide porches and large windows that reached to the floor.

At this time oranges were ripening and the many orchards passed were bending under the weight of this delicious fruit. Nearly all the fences were made of cypress. This wood was split into thin board-like pieces and at convenient distances were posts of the same material with mortices for the reception of the horizontal pieces. In this way a neat fence was made, but it must have taken a great deal of time and involved much labor. When the division was halted at night or for dinner, every man seized one or more pieces of this fence, and in a little time it made many fires that heated a multitude of coffee pots and toasted innumerable slices of salt pork.

Nearly every man carried an old tin can, one in which there had been fruit or oysters, and with a piece of wire he had made for it a bail. As soon as a fire was made, this can, filled with water, was placed upon it. When the water came to a boil, ground coffee, in which form this article was always supplied, was added. Meantime, a thin slice of bacon or salt pork was toasted upon the end of a stick (see page 74), and the fat that exuded while cooking was allowed to drip upon the hard cracker —"hard tack"—and this served in lieu of gravy or butter. While upon the march, coffee, made as described above, seemed delicious, and the fat meat ("sow-belly") and "hard-tack" were eaten with a relish that now seems almost inexplicable. Good appetities and sweet sleep,

however, are two good angels that never desert a soldier on the march.

The region was very level and the land wonderfully fertile, the soil being a deep rich black loam. The cypress fences described above enclosed vast sugar plantations. Along the bayou, at no great distance apart, were great sugar mills. Many of these were built of brick, and with their costly fixtures and extensive apparatus and machinery, must each have involved an outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars. But being built on the banks of the bayou, the sugar made was conveyed to market with the least possible expense. The bayou was narrow in many places, too narrow for a boat to turn around, and as there were no hills next to it on either side, it seemed much like a great ditch.

At one time, on the march, the road led through a light growth of timber and receded quite a distance from Bayou Teche and wound about and continued away from it for some hours, so that the direction in which this water course lay was forgotten. All at once, happening to look towards the north through some stunted trees, my eyes fell upon a steamboat moving slowly westward. It looked for all the world like it was being propelled on land through the timber. The water in the bayou was so little below the surface level of the country, and the stream being very narrow, all helped to make the boat seem to be moving on dry land instead of on the water.

Here was an instance of a boat seeming so much and the water so little; on the great Mississippi, however, with which our regiment had already so much to do, the water appeared vast and immense while the boat dwarfed into a mere speck in comparison.

The scene of General Weitzel's and Commodore Buchanan's fight in the January previous and of General Emory's about the middle of April, were passed before reaching Franklin. Here was seen the wreck of the burned Confederate gunboat *Cotton.* By the way, Commodore Buchanan, who lost his life here on board the *Calhoun* and whose first name was *McKean,* was an officer on board the *Congress,* destroyed in Hampton Roads in March, 1862, by the Confederate *Merrimac,* commanded by an own brother, Franklin Buchanan, of the Southern Navy. Thus, in the great Civil War was brother pitted against brother in deadly strife.

Franklin, a considerable town on the bayou, was reached, and here the command stopped for a time, but, after a little, several regiments, including ours, were pushed on to New Iberia, another important place on the Teche. Nearly all the inhabitants were French, and many of them could not speak English; the latter fact was true of the negroes as well, and it was amusing to hear them talking in a foreign tongue. A black face had so long been associated with "negro talk" that this departure was curious and interesting.

The well-to-do people lived in quaint many-gabled, old houses. Some of them, before the war, were very wealthy. These French were genuine creoles.

The October days spent at New Iberia were delightful in the extreme—soft hazy weather. The foraging parties brought in plenty of honey, sweet potatoes, chickens and turkeys, while milk in abundance was procured of the inhabitants. Pecans were found in plenty and oranges were ripening in the orchards. It was certainly a delightful region. Indeed, it was Evangeline's country, of which it could truly be said:

"Here no winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer,
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom, and grass grows
More in a single night than in a whole Canadian summer."[1]

A printing press was found complete; this was taken possession of by some of the newspaper men in our regiment, and, upon the plain sides of some old pieces of wall-paper found in an abandoned store, a new periodical was started, called the "Unconditional Surrender—Grant." Of course, but few numbers were issued, but those proved to be of great interest to the soldiers.

From the foregoing it will be seen that we had printers in our regiment. Indeed, in the Union Army every trade and calling was represented, and if the need arose men could be found to repair anything, from a watch up to a locomotive, and to make anything from a hoe handle to a turning-lathe.

Here the medical department fitted up a church for a hospital; and in doing this the pews were taken out and cots put in where they had been.

A cavalry brigade had advanced to Vermillion Bayou and had an engagement with the enemy, in which quite a number were wounded, and it was for the reception of these that we were making preparations. Among the things prepared were coffee and tea, soup, milk-punch, toddies, etc. These preparations were made in the afternoon, but the ambulance train did not get in till after night. Upon its arrival the wounded were all transferred to the cots in the church, nearly all of which were filled,

[1] From Longfellow's Evangeline.

and where they were made as comfortable as possible with the means at our command.

Substantially all the wounds were from musket balls and had been well dressed before starting from the vicinity of the battlefield. In a day or two a boat came up Bayou Teche and the wounded were transferred to this and started for the general hospitals at New Orleans, where more comforts than we were able to give awaited them.

CHAPTER XVII.

From The Teche to Texas.

"We made an expedition,
We met a host and quelled it;—"

—Peacock.

During the latter part of the year 1863 a great many colored troops were enlisted (see page 141). At this period the enrollment and organization of these were especially active in the Department of the Gulf. The colored soldiers were invariably put under white officers. The latter came mostly from the ranks of regiments that had seen active service. But to secure a commission in this service some considerable knowledge of military tactics was required, and the aspirant had to pass a pretty rigid examination before a board of experts. The fever for shoulder straps became quite prevalent, and many an ambitious young man who saw no opening for promotion in his own regiment, began to brush up his tactics and then went before the examiners and later secured a commission in the "Corps d'Afrique." While at New Orleans quite a number left our regiment in this way, and later at New Iberia, in October and November, others went in the same manner. Thus a number of the best men were lost to the regiment.

Towards the end of October quite an excitement was created by a rumor that the post of New Iberia would be attacked, The Confederates were known to be in force at Vermillion Bayou, some eighteen or twenty miles west, and detachments of cavalry were constantly watching their movements. New Iberia, being so near the enemy,

was in danger, and to strengthen it as much as possible an extended line of rifle pits was made, and the citizens of New Iberia were made to work on them.

Our cavalry surrounded and captured a small body of the enemy's cavalry. The Confederates were brought in one morning, and many of those composing the force at New Iberia went out to the road as they passed. The prisoners were disarmed and put upon their horses, but the reins of each one of the latter were held by a Union cavalryman, well armed and mounted, who rode at the side of the prisoner. One of the captured cavalrymen, as soon as he came in sight, noticing the throng of blue-coats that had come out to the road, began yelling at the top of his voice:

"Here's your d—d rebels! Here's your d—d rebels!"

Never was there a squad of men gotten together, Union or Confederates, but had its loud-mouthed member, some "smart alick" whose tongue at all times seemed loose and who never lacked for word nor occasion to speak.

There were but few sick in the hospital, but "sick call" was, of course, held daily. About 9 each morning two musicians with drum and fife came to the surgeon's tent and played a peculiar strain that all soon came to recognize as "sick call." Immediately upon hearing this the indisposed from each company came to the surgeon's tent, where they were examined, prescribed for and excused from duty, if, in the judgment of the surgeon, their ailments merited it. In the army men varied greatly regarding their infirmities. Some were always complaining, always on the sick list, and yet upon examination but little in the way of ailment could be found. Others were non-committal and went on duty as long as they

were able to stand on their feet, and stayed away from the hospital and care of the surgeon as long as possible.

A few were *malingerers,* and sought to *"play-off* sick," as it was phrased in the army. But this class were nearly always detected by the surgeons, and very often by their officers. They were held in contempt by all, as a class. Sometimes the surgeons erred on the other side, however, and put men on duty who were really ailing; this mistake was unfortunate, but is not always avoidable when some are constantly trying to shirk duty by assuming indisposition.

The great amount of sickness from which the regiment suffered during the winter of 1862-3, while on duty at Memphis, Tenn., has before been spoken of. (See page 59. But, as soon as the field was taken at the beginning of the Vicksburg campaign in April, 1863, the health of the organization became excellent and substantially remained so till the war closed. Soldiers in active campaign duty are healthier and happier than when comparatively idle. It was strange some one in high authority did not issue some such order as the following: "Keep your men busy, keep them busy fighting the enemy if possible, but, at any rate, keep them busy!" Under Grant, however, such an order would have been useless, as he always had his men doing something, and at the same time gave his enemy matters enough to look after. It was said above that a soldier on active duty is healthier and happier. Activity, too, enforces discipline; it gives no time for the brooding of discontent, homesickness and a spirit of insubordination.

For a part of the time the hospital department was quartered in a house, but in November the regiment moved its location, and then all, including the hospital,

went into tents. This mode of living, however, became uncomfortably cool as winter approached.

For some cause, not now remembered, it became necessary for me to accompany one of the surgeons in a night ride back to Franklin, about fifteen miles distant on the bayou, within the Federal lines. Two horses were procured and the trip started upon about 8 o'clock P.M. It was a lonely ride and toward midnight every fence-post seemed a rebel soldier and every bush a mounted Confederate cavalryman. The way seemed long and tiresome, but at last it was known that our lines at Franklin could not be much farther off. By and by a voice called out:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friend without the countersign," was answered.

Then an officer came out, asked some questions and the two tired and lonely horsemen were passed within the Federal lines, just as streaks of daylight began showing in the eastern sky.

Thanksgiving Day of 1863 was duly kept by many of the troops at New Iberia. Perhaps the dinner eaten that day was but little better than ordinary, but public services were held in which most of the troops of the Fourth Division of the Thirteenth Corps participated. A platform had been erected in an open field for the speakers and about this all gathered. Excellent instrumental music for the occasion was furnished by one of the brass bands of the division. All who spoke expressed full confidence in the triumph of the Union cause. At the close all joined in singing the Doxology, and the air rang with a full chorus made up of thousands of male voices.

About the first of December orders came for the command to report at New Orleans, and carrying these out

we marched back along the Teche to Brashear City and went from there by rail to Algiers, opposite New Orleans, when a Gulf steamer was taken for Texas.

Here before us was a new experience, salt water. The steamer left for Algiers Landing one forenoon and at night salt water was reached. Very few of the men had ever been on this before, and the experience was, to most of them, anything but agreeable, For the greater part of the time I was on the upper deck, and hence had plenty of fresh air, at least. But down in the hold where the men were, the second day out was the most repulsive spot I ever cast eyes upon.

The sailors, in passing about and seeing the men so sick, vomiting in every direction, just grinned, as it was all to them a great joke. De Crow's Point, Tex., it turned out, was the destination of the regiment. Arrived in sight of this place the steamer anchored, as there was no wharf, and the vessels called lighters—of very light draft—could not come alongside to receive the contents of the steamer, the sea was so rough.

In this state of things the vessel lay there and rolled and pitched, *teetered,* as one of the men said. Other vessels loaded with troops were in a corresponding situation, and to see these pitch and roll in the rough sea was a sight. Finally, after a day or two, the sea calmed down a little, and a vessel with much difficulty came alongside, was lashed to ours, and, after awhile, all got ashore without accident.

On the sandy beach the men soon set up their tents and got their things in these; meantime the sun came out brightly, the air was bracing, and all passed from the recent depression to a state bordering on exhilaration, which last was attributed to the great amount of "bile" vomited up during the attacks of sea-sickness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Some of The More Prevalent Diseases.

"As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength."
—Pope.

One of the most serious diseases which the Civil War soldier had to encounter was typhoid fever, the true nature of which was not understood in that period by even the most advanced in the medical profession. Bad water and bad sanitation were, no doubt, the chief factors in the spread of this disease. The bowel discharges, which we now know contain trillions of typhoid germs, ready to infect all with whom they come in contact, were carelessly handled and disposed of in a haphazard fashion.

As I look back and realize how I was exposed to the typhoid contagion, and how associates of my own age were likewise exposed, I can but wonder at the good fortune of many of us in escaping unharmed. We really, though, of course, unwittingly, faced as much danger as one of the great battles would have exposed us to. My regiment, the 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, saw a good deal of active service at the front, and yet Company F, in which I enlisted, lost as many from typhoid as in battle. As I recall it, seven of my comrades in this company were killed in battle, or died from wounds; and, on the spur of the moment, I can count as many who, in this organization, succumbed to "dusky typhoid." And,

sad to say, some of these typhoid victims were among the very best young men we had,

Harlow M. Street, as noted in another place (see page 58), was my best friend, and when he was stricken I nursed him, cared for him in every way, and I now know that in so doing, I recklessly exposed myself to the danger of infection. In the end my friend died and all regretted his loss, for he was especially promising, but strange to say the obligation I was under of going to our regimental hospital and caring for him, changed the whole trend of my subsequent life. So big with future events are sometimes the most trivial circumstances.

Another serious loss in our company was that of a young man by the name of Wood, who was stricken at Memphis. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, was well educated, refined, handsome and had before him an exceptionally bright future. His father came down the river on a boat and arrived just a short time after his son had passed to the "Great Beyond," and never shall I forget the expression on the parent's face when he learned of his bereavement.

Another serious loss Company F sustained was when Second Lieutenant Charles Ives died from typhoid. He was attacked about the time we started on the Vicksburg campaign, and for a time tried to accompany us on the march. The last time I saw him he was in full military dress, had on all his accoutrements, including sword and gauntlets, but it was plainly apparent that he was a very seriously sick man. Later he died while we were in the thick of the Vicksburg Siege, and in which he, a good soldier, had been ambitious to bear a good soldier's part. But fate had decreed otherwise, and one more well educated, capable young man was not permitted to brave the

battle, but was doomed to succumb to one of our filth diseases instead.

During the Siege of Vicksburg, and while we had many wounded, a number of cases of typhoid fever occurred in my regiment, and one more man died from my company. As elsewhere noted, we had our patients in the open under the shade of the trees, and I recall that the man from my company had a very profuse and involuntary stool that was projected from the bowels with astonishing force, and which ran all over the ground; and not appreciating the hazard, the dangerous ejection was cared for in the most perfunctory and careless way.

In that era most medical men regarded turpentine as little short of a sheet-anchor in the treatment of typhoid, and needless to say, it was a standard remedy in our regimental hospital. Following was the prescription used:

℞ Olei terebinthinæ ..... ℥iij.
Olei gaultheriæ ..... ℥ss.
Tinct. opii ..... ℥iv.
Pulveris acacia ..... ℥iv.
Sachari alba ..... ℥iv.
Aqua to ..... ℥iv.

M. Teaspoonful every hour or two.

The use of turpentine was originated nearly a hundred years ago by Dr. George B. Wood, an eminent author and practitioner of Philadelphia in the last century, and was thought to act as a specific in healing the intestinal ulcers, always found in typhoid. This treatment obtained great popularity throughout the land, and so continued till long after the Civil War.

No care whatever was used in disposing of the bowel discharges from typhoid patients, and as flies were every-

where in great numbers, in warm weather, the wonder is we were not all infected; for there was nothing to prevent them from coming direct from the bowel discharges to our food.

Another serious disease in war-times was measles (see page 59), and with us substantially every soldier that escaped this ailment in childhood was stricken with it during that trying winter (1862-3), that we spent in Memphis. A number from my company were attacked with this disease and several died. Among these were two great strapping fellows, who, from their height, always stood at the head of the company. They were more than six feet tall, well proportioned and soldierly in their appearance and bearing. Another young man near my age, and of whom I was fond, died of this disease,

Recently it was my privilege to pay a visit to the National Cemetery at Memphis, and upon the head stones of a number of my comrades, beside whose graves I stood, I could, with too much truth have added, "Died of measles."

Of those who did not die, some were left partially deaf, some could not speak above a whisper, and the sight of others was seriously compromised.

So many died of measles, so many were maimed by that disease that I used to say that if I were enlisting Civil War soldiers I would reject all that had not had this affection in childhood.

But, by all odds the most prevalent army diseases were those in which bowel-movements were unduly frequent and which occurred in four forms, namely: Acute diarrhea, chronic diarrhea, acute dysentery and chronic dysentery. Said Dr. Joseph Janiver Woodward, Surgeon United States Army, and one of the highest authorities

on Civil War medicine: "These disorders occurred more frequently and produced more sickness and mortality than any other form of disease. They made their appearance at the very beginning of the war, not infrequently prevailing in new regiments before their organization was complete, and, although as a rule comparatively mild at first, were not long in acquiring a formidable character. Soon no army could move without leaving behind it a host of victims. They crowded the ambulance trains, the railroad cars, the steamboats. In the general hospitals they were more numerous than the sick from all other diseases, and rivaled the wounded in multitude. They abounded in convalescent camps, and formed a large proportion of those discharged from the service for disability. The majority of our men who were so unfortunate as to fall in the hands of the enemy suffered from these affections. Finally, for many months after the war ended, and after the greater portion of our troops had returned to their homes, deaths from chronic diarrhea and chronic dysentery contracted in the service, continued to be of frequent occurrence among them."

Almost no soldier escaped an attack of diarrhea or dysentery in some form and at some time during his term of service; and some had a number of separate attacks. In all, the Civil War surgeons reported more than 1,700,000 cases; and of these more than 57,000 died of the disease. As Dr. Woodward says, the victims of these bowel troubles were in evidence almost everywhere in war-time. As they did not take to their beds till the very last, they could be seen as walking-shadows about camp, among the tents, or in the corridors of the great hospitals. Cases of acute dysentery were very much fewer than cases of acute diarrhea, and, of course, vastly

more fatal. Likewise cases of well-marked chronic dysentery were correspondingly fewer than those of chronic diarrhea and relatively very much more likely to end in death.

Not a few of the cases were so near the border-line that separates diarrhea from dysentery that the diagnostician was puzzled upon which side to place them; consequently *dysenteric-diarrhea* came to be the term applied to these hard-to-define cases.

Some of the Civil War pathologists, after examining not a few intestines from patients dead from chronic diarrhea and chronic dysentery, came to the conclusion that all the more serious cases of chronic diarrhea were really dysenteric in character. But the army surgeon in the field evidently thought differently, for, in round numbers, they reported 170,000 cases of chronic diarrhea with 30,000 deaths, and 25,000 patients with chronic dysentery, 4000 of whom died.

While individual cases of the chronic malady differed in certain particulars, they were all alike in two, namely, looseness of the bowels and emaciation. Emaciation was a constant symptom in spite of the fact that many of the patients had good appetites and ate heartily when they were permitted to do so; for careful dieting was one of the things that the doctor always insisted on. However, these diseases were notoriously little amenable to treatment; especially in the way of medication. Nevertheless, a host of remedies were tried, such as opium, Dover's powder, ipecac, rhubarb, nitrate of silver, sulphate of copper, calomel and astringents of various kinds.

In my regiment I can recall but one man who died with acute dysentery. He belonged to my company and was our patient at the hospital. We were in the Teche

country, about two hundred miles west of New Orleans, a most delightful region, and the time was autumn, an especially enjoyable season in that locality. A few hours before death came to the patient, he so little realized his condition, that he asked me to loan him the money to take him to his home in Illinois; a trip that involved a long river journey. But in a few short hours he had made that other journey, the one we must all make sooner or later. We wrapped him in an army blanket and put him in a rude pine coffin, the kind the Government furnished, and buried him not far from our hospital. Meanwhile "Not a drum was heard or a funeral note." But in the West the sun, a great ball of fire, was sinking to the horizon and nearby was a great pile of gold-tinted clouds. So died and so was buried a Union soldier—a soldier who had passed unharmed through the rain of shot and shell in many battles—but who was destined a few weeks later to be felled by disease in the prime of manhood. Later, it was my fortune to meet his wife, and as I recited some of the circumstances connected with her husband's last hours, I shall never forget the shade of sadness that came over her countenance and the tears that flowed freely from her sorrow-marked eyes. It caused me to think of what the women had to bear while, we their sons, their brothers, their husbands and their sweethearts were in front of the enemy.

While I can only recall this one death from well-marked dysentery, scores and scores in our regiment died from chronic diarrhea. One man in my company was reduced to a shadow by this disease till about all he had left was a ravenous appetite, and yielding to this he went to the Sutler's and ate heartily of cheese, herring and crackers, An hour later he was a cold, senseless

corpse. Every one said it was a case of self-murder. But anyone who had been afflicted as was this man, and knew the terrible cravings attending it, would be slow to pronounce such a verdict. True, substantially all the food swallowed passed off through the bowels undigested, but this fact was the very reason the pitiful patient was the victim of an ungovernable appetite, which last was really the voice of nature striving to satisfy its needs.

Chronic diarrhea was one of the inheritances from army life that a great many Civil War soldiers carried home with them at the end of the great four-years struggle, and from this trouble thousands died many months after the last shot was fired. Further than this, many thousands were sorely inconvenienced, and at times had their lives made miserable from the same cause. The great majority of these tried to go about their daily affairs. On the farm some of them, in the shop others, at the counter or desk yet others. This one may be a young lawyer, that one a physician, and the other possibly preached the gospel of the lowly Nazarene. But, whatsoever the calling, and wheresoever the locality, each and all were working under a handicap; for not one of them could tell what moment nature would sound an urgent call to evacuate the bowels. One might be pleading at the bar, another might be ministering to the wants of a suffering patient, and yet another might be in the pulpit invoking the blessing of the Father of us all, when nature, insistent nature, gave a call that had to be heeded. Many, many times this call came with such suddenness and such insistence that nature's checks were overwhelmed, the sphincter ani for the moment refused to

perform its function, and the victim's linen would be soiled.

No one who suffered from "army" diarrhea but had this last experience many, many times. Indeed, some soldiers were so troubled in this way that, like babes, they were compelled to wear diapers. After suffering for years from this affection many seemingly recovered, but at best this was at the expense of scar-tissue, greater or less in amount, in both the colon and lower intestine—and this scarred surface was a most important contributing cause to the atonic constipation that always attended the so-called recoveries from chronic diarrhea. Hemorrhoids, more or less aggravated in character, was another after-effect that invariably followed this disease.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to refer to that soldier pest, the body louse, or, as it was familiarly called, the "gray-back." This insect is about one-eighth of an inch in length and is of a dirty grayish color, hence its name. It has three legs extending from either side of the body with hairy claw-like extremities. This repulsive pest is liable to infest the human body under conditions which render bathing and a change of underclothing hard to attain. Such conditions obtain when soldiers are on long, hard campaigns, or in prison life, when or where, from necessity, the needs of the body too often receive only the barest attention.

Body lice were not infrequently discussed in the early period of my enlistment before conditions were encountered which made their immediate presence an unpleasant reality. One day when this pestiferous insect was under consideration one volunteer, a number of years older than most of us, after listening for a time, spoke up with no little show of authority, and said: "I haint afeard o'

no 'gray-backs,' kaze I know how to git shet of um. I'll jist go to the drug store an' get a bit of *angwintum* about the size of the end of my little finger an' then I'll jist rub a little o' this along the inside of the seams of my shirt an' drawers, an' that'l kill off the hull bilin of um, nits an' all."

Later, after I came to make a study of medicine, I discovered that this man's *angwintum* was our well-known unguentum hydrargyri, or mercurial ointment, a capital germicide and insect exterminator, as every physician knows.

In active campaigning everyone was liable to be infested with these repulsive pests, but nearly all would embrace the first opportunity to get rid of them by one means or another, hence came the saying: "It is no disgrace to get 'gray-backs,' but it *is* a disgrace to keep them."

The ——th Wisconsin, after a period of strenuous service in the field, went in camp near Memphis, Tenn., and its Commandant, Colonel B., finding his clothes old and much the worse for wear promptly purchased a spick, span new uniform, and arrayed in this he, a little later, joined some convivial army friends in a dinner at the Gayosa Hotel. During the meal a brother officer's attention was arrested in a way that caused him to ask of his newly uniformed friend the following:

"Colonel, what's that crawling on the lapel of your coat?"

Colonel B. cast his eyes down, and recognizing the culprit, deliberately picked it up in his fingers, put it through and under his shirt front, and addressing it, said:

"Go back there, d—n you, where you belong."

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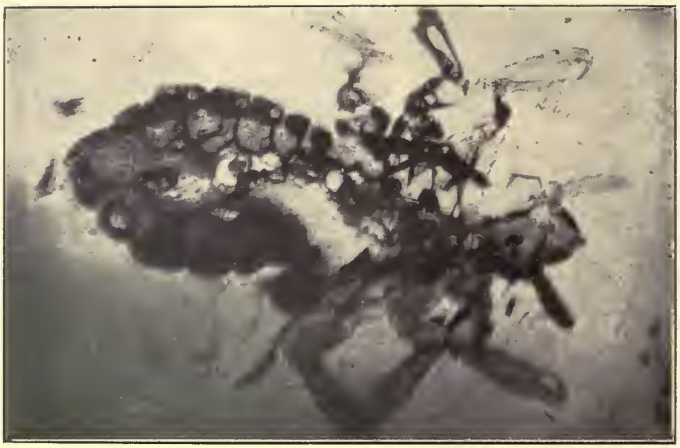

Civil War body louse, or "grayback" (*Pediculus Vestimenti*). From picture taken in war time.

(*See page 165*)

CHAPTER XIX.

The Author Becomes An Invalid.

"It is not the same affair to feel diseases and to remove them."
—Ovid.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"
—Jeremiah.

For nearly a year after my enlistment I enjoyed excellent health in the main, but towards the end of the Vicksburg campaign I was attacked with an acute bowel trouble.

At first I thought little of this and trusted to my vigorous constitution and usual fine health to bring me out all right. But the trouble persisted and resisted the usual remedies. Finally, I resorted to heroic measures when I followed the suggestion of one of the surgeons who said he had known such cases to be aborted by the use of large doses of ipecac. Accordingly, I went to the cook, got a pint of warm water, put a half teaspoonful of powdered ipecac in this and awaited results. In due time I became very sick at the stomach and vomited violently. Meantime, I drank freely of warm water, but this and all the other stomach contents came up and much straining followed.

Finally, my upheavings came to an end, but for a time I was weak and limp as the classical dishrag. For two or three days following this experience I thought myself better, but, in the end, there was no improvement.

In bowel troubles, accompanied with frequent evacuations, our surgeons were in the habit of prescribing one of the very few pills we carried in stock and which was

composed of two grains of camphor and one of opium. They also prescribed such astringents as acetate of lead, tannin, kino, etc. All of these things I had used without any permanent benefit. Doubtless, the Mississippi River water, which we used for drinking and cooking, was not good for me, but I did not learn this till later.

From Vicksburg, as elsewhere related—for to make my invalid experience clear some repetition will be necessary—we went to New Orleans by boat, and after remaining in that vicinity for a time, crossed the river to Algiers, where we took a train for Brashear City, on Berwick Bay. Arrived at our first destination, we marched up Bayou Teche and spent the remainder of the fall months in the beautiful Teche country. Meanwhile, my trouble was growing worse instead of better, and finally developed into a well-marked case of chronic diarrhea.

Towards the last of November orders came for us to return to New Orleans, where we were to take a vessel that would convey us down the river, out of its mouth, and across the Gulf of Mexico to De Crow's Point, on Matagorda Bay, Tex, To reach Brashear City we had to march overland, and I was so weak that for the first and only time in my life, I got in our ambulance and rode. At Brashear City we took a train and, in due time, were at Algiers, opposite New Orleans. It was supposed we were going to Texas to enter upon an active campaign, and under these circumstances my medical adviser thought it best that I should remain behind and enter a convalescent camp. I decided to take his advice, and upon reaching Algiers I took such of my effects as I would most need and went to a large nearby convalescent camp. I found hundreds of soldiers, all in greater or

less ill-health, but all able to walk about. It was near supper-time, and a plain meal of army rations was spread on a number of tables made of rude boards. Pretty soon came the signal for all to go to the tables, and I went with the rest, but in all that gathering there was not one familiar face; and all the faces that I saw were, like my own, thin and drawn, most of them from the effects of disease.

It was more than I could stand, so I gathered up my things and hurried to the boat where my regiment had gone aboard, hoping, and almost praying, that it had not yet left the wharf.

Fortunately for my desires the boat had not gone, and after I had crossed the gang-plank and found myself again with my associates and comrades, I experienced a degree of satisfaction possibly not altogether warranted by the circumstances.

In due time we reached De Crow's Point and put up our tents on its sandy surface. As elsewhere noted, our only water for drinking and cooking was brackish; and our only available firewood was water-soaked sticks and chunks that had been washed ashore. To make matters worse the supply of both the water and firewood was limited. It was now December, the weather was chilly, and life in our tents on the sand and near the waters of the bay was not altogether inviting—especially to an invalid like myself. But I had chosen it in preference to warmth, good water and well-cooked food among strangers. One night there came up a Texas "Nor'-wester" that blew down our tent and scattered my things in every direction; after these, weak as I was and only half dressed, I went chasing over the sand dunes. After

recovering my things I rolled myself in blankets and slept till morning.

As time passed I grew thinner and thinner, and, meanwhile, my appetite reached out and widened in its cravings for numerous articles of food; for chronic diarrhea presents the strange anomaly of a patient becoming weaker and weaker while his appetite becomes stronger and stronger. But, notwithstanding my food cravings, I tried, in a way, to be careful in my diet. In our front were the salt waters of Matagorda Bay; in our rear, for miles and miles, was a sandy desert; consequently there were no inhabitants from whom could be procured such articles as milk, eggs, butter and other articles of home diet. As it was, I used a great deal of beef soup, though at times this seemed to aggravate my trouble. I made free use of toast, but, as may be inferred, we had no butter for this. Speaking of butter, the Sutler sometimes had this on sale. But such butter as it was! From its taste and smell one might think it some that was brought over with the Pilgrim Fathers. I had all the tea and coffee I cared for (made from the brackish water), but, of course, cream for these was out of the question, though at the hospital we, sometimes, had a supply of condensed milk, which was not a bad substitute.

One day one of our surgeons was walking along the water's edge when he came across a fish that was yet bleeding from a wound inflicted, in all probability, by the revolving wheel of a steamer. As the fish appeared eatable it was picked up and brought to Tom Ralph, our always competent and resourceful cook, who, at once, put it over the fire and cooked it.

In due time we had baked fish for dinner, and a more savory dish I never ate. As said before, I, in a measure,

kept my ravenous appetite under control. A most important influence in enabling me to do this was the constant presence of my associates, as a certain sense of shame served to hold me back from overindulgence. However, one day my craving passed all bounds, when I found myself at the Sutler's tent where I ordered a glass of cider and other things "to match." To paraphrase on Daniel Webster's words it was another case of, "Sink or swim! Live or die! Survive or perish!" I was bent on having one more square meal. No one not circumstanced as I was can have the faintest conception of the real satisfaction and enjoyment that food and drink procured that day at the Sutler's tent afforded me. After I had finished eating I turned about and had gone but a few steps when whom should I meet but Tom, our faithful cook. I felt as mean and as conscience-smitten as if I had stolen something, and was fearful Tom had seen me partaking of the "forbidden fruit," as it were. But I had the wisdom to say nothing, and as Tom said nothing, I do not, to this day, know whether he knew of my dietary transgression. However, fortunately, I experienced no immediate ill results from my ill-advised indulgence.

Not long after we went into camp on De Crow's Point the holidays came, but we were in no condition to celebrate them. However, Tom, with his usual resourcefulness, skirmished round, made a pie with dried apples, sprinkled some sugar on toast, gave the beef an extra turn, and when all things were considered, we had a respectable army Christmas dinner.

The brackish water that we were compelled to use went well enough in our soup and answered the purpose in cooking meat, but it was horrible to drink and worse

than execrable for making tea and coffee. Tea and coffee, it will be remembered, were two articles that my medical adviser directed me to use.

Very soon after the coming in of the New Year, 1864, I and my friends came to realize that it was uphill work trying to regain my health on army rations and amid unsanitary conditions, and consequently, a furlough was procured for me to go to my home in Illinois for a season, and try what my mother's cooking and tender care would do for me.

With my furlough and transportation in my pocket I boarded a steamer at the landing bound for New Orleans. The sun was shining brightly when we got underway, and the sea was as smooth as glass, and a beautiful green in color. There were other soldiers on board going home on furlough, and with one of the most agreeable of these I became acquainted, and when night came we spread our blankets down on the deck and lay down upon them side by side. Our coats and overcoats we folded up and put under our heads for pillows. My companion kept on his shoes, but, to rest my feet, I took mine off and put them at my head under my folded coats. It was a clear night, the stars above us appeared like millions of diamonds, and the sea air was like ozone in its purity. But we were both fatigued and soon stars, sea air and all other surroundings were forgotten in sound sleep, from which we did not awaken till daylight. I felt much refreshed and, sitting up, I reached for my shoes and they were not to be found where I had placed them, under my "pillow!" Getting up, I looked under the blankets that had served us for a bed, but the shoes were nowhere to be found. Persuading my companion to remain "in bed" awhile longer, I got him to take off his

shoes, and putting these on I went among the crew of the boat and tried to get clues relative to my missing property. But when I got through I was none the wiser. Failing in this, I next sought to find someone who had an extra pair he would sell. Finally I found one of the crew who said he had in his quarters a pair that I could have if they suited me. He brought them out, and finding they were "wearable," I gave him his price (an extortionate one) and put them on. For aught I knew, the man I had just patronized may have been the thief that took my shoes. Certainly, some one of the crew was the guilty one.

The trip, barring this unpleasant experience, was, on the whole, enjoyable. Doubtless the smoothness of the sea had much to do with this, as I was not seasick for a moment.

Arrived at New Orleans I went aboard a river boat that was to take me to Cairo, Ill., and whom should I find in the cabin but my old Sunday-school Superintendent—drunk! Drunk, yes, foolishly drunk. For a number of years this man had been a leading citizen in the community where I grew up; had a model wife, a nice family, an elegant home and a flourishing business. His home life was exemplary, he was a faithful church-man, never failed to conduct family worship, and his every-day walk seemed worthy of emulation in every particular. As said before, for a number of years he was our Sunday-school Superintendent, and filled the position in an almost ideal manner, But, by and by, rumors began to be circulated that when away from home he led a far different life. He was a country merchant, and from time to time visited St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York and Philadelphia to purchase goods. People

wondered why his little country store required such frequent purchases from these various cities; but at last the truth came out why he visited these places. His home was some fifteen miles from the railway, and at certain intervals he would have his man hurriedly drive him to the station where he would board a train for, say, Cincinnati, and upon reaching that place he would at once have a "high old time" drinking, and all the rest that goes with it. His spree over, he would shave, bathe, put on clean linen and take a train for home, where he would arrive as fresh and sunny as a spring morning, for he was as genial and pleasant a man as one would meet in a month's travel. In the most literal sense, this man lived two lives; he was a veritable Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde when Robert Louis Stevenson[1] was in his swaddling clothes. Living off the railway, with no telegraph, and remote from lines of travel made this double life easier to carry on. But in the end it was known to all who cared to look into the matter.

As one of this man's Sunday-school scholars I had all along been loath to believe the stories that were in circulation relative to him, but after meeting him on the boat in a drunken fit, there was no longer room to question the matter. Doubtless he was what we today call a *periodic,* and about so often the craving for liquor came upon him, and there seemed nothing to do but gratify it. He was, however, too proud and had too much respect for his family to indulge his appetite at home.

Upon meeting him on the boat he tried to talk a little, but, realizing his condition, he excused himself by saying he had an errand in the city that he must attend to at

[1] Author of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.

once, and this done he would return and go up the river with me. Having said this, he left the boat and did not return, and I made the trip North without him. The next time I saw him I was a guest at his home, and when bedtime came no minister of the gospel could have conducted family worship with more dignity and propriety than he.

Arrived at Cairo, I took an Illinois Central train for Centralia, where I was due to change cars for Vandalia on the other line of the road. At Centralia I sat down to the first civilized meal I had eaten in fifteen months; and a white table cloth, in lieu of rough boards (which we were sometimes so fortunate as to have), clean white plates, teacups and saucers, and bright knives and forks, in the place of tin plates, tin cups and rusty knives, made an impression on me such as no one but a soldier can realize. In due time I arrived at Vandalia, where I took the hack for Greenville, twenty miles west and not then on a railroad, Although in January, the day was not cold and the ride not over fatiguing.

Arrived home, my mother, brother and sisters were delighted to see me, but must have been shocked at my appearance, so thin and wan had I become. I at once set about the business of trying to get better.

My mother's cooking seemed little short of a godsend, and I certainly was in a state of mind to appreciate new milk, fresh eggs and sweet butter. Boiled milk, soft-cooked eggs, toast, tea and coffee comprised my staple diet, and, having my mother prepare these for me, was a great satisfaction.

From time to time I consulted a physician, took his medicine and tried to carry out his directions. Fortunately, the days of my ravenous appetite had gone by.

Slowly, very, very slowly I began to improve. But it was not unlike a man walking up a slippery hill, for to-day I would be better and tomorrow not so well again. I would gain a little, and then seem to lose. But, fortunately, in the long run my really vigorous constitution served me a good part, and as weeks passed by I could see that I was gaining.

As I began to improve I grew restless, because I was away from my regiment. Indeed, I was in a position to sympathize with a caged bird. For, however hard it was for a lad to in the beginning relinquish his plans in civil life and join the army, and however camp life may at first have gone against the grain, after a time associations were formed and ties created that made one's regiment seem his real and only proper place. Indeed, one felt an interest in his regiment not unlike that in his family, though, of course, it was of a different kind. This interest in one's command produced an indescribable feeling and a burning desire to be with one's organization and share its fortunes, whether good or bad.

By and by came inklings of a campaign which the Army of the Gulf, in which my regiment was an integral part, was about to enter upon in the interior of Louisiana and up the Red River.

Towards the end of April, 1864, came the report that this campaign had ended disastrously, and that many of my regiment had been killed, wounded and captured! One who has not been situated as I then was can, in any sense, realize my sensations when this report reached me. Like the above-named caged bird, beating at the bars of its cage, I berated the fortune that had driven me to, and kept me at my home where I could not share the fortune of my comrades, bad as this proved to be in the

end; for, in due time, letters were received telling us that a number in my regiment had been killed and wounded, and very many taken prisoners. All this made it plain that the organization had been badly crippled, to put it mildly.

Early in the spring of 1864, General N. P. Banks, Commander of the Army of the Gulf Department, organized an expedition which had as its main object the capture of Shreveport, La., situated on Red River. The expedition was badly managed from the beginning, and when the Federal Army approached Mansfield, La., its advance brigade was attacked by a superior force and badly defeated before re-enforcements could be brought up. This brigade, a small one under the command of that valiant soldier, General T. E. G. Ransom, made a heroic resistance, but was finally beaten by overwhelming numbers. My regiment was a part of General Ransom's Brigade, and, with the rest, fought desperately and lost heavily in killed, wounded and missing.

Among the captured was the medical department of the regiment, including the surgeons and all the hospital attaches, who were well treated and a little later liberated because they were non-combatants. In later months, when I had returned to my regiment, those connected with the hospital never tired of telling of the kind and considerate treatment they received at the hands of the Confederate surgeons, and one of these, by the name of Zeigler, was referred to as especially obliging, and likewise a fine physician and skillful operator. After getting "first-hand" information relative to the Red River expedition, I all the more regretted that my illness had deprived me of being with my regiment and bearing my humble part; for, as the sequel proved, had I been a

participant, barring accidents, I should have been taken prisoner and thus afforded the opportunity of seeing the "inside" of what we then styled "The Great Rebellion," and then liberated along with my associates, and permitted to return to my duties in the regimental medical department.

But to go back to my invalidism which I was impatiently trying to endure, and if possible overcome, at my home in Illinois. As said before, I was no longer tormented with a ravenous appetite, and consequently I had little trouble in sticking close to the prescribed diet of milk, soft-cooked eggs, toast, etc. With the coming of the warm spring months I realized that I was making substantial progress on the road toward relative recovery. I was gaining in strength and flesh, and one day felt strong enough to mount a horse and ride several miles to the farmhouse of Captain Denny Donnell, of my company, who was promoted to the captaincy of Company F, after the death of Captain Colby, who, it will be remembered, was mortally wounded at Vicksburg. I arrived at the Captain Donnell home a little before noon on a beautiful May day and gladly accepted an invitation to stay to dinner. And at this dinner, now fifty-two years in the past, I yet recall most excellent home-made bread, freshly churned, sweet butter, and plenty of what we today call "whole" sweet milk of the very best quality. Doubtless, my ride had made me hungry, but, anyway, I ate heartily and was none the worse for it.

Although four months had gone by since I had seen Captain Donnell, yet his wife was greatly interested in meeting someone who had seen and talked with him since she had. She was a noble woman, had a number of children, and was managing these and the farm besides.

As we talked about her husband, the tears welled up, and these at first she tried to hide, but her woman's heart was more tender than her will was strong, and in the end tears suffused her cheeks. Verily, in war-time the women, no less than the men, have their burdens to bear and, at times, to all but stagger under.

As said before, soon after getting home I consulted a physician and, for a time, took his medicine, but after awhile, not seeing any pronounced improvement, stopped taking it. I had the usual experience of friends and old ladies coming in and suggesting various cure-alls.

One day I met an officer who had resigned from the army on account of a severe attack of chronic diarrhea and who alleged that he was cured by using very freely a decoction made of a certain herb which he described in such a way that I thought I could identify it. Anyway, in search of it I made long walks about the country, but I could not satisfy myself that I had found the plant with the alleged healing properties, Finally, I decided to give the matter the benefit of a doubt and made and drank decoctions of various weeds, all of which I survived and, meantime, slowly improved, as said before.

Here I will digress and anticipate enough to say that I had this disease, in all, no less than six years. True, I recovered a fair degree of strength and my normal weight, but when feeling the best, I realized that this ailment, like the sword of Damocles, was ever hanging over me. In other words, I was never free from a possible acute manifestation of the trouble; for the fires of disease had not been entirely put out, so to speak, and were yet smouldering, ready to kindle and start up after any imprudence or unusual exposure.

During the winter of 1866-7, more than a year after the Civil War, I attended my first course of lectures at Ann Arbor, Mich., and then and there my old enemy at times hounded me; and upon occasions this hounding was especially annoying and embarrassing. A little error in diet; an unusual exposure of some kind was almost sure to bring on an attack.

In the spring of 1868 I went to St. Louis, near which city I lived, to take a summer course in medicine. I was fortunate in being given the privilege of dissecting a fine cadaver, free of charge, through the kindness of that accomplished surgeon, Dr. John T. Hodgen, then in the flower of his career, and who was especially kind and helpful to me in various other ways. One of the younger McDowells gave special demonstrations in anatomy, which I also had the privilege of attending. I also was permitted to follow the best surgeons and internalists through the wards of the hospitals. But my old enemy again hounded me, the Mississippi River water acted on my system like a purgative, and my old trouble became so aggravated that I was obliged to leave the city, notwithstanding the exceptional opportunities I realized I was leaving behind me. Later, I began the practice of medicine, and had been thus engaged for some time before the attacks of my old army trouble ceased to annoy me. But, even then the disease left behind certain permanent disabilities which I will not here detail.

This much I have thought proper to refer to that the reader, who has come on the stage in the generation since the Civil War may know that, even the more fortunate, who participated in that great struggle, came out

of it, many thousands of them, very much the worse, physically, for their experience.

As the month of June, 1864, approached I became so restless that I determined to return to my regiment, though only partially recovered in health, So, one bright day we drove to Vandalia where I boarded an Illinois Central train for Cairo, Ill., which I reached after an all-night ride. Cairo was a most important place during the Civil War. It was, so to speak, one of the war's great portals, and through it passed immense quantities of munitions, army supplies, stores of one kind and another, and many, many soldiers, going to and from the front. To the soldiers it was not unlike the mouth of a great bee-hive. Indeed, the men serving on and contiguous to the Mississippi, literally swarmed there. And whether it was the new recruit, the veteran going to the front, or others going home on furlough, Cairo, at all times, seemed alive with bluecoats. They came on incoming trains and up-river steamboats. They went away on outgoing trains and down-river boats, and meantime they crossed and cris-crossed the town in every direction. They crowded its stations, hotels, boarding-houses and waiting-rooms, and, if it must be said, its saloons, as well.

I secured passage on a down-river steamboat, but before this started I was almost overcome by heat, as that June day was one of the hottest I ever experienced. In due time the boat got underway, a pleasant breeze sprang up and my spirits raised with the prospect of soon meeting my comrades. On board was the usual complement of soldiers, nearly all of whom had been home on furloughs. From time to time the boat would land at a woodyard to secure needed fuel, and it was always an interesting sight to see the brawny armed negroes carry

the wood across the gang-plank and on the boat. This work was often accompanied by a rhythmical chant from the throats of the dusky toilers. When a due quantity of wood had been secured the bell would ring for all to come on board, the gang-plank would be hauled in and the tinkle of a small bell near the engine would be the signal for the vessel to again get underway.

The river was full, the banks were low and lined with trees, many of them overhanging the water and clothed in a new dress of rich green. After a time a series of long whistles would notify us that the boat was to make a landing at some little river town where freight was to be put off and some taken on. Arrived at the landing a great hawser would be thrown ashore and made fast to a tree or strong post, then the gang-plank would be put out, and over this would go the always stalwart and ever happy deck hands, black as night, most of them.

Not infrequently we would come to a gunboat, when we would stop while some of its crew came to us in a yawl, and maybe come aboard for a few moments' consultation with the captain; for guerrillas and bands of Confederates were a constant menace to navigation, and the river was patrolled from St. Louis to its mouth by armored vessels, and more than half the steamboats we met showed where they had been perforated by rifle or cannon shot. (See page 72.)

When we had passed to the south of Memphis I was sitting half unconsciously on the cabin deck, with several companions, toward the forward part of the vessel, when, on the Mississippi shore, a man was seen to approach the water's edge and raise a gun to his shoulder and fire in our direction. We were near the middle of the river and the bullet struck the water not far from

the boat. Some of those about me, thinking that maybe there were more riflemen to spring up, became a little excited. One of these, a large burly naval officer, ran and took refuge behind a cotton bale. Here, it is proper to say, that every Mississippi steamboat in war-time protected all its decks with piles of cotton bales. But it turned out that the man who fired the musket was our solitary foeman, if foe he was, for no one knew his motive.

While I knew that my regiment was at some point on the river I did not know just where. Finally at some place we landed well down the Mississippi I learned that it was at Baton Rouge, which place was reached about midnight near the middle of June; and, although the night was dark and all about strange, it was with a glad heart that I stepped upon the wharf and ascertained from some soldiers on guard that my regiment was encamped about a half mile away. Following the directions given me and walking for a time, I saw through the gloom the shadowy outline of tents, and among these found first my regiment and then its medical department, where, with my knapsack for a pillow and blanket for cover, was soon fast asleep.

Early next morning I was up to receive the greetings of friends. And will the reader believe me when I say that I now felt really at home again, and for the first time since leaving my regiment, five months before, was happy and content. Doubtless, part of this feeling was due to my much improved health.

While many of our men had been captured, a considerable nucleus was left, and in the ranks and among the officers I came across not a few of my old friends and acquaintances. I found my individual department not a

little "down-at-the-heel," if I may so speak, and I soon got busy setting things to rights and getting in the harness again.

Not long after my return a number of the regimental officers came to us who had been captured at Mansfield, but were so fortunate as to secure paroles. Among these was our Lieutenant Colonel John B. Reid, who was shot through the lungs and was first reported killed, but, fortunately, made a good recovery, served till the war ended and returned to Greenville, Ill., where he recently died of old age, He was one of the bravest and best officers in our regiment, and had the esteem and respect of all.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Reid, 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers.

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CHAPTER XX.

On The Mississippi in 1864.

"War's a brain-splitting, wind-pipe slitting, art
Unless her cause by right is sanctified."

—Byron.

"Tents, guidons, bannerole are moved afar,—
Rising elsewhere as rises a morning-star."

—E. C. Stedman.

Baton Rouge seemed quite a pleasant place, though its State House was in ruins, having been burned in the exigencies of war and left with some of its bare brick walls standing. Just north of the town was the Arsenal enclosed with earthworks and well protected by artillery. In this the Post Quartermaster had his office and supplies, and hither I was wont to come to get the hospital rations.

It was Baton Rouge's fortune to be twice in the hands of the Confederates and twice in the possession of the Federals. The Confederates occupied it from the outbreak of the war till the Federals took possession of it shortly after Farragut captured New Orleans in the spring of 1862. General Williams, with several thousand troops, was stationed here, and in the summer of 1862 there was so much serious sickness that the ranks were very much thinned. Learning of this, General John C. Breckenridge attacked the Federals in strong force, August 5, 1862. General Williams could rally but twenty-five hundred men for the defense, almost precisely one-half the strength of the Confederates, who attacked with great vigor. Maine, Vermont, Connecticut,

Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana were represented in General Williams' little army, but so many men were sick that the regiments engaged had been reduced to mere skeletons. The Indiana regiment lost all its field officers, and General Williams, putting himself at its head, said: "Boys, I will lead you," and, suiting the action to the word, was received with hearty cheers, but a moment later received a rifle ball in the breast and died instantly. The Confederates were repulsed, but nevertheless, Baton Rouge was a little later evacuated by the Federals.

In December, 1862, the Capitol City was again taken possession of by Union troops, and never afterwards passed from their control.

Our camp was delightfully located and, although it was mid-summer, yet the weather was enjoyable and as moderate as could be wished for. Somewhere we found a book on games, and somehow it occured to us to learn to play chess. At one of the Baton Rouge stores we found a set of chess made out of bone, and that, I think, the dealer proposed to sell us for three dollars and a half. We realized that it was a case of robbery, but as we wanted the chess, we "chipped in" and the coveted chessmen were ours. At the game we spent hours and hours, and in the end became average players. Among those in the regiment who played with us was a private by the name of Hunt, who had very black hair, very black eyes and very long black whiskers. He had a high forehead and unusually good features; indeed, he was what would, today, be termed a typical "high-brow." I can see him yet in a brown study over a contemplated chess-move, his long whiskers wrapped about one hand and his fine eyes alight with the purpose he had in mind.

He seemed to have within him the seeds of promise, and I have often wondered what his future did for him, for when the war ended we parted company and I have never since seen or heard from him.

There were not a few well cultivated gardens around Baton Rouge, and we used to buy beans, cabbage, peas, new potatoes, greens, etc., and these our hospital *caterer* always knew how to cook to the best advantage. Not infrequently the "natives" were glad to trade their vegetables for our surplus rations of coffee, tea, bacon, rice, etc.

But all too soon the day came when we were ordered to leave our pleasant surroundings at Baton Rouge and go up the river to Morganza Bend., La., where a division of Federal troops was encamped. We, of course, obeyed orders, went aboard a boat, steamed up the river and, in due time, reached our destination and went about making our new quarters as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

Not long after reaching Morganza Bend our cook got a furlough and went up the river to his home in Illinois. We missed him at his always well-filled post, but got along as well as we could without him. One day a boat came to the landing, and off it clambered Tom Ralph, our greatly missed cook. We soon learned that the boat he had just got off from was the second one he had boarded since leaving Cairo. Somewhere south of Vicksburg the first one caught fire, the captain headed for the nearest shore, but before this was reached the vessel became unmanageable, and there was nothing to do but jump in the river and swim ashore, which Tom did, but others failed to do so, and were drowned.

After the war had been in progress a year or two the Sanitary Commission was organized. This organization had the support of wealthy and prominent people throughout the North, and was the means of relieving much suffering among the soldiers. It supplied cotton shirts and gowns for the sick. The reader should bear in mind that the war had almost destroyed the cultivation of cotton in the Southern States, and what was raised could not be disposed of, consequently cotton goods were at a premium. (See page 106.) At home women were paying 50 cents a yard for their calico dresses, and esteemed themselves well attired when arrayed in one. The Sanitary Commission supplied the hospitals with loaf sugar, home-made wines, preserves, soda crackers, etc., all of which were delicacies compared with army rations. Further than this, the Sanitary Commission did quite a little in the way of supplying the soldiers with reading matter. *Harper's Monthly, The Atlantic, Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Weekly* were some of the periodicals, and the *Standard, Advocate, Herald* and *Observer* were some of the papers furnished; and, although they were all back numbers, yet they were greatly appreciated and read with avidity.

To the soldier of literary tastes the scarcity of reading matter was one of his greatest privations, and to procure even a modicum in this direction was always a task. An odd volume was sometimes picked up—today, it would possibly be in a deserted house; next week some gem in the literary way would maybe be found in the hands of a soldier who lacked appreciation and who was ready to part with it "for a song." The book, when read, was apt to be put in the hands of a friend, who would scan its pages and pass it on to an appreciative comrade who

would do likewise. Throwing about camp and apparently uncared for, I found a fine copy of Byron and another of Shakespeare, which I rescued, read and have yet in my possession. If the owner of the library, from which I fear they were at first purloined, will come forward and identify property, I shall be glad to surrender the volumes, though they have now been in my library for more than fifty years.

At one time during the Siege of Vicksburg Colonel Nathaniel Niles, of my regiment, was indisposed and came to the hospital to recuperate for a few days. He was a man of rare culture and education. A little while before I had somewhere picked up an elementary work on chemistry and was studying it as best I could, as it was directly in my line of work.

This work fell into the hands of Colonel Niles, who read it from beginning to end with avidity. At home, where reading matter was in plenty, the chances are he would have scarcely glanced at a work on so dry a subject as chemistry. But "circumstances alter cases" is an old adage no less true in literary matters than elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXI.

Aunt Tilda.

"The only reason we don't see good things everywhere is because we haven't good eyes."

—Selected.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed."

—Pope.

Our first acquaintance with Aunt Tilda, a negro woman, and, as we learned later, a typical Southern "Mammy," began when she came to our regimental camp to secure any washing or mending the men might care to have her do. In due time her quaint talk and original ways made her an object of interest to the more appreciative among us, and, consequently, when we received marching orders and moved camp Aunt Tilda moved with us, and thus, in a way, came to be a sort of fixture in our regiment. A little old tent was given her for the time being, and when in camp this was put up immediately behind the officers' quarters. In this tent she slept, had her few belongings, and about it did her cooking and washing. In addition to washing and mending for the men she made and sold to them sundry eatables, among which were such staples as johnnycake and cornpone.

In stature, Aunt Tilda was inclined to be "husky," her face was round as the full moon, as black as night, and this last was emphasized by the gleam of her teeth and the glint of the whites of her big eyes. Her head was, at all times, properly turbaned with a red bandanna

handkerchief and a cob pipe was all-but continuously in her mouth, and this, at intervals, she puffed vigorously.

In due time we came to recognize in Aunt Tilda a real "diamond-in-the-rough," for she was intelligent in her way, and was, furthermore, endowed with no little wit and a good deal of homely philosophy.

From her lips we gained something of an insight into African slavery as it existed in the Southern States before the breaking out of the Civil War. However, she never had anything but good words for her master and mistress, and more than once I heard her avow that:

"Dem Shelbys dat own'd me wa'nt nun o' yo' po' white trash, dey was quality folks, dat's what dey sho' was."

But, as was the case in so many other instances, as the war continued it brought death and ruin to the Shelby home, "quality folks" though its inmates were.

To quote Aunt Tilda's words:

"Yung Mastah Henry Shelby dun jine de ahmy at de fust beat o' de drum an' dey 'lected him Majah in one o' de fust Tennissy rigimints dat dun gwine to de wah. When Mastah Henry rode off he was mighty proud in his new rigimintels dat was sho' de finest I eber sot eyes on.

"But poah yung Mastah Henry, he nebah seed much o' de wah, kase he dun gwine and got kilt in a skumish de va'ay fust skrimige he rigimint dun got in. Dey dun bring de cawpse on de steam kya's to de stashun an' from dere de yundetakah bring it in de huss to de big house, When dey dun bring de cawpse on de poach Mastah Shelby dun 'ring he han's an' hollah till dey dun hud him clear ober to Mawpin's Crick. But Mistis Shelby, she jis' cry, quietlack, and wipe huh eyes wid he

hankercher dat yung Mastah Henry dun giv' huh fa de birfday.

"Den de preachah an' all de quality folks kem to do big house an' helt de biggus fun'l I eber dun seed. Dey dun dig de grave in de fambly berrin' groun' back o' de auchid, an' when de clods fall on de clab-boad's dat covah de cawfin, Mastah Shelby 'ring he han's an' moan like he sho' gwine to be daid. But Mistis Shelby, she jist' cry an' wipe 'way huh teahs wid de hankercher dat yung Mastah Henry dun giv' huh.

"Pooty soon aftah yung Mastah Henry's fun'l de toomstone man dun kem to de big house an' Mastah Shelby dun tole de man what he want him do. Den, one day, de man kem back wid a toomstone white as de snow in de wintah, an' what had at de top a weepin' willah an' undah a big swo'd jist' lack yung Mastah Henry dun gwine an' whup'd de whole wuld.

"Yung Mastah Jeems Shelby, he 'low he mus' jine de black hoss calvry dat he dun read 'bout in all de papahs. Mastah Shelby, he say no, an' Mistis Shelby, she say no, but yung Mastah Jeems was haud in he haid, so he dun put he saddle on de blackus hos on de place, load he faddah's hoss pistil an' rid 'way to jine de black hoss calvry in ole Virginy dat he dun bin read'n 'bout in all he papahs.

"Poah Mastah Jeems, nobudy dun seen hide nah ha-ah o' him since he dun rid 'way on de black hoos, an' wid de hoss pistil in one o' he han's an' de bridle rein in de uddah. Mastah Shelby 'quired 'bout him eberywhere, put 'vertismints in all de papahs, but nobuddy seed him an' nobuddy hud 'bout him no place. Poah yung Mastah Jeems, he jis' dun gwine awf de yuth lack he de thinnis' ah.

"Yung Mastah Nels Shelby, he dun gwine an' jine too. Den he dun gwine an' got tuck prisner, an' Mastah an' Mistis not heah from dey son fah long, long time an' den dey b'leebe he daid. But one day, when dey dun gwine an' guess he sho' daid, Mastah Nels dun an' walk right in fru de do'. An' Mastah Shelby, he laugh an' hollah, an' Mistis Shelby, she jis smile an' kiss yung mastah.

"But poah Mastah Nels, he jis' a shaddah, an' he dun tolt all we'uns he dun got de febahs in de pris'n an' de Yanky doctahs dey guess he sho' die. Den he furgit he se'f. Den bime'm by he fine he se'f agin, an' he so pow'-ful weak he caint tu'n obah in de baid. Den he dun gwine'n git little bettah an' when de C'mishnur kem he dun gwine an' git exchang'. Den he dun tuck de steam kyahs an' retch'd de stashun neah de big house, an' a man he tuch 'm in he buggy an' cay'd 'm to he faddah's gate.

"But poah Mastah Nels, he lack he muddah's cookin' so well he dun gwine an' et so much he got a 'lapse o' de febahs, de doctah say. Den he lose he se'f an' nebah fine he se'f, but jis' gwine'n breav he las' bref.

"Den all de quality kem an' dey dun gwine'n have nuddah big fun'l, an' dey put poah yung Mastah Nels in de grave side o' he bruddah. An' Matsah Shelby, he dun gwine'n gits nuddah white toomstone wid a broke-awf weepin' willah at de top an' a big muskit at de bot-tum, jis' lack he dun gwine an' shoot all de Yankis.

"Den de Yankis kem to Mastah Shelby's and tuck all he hosses, druv awf de cattul, kilt all he hawgs an' cotch all de chickuns. Den 'bout de nex wick de Cornfed'ts kem an' tuck what de Yankis lef'. Den dey kep' see-sawin' lack; fust de Yankis den de Cornfed'ts, an' at las'

dah was jis' lef' de chimblys ob de big house an' de bodis ob de big pines, Yes, chile, when de sojah's was all gone an' de bun'in was all dun gone out, dese was all dere was lef' stanin', an' sho's yu's bawn dem chimblys an' dem white tree-bodis look jis' lack dey was han'ts an' ghostes.

"Wid de chilluns all daid an' de stalk all kilt and' run'd awf, an' wid de big house, de bawns an' de qua'tahs all bun'd down, Mastah an' Mistis Shelby seed dere was nuffin lef' fur um to do but to cross de ribbah an' go down to Texas, whah dah was no fitin' an' whah Mastah had a bruddah. But Mastah an' Mistis 'low'd dey was dat poah dey would have to leave all de niggahs but jis' Calline, de cook, an' Uncle Jonas, de butlah."

One day, after recounting some of the above, Aunt Tilda's feelings got the better of her, and after crying for a time she wiped her eyes on her dress skirt and spoke substantially as follows:

"Jis' to cawnsidah! Dem Shelby chilluns all daid! De big house, de bawns, de gin, de qua'tahs 's all in ashes! An' poah Mastah an' Mistis Shelby dun gwine 'way down in Texas whah I sho' neber seed um eny moah!

"Dem Shelby chilluns, dat's all dun gwine'n to dey graves was jis' lak dey was de same as mine. Yung Mastah Henry was jis' six weeks yungah dan my N'polyun; an' yung Mastah Jeems was less'n a yeah oldah dan my Ce'sah; an' yung Mastah Nels was bawn on de same day wid my P'laski. Dem Shelby chilluns, dey all dun gwine an' suck des yere ole black bres's jis' lack dey was my own, an' lack de blood in da'ah bodis was de same as de blood dat run fru my vains. An' when dey gits a little biggah dey plays wid my boys jis' lack dey was all bruddahs. An' nun o' dem cay'd who

was black an' who was white, all jis' de same wid dem six childuns."

But while Aunt Tilda was loyal to the Shelbys and had nothing but good words for all of that name, she made it plain to all of us that there were slave holders and *slave holders,* and among those whom she condemned were the Jimps, or, as she called them, "dem Jimpses." She told us that Jabez Jimps raised negroes to sell to the States in the lower South to work on the cotton and sugar plantations, and that no sooner had a "likely" boy or girl reached young manhood or young womanhood, than he or she was sold to the highest bidder and sent down the river in slave gangs. Aunt Tilda also gave us to understand that some of these "likely" young negroes were almost white, and common report said that Jabez Jimp's blood circulated in their veins.

After speaking of the Shelbys one day, Aunt Tilda said: "My chilluns all dun an' gwine 'way too. My N'polyun went wid he yung Mastah Henry, an' when he dun git kilt kem home wid de cawpse an' aftah de barry-in' he dun gwine an' jine de Yankis. Bime-by my Ce'sah dun gwine an' jine de Yankis too, lack all de yuthus. My P'laski dun gwine'n jine de cullud rigimint an' I'se huh'd dey p'mote him to caw'pul, an' I ain' 'sprise kase he all de time wah prim an' straight lack a rail sojer."

Upon one occasion Aunt Tilda said: "I sho' doan' know what some o' de niggahs is gwine to do wid de libertis Mastah Linkum dun gib to um. Dey is mos' all so triflin' an' shif'lis. My ole man 'Rastus wah dat kine, too, an' I specs he 's daid, kase he wah jis' nachilly too triflin' to live."

Aunt Tilda was full of wise sayings, so full, indeed, that sometimes she seemed a sort of black female Æsop. I cannot recall half of her sage utterances, but the following is the substance of some of them:

"What did de good Lawd gib us two yurs fur an' jis' one tung ef 'twant to lis'n twict an' speak jis' onct!"

"When yu 's wastin' time, chile, yu 's jis' nachilly wastin' what yo' deah life 's made out'n."

"Honey, ef yu keeps on a steppin' an' a goin' yu mos' al'us sho' gits up de hill, sometime."

"Sometimes yu bettah hole yo' han's an' give yo' haid a chanct."

"De roostah do a heaps o' crowin', but de hen sho' lays de aig."

"Chile, doan nebah be huntin' trouble, kase heaps o' it's sho' to fine yu."

"Mastah Shelby was always 'fear'd de cricks was gwine to rise an' spile de craps an' drown de stalk, but Mistis Shelby say she did'n b'lebe in crossin' cricks till yu gits nigh to um, an' she sho' wa'nt gwine to pestah huh mine wid sich unsuh'tn mattahs nohow."

"Somehow de niggahs on de plantashun lack old Mistis betten'd dey did old Mastah."

CHAPTER XXII.

How The Soldiers Received Their Money, and How Some of Them Got Rid of It.

The Paymaster and The Sutler.

"If money goe before, all ways do lie open."
—Shakespeare.

"A fool and his money are soon parted."
—Old Adage.

At intervals, various in duration, we were visited by the paymaster, who paid us what was coming from the Government. A paymaster had the rank of Major in the regular army. To us in the field he always came with his "strong box" conveyed in an ambulance, or army wagon, and well guarded by a troop of cavalry with loaded carbines in their hands. Reaching a particular regiment he would go over the amount due each man, as reported by the Adjutant, and, if this was found correct, the specified sum would be put in a pay envelope; then the men would be formed in line, and when the name of a given soldier was called he would step forward and receive his money, which was always in currency or "greenbacks." Even small fractional amounts were paid in paper money, as neither gold, silver, nor even copper was in circulation.

The paymaster always had on a bright, new uniform, his linen was immaculate, and his boots never failed to be glossy black. In all this he presented a striking contrast to the other officers in active service in the field.

The more thrifty among the soldiers sent, by far, the greater part of their pay home. In most instances this was done through express companies which followed us in the field, and were new institutions to practically all of us. The prudent soldier, if so disposed, had opportunity to lay by substantially all his wages, which, in the early part of the war, was for the private soldier $13 per month, but later was advanced to $16. The ration furnished by the Government was ample, and so was the clothing allowed each man. Indeed, some of the more thrifty did not use all that was allowed in this way, and consequently received commutation in the way of small, but by no means, intangible amounts of money.

As said above, a few men sent their pay home to almost the last cent. In contrast to these of the more thrifty there was a pitiful minority who had squandered their last farthing in a few hours after being paid off. How? Some of them in gambling with cards, some of them at dice, and others by indulging in what was called "chuck-a-luck." This last was a game of chance, with the *chances* very greatly against the poor soldier victim on the outside.

Not a few "blew-in" all they had received from the paymaster at the Sutler's tent. The Sutler was the recognized regimental merchant. After securing the consent of the commanding officer the Sutler proceeded to lay in a stock of such things as he thought the men would need in the field, and in amount about what could be loaded in a wagon.

His stock included such articles as tobacco, cigars, lemons, oranges, apples, candy, raisins, soda crackers, cakes, canned fruits of various kinds, loaf sugar, mackerel, salt fish, bacon, ginger ale, "pop" and other "soft"

drinks. Nearly all these articles were outside the soldier's rations, and were hence, by him, regarded as luxuries which the more provident refused to buy.

Arrived in camp the Sutler transferred his goods to a strong tent of proper size, which through the day, was open in front and, at which, was a wide transverse board which served the double purpose of counter and showcase. The sides of the tent came well down and were securely fastened. The Sutler always slept in his tent and in the midst of his stock. However, sometimes a thief would take advantage of the darkness to rip a hole in the sides of the tent and make a hasty dash for whatever he might be able to lay his hands on.

That the Sutler's prices were always high, and sometime even exorbitant, can well be imagined. But to make a good profit he had to mark his goods high, for he necessarily incurred great risk. In the field he was in danger of capture. Then, when the regiment had orders to move on short notice, he had to pack his stock hurriedly and often put it "pell-mell" in a wagon for transfer to the next camping place. Furthermore, unless quickly turned some of his goods would grow stale on his hands. One article of this nature was butter, which not infrequently became so rancid as to be wholly unusable.

As to the Sutler himself, he might be long or short. He might be a blonde or brunette. He might be a native or foreigner. But one thing he was always sure to be, namely, "on the make." At the time the average regiment was organized those who joined it were actuated by motives more or less mixed in character. But with the Sutler it was different, for his sole motive was gain.

An "easy-mark" for the Sutler was the financial "tenderfoot," the "live-to-day-and-starve-to-morrow" man

who was in every regiment, in every company, and indeed, in practically every squad. And no sooner had this "come-easy-go-easy" specimen received his pay than he forthwith went to the Sutler's tent and proceeded to get "outside" a good deal that, for the man's good, had far better have been left on the shelves.

But not only would these "easy-goers" get rid of their money, but oftentimes the stuff they ate would make them sick. Indeed, in every regiment more than one death could primarily be attributed to certain articles in the Sutler's tent.

Aunt Tilda.

(*See page 196*)

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHAPTER XXIII.

Some Events in 1864-5—Politics and War.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere;
In action faithful, and in honor clear."

—Pope.

Lincoln's administration of affairs from the time of his inauguration, March 4, 1861, till the spring of 1864, when a Presidential candidate was to be nominated, had gradually taken a very popular hold on the masses. Some, however, were dissatisfied, thinking the President was too slow, too easy, and lacking in some essential qualities for an Executive. Quite a number of these held a mass convention at Cleveland, O., May 31, 1864, and nominated General John C. Fremont for President, and styled themselves War Democrats.

The friends of Lincoln assembled at Baltimore, Md., June 7, 1864, in a regular convention and unanimously renominated the people's favorite.

The opponents of the war did not hold their convention till August 28, at which time General McClellan was nominated for the Presidency. In the first half of the year the prospects for immediate Union success were not assuring. Grant had failed to take Richmond, and was for the time, at least, held at bay by Lee. In the Southwest General Banks had met disaster, and so long as Sherman was confronted by General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederates, under the latter officer, continued to make the greatest possible resistance with the least possible loss.

But very soon after the opponents of the war had assembled in convention, and by resolutions declared the war a failure, the Union forces met with a series of brilliant successes. Commodore Farragut secured a wonderful victory over the Confederates at Mobile Bay. Atlanta was captured by Sherman, and Sheridan completely annihilated the hitherto successful Rebel forces of the Shenandoah Valley. These victories added immensely to Lincoln's chances of success.

Much interest was felt in the outcome of the election among the soldiers. The various platforms, letters of acceptance, etc., were read and discussed. Most of the men, however, favored Lincoln's re-election. As soon as General Fremont saw that his candidacy could do nothing save divide the war party, he promptly withdrew his name, and this narrowed the race down to a contest between Lincoln and McClellan.

McClellan's followers were called "Peace Men" and a "Peace at Any Price Party," while those who supported the war maintained that durable peace could come only from a vigorous prosecution of the war till the last enemy of the Government laid down his musket.

Early in November the election came off and proper agents came to our division camp from the States of Iowa, Wisconsin and Ohio to take the votes of troops from these commonwealths. But the Legislature of Illinois had decreed that it was illegal for soldiers to vote when in the field, hence Illinois soldiers were denied the privilege of casting their ballots. I had just passed my twenty-first birthday, and having long been an admirer of Lincoln, felt great disappointment in not having an opportunity to vote for him.

Lincoln's majority over McClellan was overwhelming and gave him ten times as many votes in the Electoral College as his competitor received.

I accompanied the command upon one of the expeditions to the Atchafalaya, spoken of in the last chapter. The twenty odd miles traversed was through a country that had been stripped of everything in the way of eatables. The banks of the Atchafalaya were reached, but the stream was not crossed. A few stray shots passed between the Confederates upon one side of the stream and the Federals upon the other. Here several days were spent, and, the time hanging heavy, a rude set of chess were cut out of wood and many games enjoyed.

Among the forces was a regiment of so-called Mexican cavalry. This organization had been made up next the Mexican frontier, and the men were nearly all small in stature and had swarthy complexions. They were expert horsemen, however, and could throw the lasso with much skill.

Toward the end of November the command was moved to the mouth of White River, much further up the Mississippi. Here we found the troops that had preceded us had built small shacks of boards they had procured somewhere in the vicinity. Some of these shacks our men appropriated and others they built out of such material as could be picked up. All of these were covered by a piece of heavy duck cloth that each man carried in his knapsack. This was made with strong buttons and well-made buttonholes along its four sides, and was in dimensions about three by seven feet. Two of these pieces, buttoned together, made a good roof for a small hut or shack which, by reason of its lack of height and closeness to the ground, was called a "dog-

tent." Upon entering one of these tents the soldier had always to do so on his knees, and keep the sitting or horizontal position while inside. However, these "dog-tents" that came in use the second year of the war served a most useful purpose, and as a piece of it was always in the soldier's knapsack, it never failed to be available when most needed.

While encamped at the mouth of White River I built a shack about seven feet square, covered it with two pieces of "dog-tent," had a door in one end and built a chimney made of clay and sticks at the other. The clay I made into a kind of mortar with which I plastered the sticks that were, so to speak, the skeleton of my chimney. When completed I kept a cheerful wood fire burning in the chimney, which, as the weather was quite frosty, was most comfortable and enjoyable, especially of evenings. When tired of sitting, the height of my shack permitted me to stand in its center and, in a sense, stretch myself out. The doorway was just wide enough to enter, and at its one side was my cot, upon which I slept; at the other our medicine chest, a table, extemporized from a box, and two camp chairs. Every morning the bugler came to my shack door and sounded the sick call (see page 153), and following this came the surgeon and such men as were complaining from one or another cause.

In all my three years of army service I do not remember to have been more pleasantly "fixed-up" than in this shack at the mouth of White River. But, alas! hardly had I put the cup to my lips when it was dashed to the ground, for I had but little more than got settled in my cosy quarters than an order came for us to go to New Orleans.

Obeying this, I left my comfortable shack, the boys quit theirs, and we all boarded a steamboat and were once more on the bosom of the Mississippi, up and down which we had traveled so much and so often—so much, indeed, that during our three years' service the Father of Waters came to be our most frequented highway.

Arrived at New Orleans the regiment was at once ordered to Lake Port, a city suburb and situated on Lake Ponchartrain. Here we found quarters in unoccupied houses, of which there seemed to be not a few in the suburb. A dilapidated old steam railway connected Lake Port with New Orleans. The engines, or locomotives, were so old and out of repair that they often refused to start when steam was turned on, and to aid in this the section men would pry under the driving wheels with crowbars. This road between Lake Port and New Orleans was said to have been one of the first constructed railways in the United States.

So many regiments had been reduced to mere skeletons that it was decided to make a larger organization by consolidating two or more into one. In February, 1865, an order came to consolidate our regiment, the 130th Illinois Infantry, with the 77th Illinois Infantry.

Like all organizations that had been long in the service both of the above-named regiments had lost many men. The largest number died from disease, not a few were killed in battle and a good many had been discharged because of wounds or sickness, which rendered them unfit for further service.

The order directing the consolidation of the 77th and 130th regiments required all supernumerary commissioned officers to be mustered out of the service; and all supernumerary non-commissioned officers who were

created non-commissioned officers at the time of the organization of their respective commands to be likewise mustered out of the service. But all non-commissioned officers who had been made such *since* the organization of their regiments and were found supernumerary, should be reduced to the ranks. To say the least, this order was very unjust. For, as a very general rule the soldier who was promoted after entering the service, received this advance because he merited it. On the other hand, the officer who was made such at the beginning had yet to prove his fitness for the place he occupied.

As I had gone out a private with a gun in my hands and had later been promoted to hospital steward; and, furthermore, as the hospital steward of the 77th Illinois, was such at the organization of his regiment and as, in addition, he elected to remain in the service, I was declared supernumerary, and consequently there was nothing for me but to remove the chevrons from my coat sleeves, lay aside my spatula, pick up my musket for the second time and resume my place in the ranks as a private soldier.

That this was humiliating to a proud, spirited, ambitious boy, goes without the saying. However, I accepted the situation as cheerfully as possible and, meantime, resolved to meet every situation manfully and discharge every duty conscientiously.

The consolidated organization, now known as the 77th Illinois Infantry, was a thousand strong, and was put on patrol duty in New Orleans. We had our quarters in a New Orleans cotton press, and had opportunity to make ourselves quite comfortable. At 4 o'clock, every afternoon, we went to an open space without the cotton press for dress parade. And on this every man was required

to appear with shoes well blacked, clothes neatly brushed, hair well combed, a white paper collar and stock on the neck, all metal appendages, as cartridge box, belt, etc., polished and burnished like gold and silver, the gun well cleaned and its metal parts bright and glistening,

With this "getting-up," with white gloves on every man's hands, with everyone in his place and soldierly in bearing, and with every movement rhythmical and accurate as clock-work, a thousand men on dress parade made a pleasing and enjoyable display, and never failed to attract many visitors and onlookers.

As elsewhere noted, we were first armed with Austrian rifled muskets, made in Austria, but these proving unsatisfactory we were later supplied with Enfield muskets of English manufacture; and finally these were discarded for the Springfield musket, made in Springfield, Mass., which, like its predecessors, was a muzzle-loader and single-shooter, but a superior weapon in every way. The Springfield musket (*made in America*), eventually superseded all other firearms in infantry regiments; and, by reason of its efficiency, it is no exaggeration to say that one million Union veterans, armed with this weapon, were a paramount factor in finally putting down "The Great Rebellion of 1861-5." In making this statement the author means no reflection upon the several other arms of the military service, each of which fought valiantly, and made every needed sacrifice to uphold and sustain the Union.

In the new organization I was assigned to Company G, commanded by Captain Rouse, an exceptionally fine young officer, who took great pride in drilling and disciplining his company. We practiced the Zouave drill frequently, and finally, on account of the high stand-

ing of Captain Rouse and his company, we were chosen as headquarters' guard for the Commander of the Division, General Benton. This service lightened our duties in some particulars and gave us certain privileges besides.

Our Division Commander, General Benton, was a fat, shapeless man, who ill became his uniform and official regalia, and from what we saw and heard we came to realize that he liked and drank a good deal of whiskey. However, he was good to his men, was liked by them, and never asked a man to incur a danger that he himself was not ready and willing to face.

While a private soldier in Company G, 77th Illinois, I had for a messmate and close friend Samuel Henry, 130th Illinois Infantry, several years my senior, and who had the following unique history:

Some years before the breaking out of the Civil War he, with other members of his father's family, emigrated to the then new State of Texas for the general purpose of farming and sheep-raising. In the spring of 1861 the war came on, and every man of fit physical condition and suitable age was expected to enlist in the Confederate service.

Young Henry was of northern birth and ancestry, and was, moreover, a pronounced Union man. However, he was "wise in his generation," and consequently kept his own counsel, but, meantime, did a great deal of listening and no little thinking. Finally, after most of his friends and associates had volunteered he realized that the time had come for action and the carrying out of the plans he had in mind, namely, making an effort to get inside the Union lines and ultimately joining his friends and relatives in Illinois. Accordingly, putting on a new suit of jeans, filling his saddle-bags with a change of linen and

needed supplies, and slipping a loaded revolver in his pocket, young Henry one day mounted his "mustang" and rode away with the seeming intent of joining *Somebody's* Texas Rangers.

Riding in a general northerly direction and by the use of much tact and general adroitness he managed to meet and "get by" several Confederate commands, and keeping on his way toward the North Star at last found himself within the Union lines, and the rest of the route was comparatively easy, up through Arkansas and Missouri, across the Mississippi into Illinois, and finally across the thresholds of friends and relatives in Bond County.

In August, 1862, he (Samuel Henry) enlisted in Company E, 130th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, and when in February, 1865, this regiment was consolidated with the 77th Illinois, he became a member of Company G in that organization, as noted above, and my esteemed messmate and valued friend. He is now almost an octogenarian, and is living in comfortable retirement at Greenville, Ill., a good citizen, respected by all who know him.

While in and about New Orleans during the winter of 1864-5, we read and talked much about General Thomas's great victories at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.; and, likewise, of Sherman's daring march from Atlanta east into the interior of Georgia, since familiarly referred to as "The March to the Sea." Much speculation was indulged in relative to, and no little anxiety was felt for, the outcome of Sherman's great and apparently hazardous, undertaking, After reaching the seaboard and capturing Savannah, Sherman thus demonstrated the Southern Confederacy to be what he had already termed it, namely, "An empty shell."

Meanwhile, Hood's army, having practically annihilated itself in its several attacks on General Thomas, there seemed little effective force left to the enemy save what was under General Lee at Richmond and Petersburg.

However, Mobile, Ala., was strongly fortified and yet esteemed an important asset to the Southerners, and early in March an expedition was organized in the Department of the Gulf to move against and, if possible, capture this stronghold, one of the last of the Confederacy, which almost precisely four years before in this same State of Alabama, was with high hopes and flying colors launched on its stormy career.

As an integral part of the Army of the Gulf, now commanded by General E. R. S. Canby, our superb regiment of a thousand veterans, was ordered to bear a part in the contemplated attack on Mobile. Obeying these orders, early one morning in March, we began making preparations for embarking on a vessel at the New Orleans Levee, and about 3 P.M. we were aboard.

We were all very tired, and as yet had not eaten our dinners. Our meat rations, for convenience, were that day dried herring, and of this I ate very heartily. As night approached the vessel moved away from the wharf and headed down stream. Meanwhile, we unrolled our blankets, and upon these stretched our tired, weary limbs; in a little while all were sleeping soundly. The next morning we struck the salt water of the Gulf of Mexico, and the vessel began to pitch and roll. And soon how seasick we all come to be! And that we "heaved Jonah" and gave back to the sea those precious herring that we had eaten of so heartily goes without the saying. And how long afterwards did the taste and

flavor of those little stomach-disturbers remain with us! And who of us that ate herring on that March day, more than a half century in the past, has ever had the hardihood to so much as taste one since!

The gulf was very rough, and as said before, the vessel rolled and pitched violently. To my way of thinking nothing is less attractive than salt water travel, and the grandeur, beauty and poetry of old ocean is in very large measure lost on me.

Two or three days after leaving the wharf at New Orleans land was dimly sighted, certain objects were indistinctly seen, First a mound, that proved to be a fort, then a flag on a pole, next tents, a camp, wagons, horses, and, lastly, men. And finally, we anchored at Fort Morgan, situated on Mobile Point, Ala.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Mobile Campaign—1865.

"The arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just."
—Shakespeare.

Fort Morgan, situated on Mobile Point, guarded the narrow entrance to Mobile Bay. Directly opposite, two miles distant in a northerly direction, Fort Gaines, upon Dauphin Island, with frowning guns, assisted in this duty. The main channel, however, was near Fort Morgan, and was obstructed to hostile vessels with piles driven in the sand and torpedoes planted plentifully in the waters.

Early in August, 1864, Admiral Farragut, with fourteen wooden vessels and four iron-clads, resolved to attack the Confederates. Near Fort Morgan the latter had a small fleet under Commodore Franklin Buchanan. In the Confederate fleet was a powerful vessel, the ram *Tennessee*. The 5th of August General Granger landed a body of troops on Dauphin Island and invested Fort Gaines.

Early on the morning of August 6, Admiral Farragut attacked Fort Morgan and the Confederate flotilla. Soon after the engagement began, the *Tecumseh,* a fine iron-clad, struck a torpedo and almost instantly sunk, carrying to the bottom of the bay all but twenty-one out of a crew of one hundred men. The other vessels of the Federal fleet kept right on, however, and ran past Fort Morgan and the torpedoes. A little later the ram *Tennessee* bore down upon the fleet, but was soon overpowered and captured.

August 7 Fort Gaines, with over eight hundred men, surrendered to General Granger. Later Fort Morgan was invested, and August 23, fell into the hands of the Federals. Thus Mobile, at the head of Mobile Bay, was effectually shut off from blockade runners, by having its outlet hermetically sealed by a fleet of Federal vessels.

At Fort Morgan our regiment landed early in March, as narrated in the last chapter. The men debarked from the steamer and went into camp in the sand. The region was sterile and as uninteresting as could be imagined. Fort Morgan, however, had gained much notoriety from its engagement with Commodore Farragut's fleet the previous August. It showed marks of the bombardment in dismantled walls and broken brick work.

Near the camp was a sand hill, twenty or thirty feet high, from which the vessels at a distance and Dauphin Island were viewed. A school of porpoises could often be seen at play in the waters of the bay; this, to the men, nearly all of whom were from the interior, was a novel sight.

One day orders came to march. Meanwhile the Thirteenth Corps had been reorganized and was now under command of General Gordon Granger. This reorganization was especially pleasing to the old members of the Thirteenth Corps.

On March 17, early in the morning, we started from Fort Morgan, having Mobile as our objective point. As will be recalled Fort Morgan was not far from the extremity of Mobile Point, and our route led along the southern and eastern limits of Mobile Bay. The whole region was a sandy waste, and the only thing it would grow was a species of yellow pine. Walking in sand half shoe-mouth deep is hard at best, but to one like

myself, who for many months had been doing lighter duties, marching with a knapsack, gun, accoutrements and other etc., was especially hard on me, unseasoned as I was. The result was that, in the afternoon, I was nearly exhausted and fagged out, but I kept all to myself and secretly resolved to keep going till I fell in my tracks, if the worst came to the worst. At last the day's march ended and we went into camp, and I experienced inexpressible relief when I had stacked my gun and taken off my knapsack and accoutrements. I ate heartily of the toasted bacon, "sow-belly," the boys called it, and "hard-tack," a name they had bestowed on our army hard crackers; and, in addition, drank freely of strong coffee, and felt much refreshed. My feet were sore and tender, and filling my canteen with cold water I poured this on my feet freely, rubbed and bathed them the best I could and then rolled up in my blanket and slept.

Early next morning when we were awakened I found I was all over sore and stiff, but there was nothing to do but undertake and, if possible, go through with another day's duties. I told no one of my feelings, and after marching awhile my soreness and stiffness, in part, was relieved, but in the afternoon I was again very much fatigued, and once or twice it seemed as though I could not go any further; but further I went, and further I kept on going, till we went into camp at the end of the second day's march, and like the evening before, I was inexpressibly relieved when I had the much appreciated privilege of laying down my gun and unstrapping my knapsack and accoutrements. The next day I managed to worry through a little easier. The next was easier still, and finally I came to be so inured to marching with a soldier's complete outfit that I could stand up by, and

go as far and as fast as the best of them. But, as was said above, no one was ever the wiser by reason of knowing of my experience while literally a "tenderfoot" and when going through the needed "seasoning" process.

We made magnificent camp fires with the pine knots that abounded everywhere, and as a result of burning this kind of fuel our faces were covered with smut, smoke and grime, all of which was made adherent by the resin inherent in yellow pine, and in consequence washing one's face and hands came to be a most strenuous undertaking.

As we passed through the continuous pine forests we came upon what are known as "turpentine orchards." Cup-shaped notches had been chopped in the trunks of the larger trees and these had been filled with resin. One night someone set fire to one resin-filled excavation and the flames extended to others all about, and soon a great fire enveloped the forest all about, and which we left in our rear as we marched to a camp further on and well out of the burning area.

Not long after reaching soil in which sand was not the principal ingredient, rain fell in torrents, and in consequence the roads became almost impassable for wagons and artillery. In some instances when the teams stalled they were temporarily detached, long ropes attached to the wagons and pieces of artillery, and upon these scores of strong men exerted their full strength, and often succeeded when the mules, which had preceded them, had failed. But in many places "corduroy" roads had to be made. A "corduroy" road is made by putting down many poles, side by side, and as close together as they can be placed.

In extricating the mired wagons and stalled pieces of artillery no one worked harder than General Benton. He pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and helped "with might and main." Seeing their Division Commander thus employed, the boys greeted him with rousing cheers and were more than ever determined to meet manfully all obstacles and overcome them if possible.

One day a wide, shallow stream was encountered, when the men were halted, ordered to remove shoes and stockings, roll their pants high and wade. When the opposite bank was reached every man dried his feet and legs in the best way possible, put on his shoes and stockings, and resumed the march.

The advance of the column, after some days' progress, met and skirmished with the enemy. Toward the latter part of the month of March, Spanish Fort, east of Mobile, was reached. This was one of the keys to the military situation at Mobile, and was laid siege to by the Federals the last days of March. The Federal gunboats held the water front of Spanish Fort and cut off communication with Mobile. No effort at assault was made by the Federals, and the approaches were guarded with rifle pits; hence, the loss of life was inconsiderable.

The night of April 8 Spanish Fort was evacuated. In a Mobile paper of that same date was found the following letter entitled:

"A Letter Under Fire.

"On Picket, Spanish Fort, April 4, 1865.

"Messrs. Editors:—With powder-burned face and a sore shoulder from the backward movement of my rifle, I have concluded to rest a little, and while resting I will amuse myself by dropping you a line. But, stop right here, I will take a chew of tobacco, for I have plenty and of the finest article, and I did

not buy it, nor steal it, nor draw it, but I have it. We are having a fine time here sharp-shooting with the Yankees, though we never put our heads above the breastworks, for the atmosphere is unhealthy too high up, but we have headlogs to shoot under which the boys call "skull-crackers." We have another game we play over here; it is a game I used to play when a boy, but there is not altogether so much fun in it now as there was then. It is a game called 'Andy Over.' We play it here with shells from a mortar gun. The one that catches it is the one that is caught out and not the one that throws it.

"We have generally about two artillery duels each day, and they make things happen when they do get at it. Everything is comparatively quiet at night.

"Ten thousand thanks to the ladies of Mobile for sending us that provision they sent us last night. I think I was the hungriest man on the 'map.' You ought to have seen with what eagerness I devoured those eggs, meat and cake. While eating, my heart ran out in thankfulness to the fair daughters of the fair city. I was proud that I was a soldier battling for the rights of such ladies as those.

"I shall have to close. The shells are coming too fast and my mind is too much centered on 'Number One,' and my nerves too unsteady to write. You know that bomb-shells are very demoralizing, if they are not so dangerous.

"More anon.

"CHUM."

From the same paper's editorial column the following is taken:

"THE ENEMY.

"From about five o'clock till after dark last evening the firing on the eastern shore was the heaviest yet heard, and it still continues, though somewhat slackened at our usual time of closing, though we are yet without any information of the progress of affairs.

"Later. After 11 o'clock a dispatch was received, stating that the enemy had opened fire on Spanish Fort with thirty guns, but after a great deal of noise, had made no impression. Our garrison over there stands like a 'stone wall.'

"The Yankee's ammunition is bad, of the shoddy-contract sort, so that very few of the shells explode. Our artillerists use only Confederate powder to send back their own projectiles.

"While we write at 10 o'clock P.M., an occasional gun is heard."

From the same column the following is also excerpted:

"BRAVE BOYS.

"The following letter received by Major General Maury from a student at Spring Hill College cannot be read with indifference by friend or foe of the cause of Confederate independence. This is what General Grant would call 'robbing the cradle to recruit our armies:'

"SPRINGHILL COLLEGE, MARCH 27, 1865.

"MAJ. GEN. D. H. MAURY,

"DEAR SIR:—At the request of a great many of my fellow students, I write to you on a very serious subject—that is about joining the army for the defense of Mobile.

"The President will not let us go without we consider ourselves expelled; so we wish you to send out one of your aids and muster us in the service.

"There will be about forty that will go. We are all of age, strong and healthy and can fight as good as any man. Now, General, we want your assistance; if we do not receive it soon we will be compelled to go and be expelled. So we do not think you could help from assisting us.

"Please help us immediately.

"A STUDENT OF SPRINGHILL COLLEGE."

At the time the Thirteenth Army Corps was advancing up the eastern shore of Mobile Bay—joined by the Sixteenth Corps at the mouth of Fish River—to engage in the investment and siege of Spanish Fort, a co-operating column, led by General Francis Steele, moved from Pensacola, Fla., and attacked Fort Blakely, ten miles northeast of Mobile, on the Tensaw River.

As soon as Spanish Fort fell into our hands the troops engaged in the investment of this place were ordered to Blakely, about ten miles northeast and to the right. The march was begun near noon of April 9. About half the distance had been accomplished when a terrific cannonade and musketry fire was heard at the front. Under the inspiration of this sound the column moved faster, but by and by the firing ceased, and word came back that Blakely had been carried by assault.

This was a sultry Sabbath afternoon, and the very day that Lee surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, though the latter event was not known to the Union forces about Mobile till some days later.

Toward night the command went into camp near Blakely, in a grove of pine trees. Early next morning the scene of the previous day's battle was visited. At both Spanish Fort and Blakely the Confederates had planted torpedoes about the approaches to their works. Working parties were removing these, as their location was pointed out by Confederate prisoners.

It was said that several of our men, the day previous, had trodden upon these terrible instruments of death and were blown to atoms. In most instances percussion shells were placed just beneath the surface of the ground in such a manner that the tread of an unwary foot would cause instant explosion. For a half mile or more the timber about Blakely had been felled, with the tops of the trees pointing from the works, and with their sharpened extremities the branches stood ready to greatly impede the advance of an attacking force. But through these and amidst a shower of shot, shell, canister and bullets, the Federals made their way to and over the Confederate works.

The principal part of the assault had been borne by a division of colored troops belonging to General Steele's command. These men, it was reported on every hand, bore themselves most gallantly.

Passing into Blakely early on the morning of April 10, it having been surrendered at 5 P.M. the day previous, an opportunity was given to see things pretty much as the Confederates had left them, One thing that interested me greatly was some captured haversacks containing "Johnny's" rations. The meat was such as our men would never have tasted unless reduced to the verge of starvation, and the bread seemed indescribably poor, and of such character as a Northern farmer would hardly feed to his hogs. It seemed to have been made from meal of which more than half was bran, and after being made into small pones—"dodgers"—had been apparently cooked in the ashes and given about the appearance that two or three days' sun-drying would bestow. That men would consent to live on such food, and with scarcely any pay, daily encounter the vicissitudes of army life, and, when occasion called, cheerfully risk their lives in battle, is a high tribute to Southern hardihood, pluck and courage.

Most of the dead of both armies had already been disposed of, but the body of one man is especially remembered. He was a Texan captain, tall and slender in person, with long black hair and whiskers. His clothing was much better than that worn by most persons in the Confederate army, and it is remembered that he had on his feet neat, clean cotton socks that seemed to be similar to what were known as "British hose." The probability is that the clothes he had on were nearly all of British manufacture, and had been secured when

Mobile was a favorite port with blockade-runners. Drawn over the Texan's face was a white, broad-brimmed slouch hat, so that his form, features and dress gave evidence of the typical Southerner of the better and wealthier class.

Already there had begun to gather about the dead Texan a romantic history of the way he met death, and all the forenoon there was clustered around him a group of Federal soldiers, reciting and hearing recited the following:

When the Federals entered the works the evening previous all the Confederates gave themselves up as prisoners of war—all but the Texas captain, who refused to surrender under any circumstances, and when importuned by the Federals said: "No, sir; surrender's not my name," and "showed fight," as they used to say in army circles.

Whether his efforts at resistance were such as merited death, or whether in the excitement of battle and triumph, his life was taken in mere wantonness, is not known; at any rate, just above one ear was a great bullet hole, and after Lee had signed the papers surrendering the Army of Northern Virginia to General Grant, one more name was added to a terrible death-roll already frightfully long. The writer listened to the recital of the dead Texan's story from the lips of a soldier standing by, who, when he finished, added, pointing to another soldier standing a little to one side: "There is the man that shot him." The man pointed out was as meek and innocent appearing as can be imagined, and with downcast eyes admitted firing the fatal shot, and confirmed the story as narrated.

The Texan was the last dead Confederate seen upon a battlefield by me. The first was seen two years before on the battlefield of Port Gibson in the Vicksburg campaign. He, like the Texan, was tall and spare, and thus far seemed a typical Southerner, but he was attired in the coarsest of the crude dress of the Southern army, and nothing about him gave any evidence of wealth or refinement. But both lay where they fell on a field of battle taken possession of by the enemy, and their lifeless bodies were viewed by many of the then detested Yankees. Both gave their lives in a hopeless cause, and both would have seemed to have died in vain—but, as to the latter, maybe not; and, just as there are some poisons that nothing short of fire and furnace heat will destroy, so with the hates and passions engendered by slavery and secession—nothing save battle, blood and death could wipe them out.

Much praise was bestowed upon the colored division who bore the brunt of the assault the day previous. The afternoon of April 10 I visited the colored troops and conversed with some of them. They were very proud of their achievement, and seemed ready to fight the whole Southern Confederacy if the opportunity was only given them.

One fellow was seen with a bullet hole through one cheek, but no trace of the bullet could be seen elsewhere.

I asked of the sufferer how he could be affected in this way; a bullet hole through one cheek, but no teeth knocked out, and no wound elsewhere about the face.

"Day ball come in at my mouf, sah," said Sambo.

"But how did it get through your mouth without injuring your teeth and lips?" was asked.

"I had my mouf op'n," was answered.

"Why did you have it open?" was further asked.

"O, I was jist hollerin' Fort Piller at um," said Sambo.

This, it seemed, was their battle-cry, and was the means of saving this darkey from a great deal an uglier and more serious wound.

Fort Pillow, it will be remembered, was the scene of an indiscriminate massacre of colored troops by General Forrest in the spring of 1864.

A little while before the war closed the Southerners tried to enlist negroes in their armies, and for this purpose a bill was passed by the Confederate Congress at Richmond. A copy of this in a Confederate paper is now in my possession, and some of its provisions are interesting.

The first clause provides: "That in order to provide additional forces to repel invasion, maintain the rightful possessions of the Confederate States, secure their independence and preserve their institutions, the President be and is hereby authorized to ask for and accept from the owners of slaves the services of such able-bodied negro men as he may deem expedient, for and during the war, to perform military duty in whatever capacity he may direct."

The last clause provides: "That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relations which the said slaves shall bear to their owners," etc., etc.

In the same paper is a message from Jefferson Davis to the Confederate Congress, dated March 18, 1865, in which occurs the following reference to the "Negro Bill:" "The bill for employing negroes as soldiers has not yet reached me, though the printed journal of your proceedings informs me of its passage. Much benefit is anticipated from this measure, though far less than would have

resulted from its adoption at an earlier date so as to afford time for their organization and instruction during the winter months."

As might have been conjectured, the colored men did not flock to a standard that was the emblem of a people bent on the perpetual enslavement of the African race in America.

CHAPTER XXV.

Fall of Mobile and The Beginning of The End.

"Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory."
—Shakespeare.

Spanish Fort having fallen into the possession of the Union forces April 8, while Forts Huger and Tracy, at the mouth of the Tensaw, were reduced at the same time by the war vessels in Mobile Bay, the Federal fleet at once moved ten miles up Tensaw River, in the vicinity of Fort Blakely, cutting its water communications. Meanwhile, as elsewhere narrated, the fort was assaulted by General Steele's forces and carried, with twenty-five hundred prisoners. The eastern defenses of Mobile having thus all fallen into the hands of the Federals, the city was promptly evacuated.

In the light of these events the following, taken from a leading Mobile paper issued April 8, the very day Spanish Fort fell into our hands, is interesting reading:

"We maintain that the expedition which the enemy has put on foot for the capture of Mobile is inadequate for the end in view, and that we have ample power to resist and thwart his purpose. His whole force is massed in front of our defenses on the eastern shore, and up to this time, we confidently state it as an irrefutable fact that he has not gained a shaving. He makes an infernal noise with his mortars and big guns, but not one bomb in fifty hurts anybody, and he has not even grazed our works, which are twice as strong as they were when the fight

began, and are growing more and more so every hour the fight continues. At the rate of progress the Yanks are making over the bay a gallant and experienced Confederate officer says it will take them just five years and three months to take Mobile. By that time we may indulge the hope that 'something will turn up.' "

The evening of April 11, the writer, with his company, crossed over to Mobile and that night slept in a vacant house near the bay. A few feet in front was a huge cannon with a pyramid of cannon balls by its side. Nearby was a magazine containing shells and other explosive ammunition, looking much like an out-door cellar. The grass over this and all about the cannon was green and beautiful, and a few feet in front were the waters of the bay,

The Confederates had retreated up the Mobile and Alabama Rivers, and up the former stream the Thirteenth Corps was at once ordered, following for a time the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. In passing about Mobile the great strength of its defenses was remarked even by our common soldiers, and had the Confederates had sufficient men to man the works they would have been almost impregnable against direct assault. One of the ablest engineers in the Confederate army said Mobile was the best fortified place in the South.

At Whistler, a little station on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, a few miles from Mobile, quite a lively skirmish was had with the enemy's cavalry. This was the last engagement the Thirteenth Corps participated in, and is further claimed to have been one of the last battles of the war.

Rumors now began to be circulated that Lee had been defeated and Richmond captured. But these were not

confirmed. Meantime, the army moved up the country some fifty miles north of Mobile. The march was, for the most part, through a thinly populated region with only now and then a farm house.

One day the march led over heavy roads, and all day long through a cold, drizzling rain. Towards night the command halted, and I, with some companions, found comfortable quarters before the fire of a rude negro cabin, and ate with much relish the corn "hoe-cake" prepared at its hearth by a colored Aunty.

Ah, youthful comrade of that day, now grown to old age, and, maybe, the possessor of ample fortune, and, perhaps, the favored one of a choice circle of friends! Do marble steps leading through wide doorway and stately hall, to spacious rooms with velvet carpets, richly upholstered furniture and frescoed ceiling, pervaded throughout—even in mid-winter—with a summer temperature, seem half as inviting as did that rude threshold and rough little low door through which you that day could not enter without bowing your head? Or does luxurious food, prepared with special aim to tempt and tickle the palate, and eaten from daintiest china upon the finest and whitest table linen, give you half the pleasure you that day had from Aunty's hoe-cake, eaten upon the plain board table beside her simple hearth?

About a week after leaving Mobile the command received official notice of the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee. All were, of course, rejoiced, knowing the war would soon end.

For two or three days the army camped near the residence of Mrs. Godbow, the mother of General Earl Van Dorn's wife; it was a plain two-story frame house, painted white. General Van Dorn had been conspicuous

in the Confederate service, but during the second year of the war had a personal difficulty with Doctor Peters, of Tennessee, by whom he was killed. His wife was living in the quiet lonely region, retired from the world, apparently with no companion save her mother.

While encamped at this place the news of Lincoln's assassination was received. It was terrible news to the soldiers, and the first impulse of every man seemed a desire to in some way avenge the President's death. And had the enemy been in our immediate front in battle array there is no question but at this period the Union soldiers would have fought with unusual determination; but the Confederacy was crumbling to pieces, and shooting enemies of the Government was soon to be a thing of the past.

The command finally went into camp immediately on the bank of Tombigbee River, at a place called Mackintosh Bluff. Here a tall flag-pole, eighty feet high, was erected, and all seemed to have a good time. The war was substantially over, and no more hard campaigns being in prospect, there seemed nothing to do but wait until such time as the Government should see fit to muster us out.

A few of the better-disposed people seemed willing to renew their allegiance to the Government, and over such the army extended its protection, furnishing, when desired, guards for their property. Upon two or three occasions I went upon this service, and my guard duty at one house is well remembered. The people were well-to-do, but, like very many Southerners, lived in a large log house, the main part of which consisted of two large, square rooms, with a large open space between, and a

wide porch in front of all, while at the rear was the dining-room, and at a little distance, the kitchen.

The lady of the house was very pleasant and chatty, and had much to say regarding the pleasant winters they had been in the habit of enjoying at Mobile before the war put an end to Southern prosperity. She was of rather full figure, and in flush times had evidently been inclined to dress and gay society.

The husband, a lean, lank Southerner, was disposed to be taciturn. He made free use of the "weed," however, and under the inspiration of a large "quid" of this, especially if his wife was away, warmed up enough to measure off with great deliberation a few words by way of conversation. He talked most of dogs and hunting, and said there were yet many deer and some bears in the forest. He stated that hunters were, however, compelled to wait till the water in all the streams and bayous was at a very low stage, so that the dogs used in hunting could cross without swimming; otherwise, they were liable to be destroyed by alligators. He made the further statement that a dog's barking near the bank of a stream would cause any alligators within earshot to, at once, come to the spot where the dog was supposed to be.

When asked concerning the liability of an alligator attacking a human being, he said they were not apt to attack a white man. "But, I tell you," he added, "they're death on niggers and dogs."

By and by dinner was announced and was served with considerable formality; several servants—yet practically slaves—being in attendance. The whole of the table service was very good, and the dinner was as excellent as it could well be made without wheaten flour; corn meal in several forms was made to take its place.

Tombigbee River was high and the current was very swift. Several old canoes and rickety boats were at the water's edge, and in these excursions were sometimes made to the opposite shore, half a mile distant, in search of mulberries. One day, with a companion, I had crossed the river in one of these frail boats, and was gathering mulberries from a tree on the farther shore when there was seen coming down the river a fleet of vessels. As the Federals had no steamboats on the river, those in sight were looked upon with suspicion. It was soon discovered that they were gunboats, but not of the Federal Navy. They passed nearby and anchored a little farther down in the middle of the river. This was the remnant of a Confederate fleet that had retreated up the river upon the fall of Mobile,

On returning we passed very near these vessels, but those on board seemed as quiet and orderly as if attending a funeral. Pretty soon a whole fleet of transports hove in sight, and it was learned that these, with the gunboats and all other Confederate property of a military character, had a few days previous been surrendered by General Richard Taylor, the Confederate Department Commander, to General Canby, representing the United States Government.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Confederate Mail-bag and a Glimpse at Some of Its Contents.

"A letter, timely writ, is a rivet to the chain of affection;
And a letter untimely delayed, is as rust to the solder."
—Tupper.

"Kind messages, that pass from land to land;
Kind letters, that betray the hearts deep history."
—Longfellow.

Just before the cessation of hostilities a Confederate mail-sack, heavily laden with letters, papers, etc., was captured north of Mobile. This, some time in May, was emptied near where the writer's company was encamped. The contents were a confused mass of papers, torn envelopes and open letters, all having been hurriedly examined at division headquarters. Very many of the letters were so poorly written as to be almost unintelligible; others showed good penmanship and education, refinement and culture in the writers. All were written upon the thin, poor, shoddy paper of Confederate manufacture. Several very crude wood cuts were found that had been forwarded as valentines to certain members of the fair sex by their admirers. One of these, now in the writer's possession, was printed on the shoddiest kind of paper by George Dunn & Company, publishers, Richmond, Va., and just below a rude cut of a female with low-necked dress, short sleeves, flowing skirts, wide flounces and capacious hoop skirt, is a stanza, the last words of which are: "Ah, let me still survive, and burn in Cupid's flames, but let me burn alive."

The following is deemed of sufficient interest to give in full:

NEAR AUGUSTA, GA., MARCH 2, 1865.

UNKNOWN FRIEND:—

Being confined to our tents today in order to have some pastime, Mr. Kennedy, of Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regiment, Quarle's Brigade, proposed the names of several young ladies of his acquaintance. The names were all put on strips of paper and then in a hat; each one had to draw per ballot, and the name he drew he was to write to that lady. Among eight names I drew yours, and in discharging the obligation resting on me you will excuse me for my presumption. I will refer you to Mr. Kennedy, who is a friend of yours and also a particular friend of mine, for particulars relating to me.

In doing justice to you, I will state that I am quite a young man and an Alabamian by birth; have been soldiering for four years; have passed through many dangers, seen and unseen, and by the kindness of an overruling Providence I am still spared a monument of God's mercy. I hope to live to see this cruel war over, and that I may then find some loving and confiding companion and with her glide smoothly down the stream of time hand in hand, until I reach the Valley of Death; even then I hope to have so lived that I can then launch out upon the unknown future and ride safely into port. I have no news that will interest you. We are here in Camp of Direction awaiting orders. I think we will not try to get with our command, who are at or in vicinity of Columbia, S. C., but go to Montgomery, Selina or Mobile. If we come to Mobile I will be happy to form your acquaintance.

If Mr. Kennedy is with me I will try and do so. Hoping that you will not think hard of this, but write in answer, I remain your sincere but unknown friend.

JAMES A. MCCAULY.

First Alabama Regiment, Company "D," Quarle's Brigade Army Tennessee.

This letter has now been in the writer's possession fifty-one years. He has read it many times, and always with renewed interest, and it has never failed to bring

before his mind an all-pervading sense of what "might have been," had it not miscarried and fallen into the hands of a Yankee instead of the fair one intended.

The letter was in a great heap with many others, and like all the rest, had been removed from its envelope, so that it was impossible to ascertain the name of the young lady addressed. It was written on blue-tinted paper of unusually good quality for Confederate manufacture; the handwriting good, and, indeed, the whole make-up of the letter was just of the kind most likely to impress the mind of a young lady. Had it reached its destination an interesting correspondence would certainly have followed, and very likely a love affair, and perhaps an engagement and marriage. Maybe, however, McCauly came to Mobile, was there during the siege, firing at the invaders, and when off duty calling upon his "unknown friend." And maybe he fell at Spanish Fort or Blakely in defense of his native Alabama.

Such a letter as he writes is calculated to set in operation a thousand conjectures, and then it has the ring of the true soldier with—as is usual with brave men—an entire absence of bitter epithets for his enemies.

In a different vein is the following, found at the same time, and yet in the writer's possession:

TALLAHASSEE LANDING, DEC. 20, 1864.

MY DEARLY BELOVED MOTHER:—What in this wide world is the matter with you all that I never hear from any of you? Have the Yankees forbidden your writing, and won't they allow your letters free passage to Mobile? Just four years ago we arrived home and were together. How many events have transpired since that time. For four years has a desolating war been waged upon our land, and oh, how many have met their fate, and I fear many more will have to sacrifice their lives before the end of the struggle for independence. I suppose ere this you have heard

of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., which was fought two or three weeks ago. It must have been an awful fight. Our soldiers charged their line of breastworks and succeeded in capturing (?) them. It was a great slaughter and almost a drawn battle. We claim a victory, but lost from five to eight thousand men. Oh! how many of our brave, true soldiers sacrificed their lives on their country's altar that day! How many fond hopes and anticipations and loved ones met their doom and now lie buried in the cold soil of Tennessee! Is it not awful to think of?

And when those they loved, off in distant States, hear of their deaths how sad their hearts will be! We lost several good Generals whose places can hardly be filled. The Fifteenth Mississippi went into the fight with two hundred and twenty men and lost seventy. Loring's Division that day lost seven hundred men; it is said the loss of line and field officers was great.

I heard from Cousin Bob not long since. He was well and in fine spirits; he said they got but very little to eat, that they would kill a hog and never clean the hair off, and they would get their rations of meat with the hair on and cook it on a stick. He would make his bread on his oil cloth and bake it on a fence rail. He had been in several fights since I heard from him. Well, mother, the Yankees have been pretty close to us. They have been up on the railroad as far as Pollard; they destroyed the track for some distance and then left. There was about four hundred white men and five hundred negroes. Governor Watts has called out the militia to drive them back.

Yankee General Sherman has evacuated Atlanta and gone in the interior of the State; he has been to Miledgeville and several other towns. No one can imagine what he intends doing; the papers say that he is soon to be surrounded and captured. I hope so, but fear he is too wide awake to be caught in a trap. The mean old wretch! I wish he would be caught and hung to the first limb. Oh! that I was a man; I would be willing to sacrifice everything on earth and go and fight for my country. I daily wish that I was a man.

How I wish I could see you all and be happy once again on earth. Do you hear from grandma often? How does she and Aunt Vicky get along with the Yankees? Where is Howard now—in the army? Give my love to aunty and the girls. How

is Mrs. Julia Murphy? My love to her. I suppose you would like to hear something of the family. All are well; the children grow fast; they will soon be large enough to go to school. Hall is so much like our family in every respect; he is a smart, sweet child, and so are all the rest. How do you expect to spend your Christmas? I hope pleasantly. I expect to see no pleasure at all. It will be a very dull one here. Dear mother, do write often to me, and make Beckie write, too, and tell me everything concerning you all. I will close for this time. I will look anxiously for a letter from you.

Good-bye, dear mother; believe me your loving child,

VICTORIA NIXON.

On one margin of the letter was written the following: "Don't never send another letter to M—k, as they generally open them all at that office. Send them hereafter to Lowndes—now, be certain to do it."

Fellow participitants in the Mobile campaign, that letter of Mrs. Victoria Nixon is wonderfully human, isn't it? And when in the long ago you were firing at those fellows over there so recklessly, did it not occur to you that they had homes, friends and loving kindred just as you had, all of whom were as near and dear to them as yours to you? War is a horrid thing at best, and the men who are killed and wounded are far from being its only and really worst sufferers.

If Mrs. Victoria Nixon is yet alive and should these pages by any fortunate chance come under her eyes, I trust she will accept the very best wishes of the author, her erstwhile enemy; and to her family of little folks of fifty-one years ago, if alive today, gray-haired men and women, a most cordial greeting is extended.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Surrender of The Confederate Armies—Incidents Attending The Close of The Last Campaign.

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave."

—Byron.

At the opening of the spring campaign in 1865, the four main armies of the Confederates were: Army of Northern Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee, occupied in the defense of Richmond and Petersburg; Army of the Tennessee, under General Joseph E. Johnston, confronting Sherman in the Carolinas; Army of the Trans-Mississippi, under General E. Kirby Smith, with headquarters at Shreveport, La., and Army of Alabama, under General Richard Taylor, principally at Mobile, Ala.

The Army of Northern Virginia surrendered April 9 to General Grant at Appomattox; the Army of the Tennessee surrendered to General Sherman April 26. The Army of the Trans-Mississippi, having had pretty much its own way in Texas and Western Louisiana since Banks' Red River campaign, one year before, was exceedingly loath to yield to the Government of the United States, and upon the 21st of April its commander issued an address to his soldiers containing these words: "With you rests the hopes of our Nation (the Confederacy), and upon your action depends the fate of our people. Stand by your colors, maintain your discipline, be the

means of checking the triumph of our enemy, and securing the final triumph of our cause!"

But later, when all the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi had capitulated, General E. Kirby Smith surrendered to General E. R. S. Canby. Meantime, General Smith's warlike address had caused the United States authorities to set on foot a large expedition under General P. H. Sheridan, for the overthrow of all enemies in Texas and Western Louisiana. But General Smith finally concluded further resistance was folly, and capitulated as stated above.

After the fall of Mobile, April 9, General Richard Taylor withdrew the greater part of the troops composing the Army of Alabama toward the interior, but finally, at Citronelle, Ala., May 4, turned over to General E. R. S. Canby all munitions of war, public property of a military character, and surrendered his army. At the same time and place Commodore Tarrand, of the Confederate Navy, surrendered the naval forces on the Tombigbee River. A part of these, with some transports, made up the fleet that the writer came upon so unexpectedly, as referred to in the last chapter.

In a few days arrangements were made for all the Union troops to go to Mobile upon the captured transports. One of these was the *Southern Republic,* a large three-"decker." It had been the property of two brothers at Mobile, who grew rich in the African slave trade. About Mobile were some natives of Africa who, after being kidnapped, had been brought over to this country and sold into slavery.

Upon the transports were a few Confederates dressed in their conventional gray. Most of these were officers,

and some of them were from Lee's army and had got thus far on their journey homeward.

At last all were aboard and started down the river for Mobile. The last hostile movement having been made against the enemy, and with no more in prospect, came a new sensation—the long, cruel war had at last ended. Those who have reached mature age since war-time can have no adequate realization of the long days of bloody battle, anxiety and anguish, that lengthened out into weeks, months and years, from April, 1861, till April, 1865.

The trip to Mobile was quickly made. The river was full and the current swift; the banks were, for the most part, covered with unbroken forest, some of the larger trees overhanging the water's edge. All the trees of the forest were covered with long gray moss that dropped from the boughs and fell over the foliage in a graceful manner, light, airy and beautiful as lace work.

After reaching Mobile the division went into camp about three miles from the city upon the hills. My company was encamped in the yard of one of the brothers—name forgotten—before referred to as one of the owners of the *Southern Republic,* and who had grown rich before the war in the African slave trade. The house was a large, square, plain structure, but pleasant and homelike.

While all active military service was at an end, there were yet formal camp duties to perform; among these was guard duty. However, in this all soon grew lax, and the writer more than once about this period remembers waking from sound sleep the party whom he was to relieve. Two hours in the middle of night at some lone spot drags along very slowly. When on guard under

such circumstances the writer more than once resorted to counting. After learning by trial how many could be counted in a given time, it was readily ascertained, by approximation, of course, the number that would be counted in two hours; then upon mounting guard the counting of this number was resolutely entered upon and kept at till accomplished, at about which time the approach of the relief gave notice that the two hours had expired. This simple expedient, by fixing the mind upon the accomplishment of a certain object, served to hasten the flight of time.

Some of these lone nights, when on guard, the only living thing seemed to be the Southern mocking-bird. Sometimes the singer would make his presence known in some thick bush nearby in a burst of song that in succession mimicked every bird of the forest.

While encamped at this place papers were received containing a full account of the capture of Jefferson Davis. This occurred May 10, 1865, at Irwinsville, Ga. The captors were a body of men under Colonel Pritchard, of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. The capture of the President of the Southern Confederacy at the time of its occurrence occasioned much rejoicing, and removed the last vestige of Southern resistance.

One day, with two or three companions, I went blackberrying in a heavily-timbered section, two or three miles from camp, situated in a low region of country in which were several swamps and bayous.

After a time, while picking some berries and moving about in quest of others, I became separated from my companions. Meantime the sun became obscured by heavy clouds, it began to thunder and threaten rain, while in almost every direction could be heard the deep bellow-

ing of alligators. They seemed nearby, and their unearthly noise was not calculated to add to the cheerfulness of one alone in a heavy, strange forest in an enemy's country and with a terrific storm approaching. Fortunately, however, the storm passed around and I soon found my way out of the timber, and in due time reached camp with a good supply of nice berries.

Speaking of alligators, the writer recalls an experience with what was supposed to be one in the early spring of 1863, while marching across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, when upon the campaign against that stronghold. The command had halted for a day or two at Holmes' plantation, and with a companion I set out for a hunt. The whole region nearly was more or less under water, and we were obliged to make our way for the most part upon a levee that led along the banks of a bayou. Pretty soon we saw what was thought to be an alligator sticking his head out of the water. We both had army muskets that carried a large minnie ball. One of us took aim and fired very deliberately, but made no impression upon the object aimed at, but as alligators are notoriously non-impressionable to bullets, nothing was thought of this, and another shot was fired. About this time the "alligator" jerked his head under water, but soon put it out again, and this operation he repeated at short intervals. Meantime shot after shot was fired, and at last one knocked off a large piece of bark from the end of a gray, weather-beaten log that lay in the stream in such a position that while one end was imbedded in the mud the other projected up stream and just came to the surface, upon which it rose and fell with the current. This, technically called by boatmen a "sawyer," was

This is a picture of a Short Enfield English rifle

Springfield Musket, made in America, and one of which the author carried through the Mobile Campaign in the Spring of 1865.

Hospital Steward's Chevrons, worn by author in Civil War Medical Service; and kind of Bottle from which he dispensed quinine.

(*See page 243*)

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what we had taken for an alligator's head and fired at so many times.

One day I was sitting upon the fence around the house near which my company was encamped, when, all at once, a terrific explosion was heard that seemed to be right at hand. The first thought was that the Brigade Battery had, unnoticed, taken position nearby and discharged several pieces simultaneously, but turning my eyes toward Mobile I saw rising there that great column of smoke characteristic of an explosion. The smoke mounted up in a dark, thick mass and then spread out like an immense umbrella or mushroom, and through it could be seen broken timbers and *débris* of all kinds flying in every direction. Although three miles from Mobile, quite a concussion was felt, and glass was cracked in the windows of the houses near camp.

It was supposed a steamer at the wharf had blown up, but later came word that an immense amount of ammunition surrendered by the Confederates, shipped in by rail and stored in a large warehouse in Mobile, had exploded. A number were killed, and the shock in the city was almost like an earthquake, breaking windows and tearing doors from their hinges all over the city.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Disbanding The Armies.

"Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."
—Shakespeare.

Enlisting, equipping, drilling and disciplining an army is a long, laborious and tedious process, as one can readily see who gives the matter thought. Disbanding an army, which includes satisfactorily settling with and mustering out each individual composing that army, is not so difficult a process, but yet is one that takes time and involves much labor.

Pretty soon after the surrender of the Confederate armies under Generals Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, orders were issued from Washington for mustering out of the service all troops whose terms of enlistment expired before a certain date.

In the case of the 77th Illinois, to which I then belonged, and which, it will be recalled, comprised the original 77th organization consolidated with the original 130th Illinois, the term of enlistment of the first named expired some little time before that of the last named; consequently the troops composing the old 77th were mustered out, and we of the old 130th Illinois were reorganized and became the 130th Illinois Battalion, and as such remained in the service a time longer.

This reorganization restored me to my old position of hospital steward, not a little to my own satisfaction and to that of my friends as well, who, I flattered myself, realized that during my six months in the ranks,

I had tried manfully to do every duty. But as I had begun the study of medicine my rightful place was in the medical department, and, as said before, I felt a great deal of satisfaction and some pride in getting back.

Thus it came about that during my three years' military service I had twice been a private with a gun in my hands, and the implied, if not avowed, intent to harrass, wound, maim and in every way cripple the enemy; and twice a hospital steward with the declared purpose of binding up the wounds and ministering to the sufferings of foe and friend alike.

Early one July morning those composing the old 77th Illinois were drawn up in line preparatory to marching to Mobile, three miles distant, where a steamer awaited them at the wharf; and I shall never forget the appearance of these men as I viewed them from my tent a little distance away. How light their hearts and how bouyant their steps as they moved off on their journey! With what satisfaction each man must have looked upon his service! Since the date of his enlistment, three years before, what tremendous events had transpired! Three years of weary, tedious, bloody war had dragged out their agonizing length! Midsummer 1862—midsummer 1865! What terrific strife, what sorrow, what anguish, what bleeding, filled the gap! July, 1862, doubt, distrust, disaster! July, 1865, joy, confidence, achievement, victory!

Near camp was a family with whose members I came to be quite friendly. They loaned me books to read, and on more than one occasion when they were away, with a companion, I slept in the house. Some of the friends of our host expostulated with him for trusting so much to Yankee soldiers.

One day in August an order came for the battalion to report at New Orleans, to be mustered out. A boat was taken at Mobile one afternoon and the trip made by way of Mississippi Sound, Grant's Pass and Lake Ponchartrain.

Lake Port, near New Orleans, was reached the middle of the forenoon next day. At the landing a one-legged soldier from Lee's army hobbled off the boat with crutch and cane. He had given four years of service, for what? And now, crippled, penniless, and perhaps homeless, he returned to his native city to drag out the remnant of a life worse than ruined by a war originally brought on by a few in his native South, with whom he had neither interest nor sympathy.

Some days were spent at New Orleans making out the muster rolls, turning over Government property, etc.

By and by, all being in readiness, passage up the river was secured on a most excellent river boat, and upon this the battalion embarked. The trip was delightful, and many places passed with which the command had every reason to be familiar. Among these were Baton Rouge, Morganza Bend, Grand Gulf, Vicksburg, Milliken's Bend, Memphis, etc., each of which brought to mind past experience in camp and field.

Near Memphis, one morning, a man in one of the companies was missing, and no trace of him could be found on the boat. The vessel had not been near shore since the evening previous, when the missing man's comrades saw him alive and well.

Upon the cabin deck of the boat were cots upon which were several sick men; one of these was delirious with typhoid fever, and one night, when the nurse's back was

turned, jumped over the railing and was lost in the dark, seething waters of the Mississippi.

One evening just after nightfall the lights of Cairo came in sight, and produced a strange thrill in the hearts of the little band of Illinoisans aboard, who, three years before, had come by that city on their way to the enemy's country, but with what fortune they were to return no one could say. Every man was thrilled with delight as he stepped from the boat at Cairo and once more trod upon the soil of his own beloved State that had sent to the front so many of its brave sons, and given to the Nation a Lincoln and a Grant. Seldom does it fall to the lot of one commonwealth to contribute so much to the country's weal.

Next day, toward evening, a stock train was boarded and the trip to Camp Butler started upon. Yes, we gladly entrained on cars that were, to a greater or less degree, yet foul from the shipping of cattle, hogs and horses. This, in strange contrast to the Pullmans in which the Spanish War soldiers went to the front, and likewise the troops of today, who are going to and from the Mexican border. But with us circumstances were different; so long and so much had we been on the march that transportation of any kind and in any sort of a conveyance whatsoever, even befouled stock cars, seemed little short of a luxury.

The next morning after entraining found us approaching central Illinois, and from almost every farmhouse and dwelling those within were waving from door or window some article of textile character. Some of these were handkerchiefs, but towels, pillow slips, and, indeed, almost anything that hand could be laid upon was vigorously waved. One German woman, from an upstairs

window, with no little energy, flaunted what our soldiers declared was her red flannel skirt! But it all meant hearty welcome, and so we gladly received it.

Camp Butler was reached in the afternoon, and as its gates were entered what memories crowded upon the mind! Three years before, out of this enclosure, marched an organization a thousand strong; today it returns a little band of two hundred. Where are the eight hundred missing? Some of them have but recently come from the enemy's prison pens and will yet reach their friends in safety. Many, very many, found graves beside the great river in Tennessee, Louisiana and Mississippi, and others lie not far distant from the sea in Texas and Alabama. Many more have in the past three years been discharged as no longer fit for service and returned to their homes maimed in body and broken down with disease.

Not long after reaching Camp Butler a letter was received from the commandant at Vicksburg, stating that the dead body of a man was rescued from the river there, upon whose person was found letters and papers that identified him as the soldier who disappeared from the vessel so suddenly one night while coming up the Mississippi. The letter stated further that there was a bullet hole through the man's head. Thus the mystery thickened rather than otherwise, as there was supposed to be no one on the boat who would commit murder, and, besides, a shot fired would certainly have attracted attention. This was the last death in the command previous to dismemberment.

Some days were occupied at Camp Butler before the final scene in the last act in the drama of war was enacted. About the middle of September, one afternoon,

the little battalion was drawn up in line for the last time. Just in front of the line was a house with an open window, at which sat a regular army officer. Up to this window each man stepped as his name was called off, and there was handed him his discharge papers and a roll of money, representing the amount due from the Government. But little time was taken in the whole affair, and soon what had been the 130th Regiment of Illinois Volunteers became a thing of the past.

An hour or two later, accompanied by a comrade, I boarded a train for Springfield, six miles west, and upon arriving there registered at the American House, thinking we would once more enjoy eating from dishes placed on a white tablecloth, and sleeping in a bed with quilts, sheets and pillows. Just how we came out as regards tablecloth, etc., I do not now recall, but the sleeping experience was indelibly impressed on my memory.

We were given a room with two beds, and feeling tired we were not long in getting in them in anticipation of a good night's rest. As I had not been in a bed for a long while the sensation of being between sheets was a novel one, but the fatigue of the day just gone acted as a kind of opiate and I soon fell asleep. Just how long I slept I do not know, but, at any rate, I was partially awakened by a sensation of something crawling over me. Thinking this was probably only imagination and unwilling to be disturbed, I tried not to notice the sensation, but my efforts were unavailing, and I realized that sleep and rest of any kind were out of the question.

Hearing a noise in the other bed as of one turning about I called to my comrade and asked what was the trouble. "Trouble, trouble! Bugs are the trouble!" We

now got out of bed, lit the gas, and found not a few bedbugs crawling over our pillows and sheets.

In our three years' service at the front we had encountered Alabama alligators, stood our ground against Louisiana mosquitoes, and faced a valiant enemy on many battlefields, but from the presence of these Northern pests we made a prompt and hasty retreat. In an endeavor to make the best of circumstances we rolled up our coats and putting them under our heads, in lieu of pillows, passed the remainder of the night on the floor. As soon as daylight came we gathered up our belongings and left the room in possession of its original occupants, whose prior claim to occupancy we unhesitatingly conceded to be stronger than ours.

After breakfast we took a train on the Alton & Chicago Railway for St. Louis, and on the way I found plenty of time for thought and reflection. I soon found myself in a mood to say with the poet, "I am pleased and yet I am sad"—pleased because the war was over, and the great object for which it was waged, namely, the preservation of the Union, attained; sad, because the associations of three long years with their unique experiences, were broken forever.

In due time we reached Illinoistown (now East St. Louis) and crossed the Mississippi on a ferryboat, for as yet the great river had not been spanned by a bridge. We spent the night at the Planter's Hotel, and next morning we looked about the city and made some necessary purchases. I bought a citizen's suit for $30, which today could be had for about a third of that amount.

In the afternoon we recrossed the Mississippi River to Illinoistown, where we took an east-bound train for Carlyle, Ill. Arriving there at the close of a beautiful

September day I recalled the fact that on another beautiful September day, almost precisely three years before, I had boarded a west-bound train to start on my army career that was now to become as a closed book.

The night was passed at the little town hotel, three of us occupying the same room, and undisturbed by uninvited and annoying bed fellows, we all slept soundly.

Next morning we took the hack for Greenville, twenty miles inland, and at that time without railway connection. We had a long, dusty drive, but finally reached our destination and found Greenville to be the same quiet town in which, three years before, we, as embryo soldiers, had drilled on its commons, marched through its dusty streets, and counter-marched over its board sidewalks.

APPENDIX.

Some Facts Pertaining to Civil War Medicine.

The total number of soldiers in the Union Army was two million three hundred and thirty-five thousand nine hundred and forty-nine (2,335,949). Of these fifty-nine thousand eight hundred and sixty (59,860) were killed in battle, two hundred and eighty thousand and forty (280,040) wounded, of whom forty-nine thousand two hundred and five (49,205) died of their injuries, making a total of one hundred and nine thousand and sixty-five (109,065) deaths among Union soldiers due to the enemy's missiles.[1]

About one shot wound in five proved immediately fatal. However, to this rule there were exceptions, the most remarkable one of which, perhaps, occurred at Fort Donelson, where the 4th Mississippi (Confederate) sustained a loss of 40 killed and only 8 wounded.

The relative area presented by various parts of the body has been calculated with some degree of accuracy, and for the head, face and neck is believed to be 8.51

[1] It has been estimated that the Confederates sustained a loss of fifty-one thousand four hundred and twenty-five (51,425) killed and two hundred and twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-one (227,871) wounded. Allowing that the fatality among the Confederate wounded would not be less than that of the Federals, the number dying from injuries received in battle should be about forty-one thousand (41,000). Thus the Confederate total fatalities would in round numbers aggregate ninety-two thousand (92,000).

per cent.; for the trunk, 28.91; for the upper extremities, 21.14; for the lower extremities, 41.41.

In the Civil War 10.77 per cent. of the wounds were of the head, face and neck; 18.37 of the trunk; 35.71 of the upper extremities, and 35.15 of the lower extremities. Thus it will be seen that more than seven-tenths of the wounds were of the extremities.

Of wounds received in the upper extremities the hands and fingers were injured in a relatively large proportion of cases, doubtless due to the fact that these members were so freely exposed in loading, firing and manipulating the weapon.

Unusual Cases.

One man became a target for so many bullets that he had on his person no less than twenty-six wounds of entrance and exit, most of which were in his lower extremities. But, notwithstanding his numerous and severe injuries, he survived his unfortunate experience twenty-eight days.

Fourteen soldiers are known to have survived penetrating wounds of the skull which, in some cases, involved protrusion of brain-substance.

In four instances wounds of the heart did not prove immediately fatal; and one patient survived for fourteen days a wound of one of his auricles inflicted by a round musket ball.

About one wound in twelve was in the chest, and of those which penetrated the lungs, a little more than six in ten proved fatal.

There were thirty-seven recoveries from shot wounds of the liver. Of sixty-four cases that came under observation with penetrating wounds of the stomach, only one

recovered. Other than this group of sixty-four cases there were not a few shot wounds of the stomach that proved almost immediately fatal on the battlefield.

There were three thousand seven hundred and seventeen (3717) penetrating wounds of the abdomen, and of these more than 92 per cent. were fatal. In cases where the small intestine was involved death almost invariably resulted. On the other hand, quite a few recoveries followed severe wounds of the large intestine.

Character of Missiles.

In one hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and sixty-one (141,961) wounds in which the character of the missile was ascertained this was found to have been fired from a rifle, musket, carbine, pistol or revolver; in other words, from a small arm, in more than 90 per cent. of cases. So that fully nine-tenths of Civil War injuries were inflicted by the man with a gun in his hands.

Furthermore, the great majority of this class of injuries were made with the minnie ball, which was elongated, or conoidal in shape, pointed at one end, convex at the other and weighed more than an ounce. In firing the convex extremity next the powder expanded, filled the rifle grooves and thus the bullet received a rotary motion that greatly increased its velocity and power of execution. From the Springfield musket, that practically displaced all others in the last years of the Civil War, a bullet would sometimes kill a man at the distance of a mile. When going at full velocity the ball would usually make a round hole near its own size in passing through a bone. On the other hand, when to a degree spent,

any bony structure impinged against would be, to a greater or less degree, shattered.

Fourteen thousand and two (14,002) wounds were known to have been produced by missiles such as grape-shot, canister, solid shot and fragments of shell, all fired from cannon, ranging in caliber from six-pound field guns to two hundred-pound Columbiads.

Nine hundred and twenty-two (922) wounds were made with bayonet or sabre, which goes to show that there was relatively little hand-to-hand fighting in the Civil War, and even the cavalry punished the enemy for the most part with bullets from carbines, revolvers and pistols.

Base Hospitals.

The Civil War had not long been in progress when urgent need was felt for hospitals more permanent than those in tents. To meet this want churches, school-houses, colleges, hotels, depots, store buildings, ware-houses, private dwellings, and even sheds and barns were utilized.

Finally, as the war continued and time brought an immense and wholly unlooked-for harvest of sick and wounded, many hospitals were built in eligible localities. These were, for the most part, one- or two-story frame structures, constructed on the pavilion plan.

Washington City and its environments had the largest number of military hospitals, and Philadelphia came next. These ranged in size from an officer's hospital in Beaufort, S. C., with twenty beds, to the Satterlee in Philadelphia, with a capacity of more than thirty-five hundred beds. The Satterlee, moreover, enjoyed the

advantage of having on its visiting staff some of the ablest Philadelphia physicians and surgeons.

Some of these base hospitals were as far North as the City of Detroit, Mich.; some as far South as St. Augustine, Fla., and among others located in the South, the City of Memphis, on the Mississippi, had no less than seven commodious structures for the care of the sick and wounded.

From first to last during the Civil War there were more than two hundred military hospitals of the character above described, and their combined bed-capacity aggregated many thousands.

The regimental field hospitals were the principal feeders of the base hospitals. From their regimental surgeons the sick and wounded received attention till orders came to go on the march, when, in ambulances, the patients would be conveyed to a hospital boat, in case one was near, or a railway train. On the rivers and navigable bodies of water steam vessels were converted into hospital boats, and these rendered admirable service in transporting patients. Furthermore, inland railway trains were specially fitted up for the same purpose. In many cases, however, the ordinary box-car, in which a quantity of clean straw or hay was spread, was made to transport the wounded. After the Battle of Gettysburg, in July, 1863, fifteen thousand wounded were in this way carried to hospitals in Harrisburg, York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, etc.

Excision.

In four thousand six hundred and fifty-six (4656) cases the operation of excision was performed for shot-wounds in the continuity of the long bones or in the joint

structures. The mortality was a little less than 25 per cent. About four-fifths of the excisions were made on the upper extremities. In the earlier part of the Civil War this operation was quite popular, but became less so in the last years of the struggle.

Amputations.

The total number of amputations of arms and legs was twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and eighty (29,980). Of these two hundred and forty-nine (249) were reamputations and three hundred and five (305) followed the operation of excision. About 25 per cent. of the patients upon whom amputations were made died. There were, in all, sixty-six amputations at the hip-joint, and of these more than 80 per cent. proved fatal. There were eight hundred and sixty-six (866) cases in which amputations were made at the shoulder-joint, and in these there was a mortality of about 30 per cent.

Arterial Hemorrhages and Ligations.

The Civil War hospital records show three thousand two hundred and forty-five (3245) cases of arterial hemorrhage, and in these death followed in one thousand three hundred and eighty (1380); a mortality of more than 61 per cent.

For arterial hemorrhage following shot-injuries the operation of ligation was performed in one thousand one hundred and fifty-five (1155) cases, and in these there was a mortality of a little more than 59 per cent.

It is believed that a very large proportion of those referred to as "killed in battle" really "bleed to death." It will be recalled that Albert Sidney Johnson, the

famous Confederate General, died very suddenly from a shot-wound of the popliteal artery, received on the 6th day of April, 1862, at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

Anesthetics.

While it was not possible to obtain exact figures, yet it was ascertained that in the field and in the various military hospitals, anesthesia was produced in no less than eighty thousand (80,000) instances. Chloroform was the favorite anesthetic with the Civil War surgeon, principally from the fact that it acted promptly and the patient recovered quickly from its effects, which were seldom other than agreeable. It was the anesthetic used in fully 75 per cent. of cases. Ether was used in about one case in ten, and a mixture of chloroform and ether in one case in fifteen.

Thirty-seven deaths resulted after chloroform inhalation and four followed the use of ether.

Tetanus.

There were five hundred and five (505) cases of tetanus, a very small proportion, when it is recalled that two hundred and forty-six thousand seven hundred and twelve (246,712) injuries were inflicted on Union soldiers by fire-arms. In other words, tetanus occurred as a complication only about twice in one thousand wounds.

Gangrene.

During the Civil War there were two thousand six hundred and forty-two (2642) cases of gangrene which, from its prevalence in hospitals, was called "hospital"

Private J. W. January, who amputated his own feet.

gangrene. Of the total number of cases, one thousand one hundred and forty-two (1142), or only a little less than half, terminated fatally. Again, of all the cases that occurred during the Civil War, about three-fifths, or to be exact, one thousand six hundred and eleven (1611) appeared in the year 1864. Nearly 90 per cent. of the patients stricken had the disease in wounds located either in the legs or arms; nearly twice as often in the former as in the latter, however. Only a little more than 2 per cent. of the cases were found in wounds of the head, neck and face.

One of the most remarkable recoveries from gangrene on record is that of Private J. W. January, Company B, 14th Illinois Cavalry, who was captured while on General Stoneman's raid in July, 1864, and was confined in Andersonville for a time, then transferred to Charleston, S. C., and with other prisoners purposely placed under Federal artillery fire. Next, Private January was taken to Florence, S. C., where he passed the winter of 1864-5, and began an experience which he himself can best relate: "On or about February 15, 1865, I was stricken with 'swamp fever,' and for three weeks I remained in a delirious condition; finally the fever abated and reason returned. I soon learned from the surgeon, after a hasty examination, that I was a victim of scurvy and gangrene, and was removed to the gangrene hospital.

"My feet and ankles, five inches above the joints, presented a livid, lifeless appearance, and soon the flesh began to slough off, and the surgeon, with a brutal oath, said I would die. But I was determined to live, and begged him to cut my feet off, telling him that if he would I could live. He still refused, and believing that my life depended on the removal of my feet, I secured an

old pocket knife and cut through the decaying flesh and severed tendons. The feet were unjointed, leaving the bones protruding without a covering of flesh for five inches. (See picture taken three months after release.)

"At the close of the war I was taken by the Rebs to our lines at Wilmington, N. C., in April, 1865, and, when weighed, learned that I had been reduced from 165 pounds (my weight when captured) to forty-five pounds. Everyone of the Union surgeons who saw me then said that I could not live; but, contrary to this belief, I did, and improved. Six weeks after release, while on a boat en route to New York, the bones of my right limb broke off at the end of the flesh. Six weeks later, while in the hospital on David's Island, those of my left become necrosed and broke off similarly. One year after my release I was able to sit up in bed, and was discharged. Twelve years after my release my limbs had healed over, and, strange to relate, no amputation had ever been performed on them save the one I made in prison. There is no record of any case in the world similar to mine."

It is only proper to add that Private J. W. January finally attained much vigor, married, and became the father of three children. Later he removed to South Dakota, where he died a few years since.

Pyemia.

What was diagnosed to be pyemia occurred in two thousand eight hundred and forty-seven (2847) cases following wounds, and among these only seventy-one recovered.

Morbidity.

In the Union Army the enlisted men suffered from six million twenty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-four

(6,029,564) disease attacks, a little less than three per man. And of these two hundred and one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine (201,769) died, and two hundred and eighty-five thousand five hundred and forty-five (285,545) were discharged from the service on account of disability. Thus of the men enlisted in the Union armies more than one in five was lost to the service by reason of disease, and one in every eleven was destined to die from a like cause.

Disease Classification.

In the Civil War era Dr. Farr's system of classification was the one most in favor.

Class 1, under this system, embraced zymotic diseases and included most of what we today term the infectious maladies.

Class 2 included constitutional diseases, and some of the individual ailments embraced were gout, acute and chronic rheumatism, consumption, scrofula, etc. Koch's era-making work was as yet nearly twenty years in the future, consequently the infectious nature of tuberculosis was unknown.

Class 3 embraced parisitic diseases, as itch, of which more than thirty-two thousand cases were reported; tape worm, intestinal worms, etc.

Class 4 embraced all local diseases, including some that we today know to be infectious,

Class 5 embraced wounds, accidents and injuries.

Diarrhea and Dysentery.

By far the most prevalent disease in the Civil War was that embraced under diarrhea and dysentery, and which

gives a total of one million five hundred and eighty-five thousand one hundred and ninety-six (1,585,196) cases, about one-fourth of the total of disease attacks from all causes. Of those suffering from diarrhea and dysentery forty-four thousand five hundred and eight (44,508) died. Thus it will be seen that bowel diseases were responsible for considerably more than one-fifth of the deaths that occurred in the Civil War.

Of those discharged from the service, diarrhea was assigned as the causative disease in sixteen thousand one hundred and eighty-five (16,185) cases, and dysentery in one thousand two hundred and four (1204), making a total of eighteen thousand three hundred and eighty-five (18,385) cases with bowel diseases.

Malarial Fever.

Next to bowel diseases malarial fever furnished the largest number of cases, and of these this disease afforded one million one hundred and sixty-three thousand eight hundred and fourteen (1,163,814), with four thousand and fifty-nine (4059) deaths, a mortality of about one in one hundred and forty attacks.

Five types of malarial fever were recognized, namely, quotidian, intermittent, tertian-intermittent, quartan-intermittent, remittent fever and congestive fever. Of the intermittent varieties of malarial fever there were eight hundred and sixty-three thousand six hundred and fifty-one (863,651) cases; of the remittent type two hundred and eighty-six thousand four hundred and ninety (286,490) cases; and of the congestive form thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-three (13,673) cases. In the cases diagnosed as simple intermittents there were nine

hundred and seventeen (917) deaths, a little less than one in a thousand; in the remittents three thousand eight hundred and fifty-three (3853), about one in seventy; and in the congestive three thousand three hundred and seventy (3370) fatal cases, or about one in four.

As the discovery of the plasmodium malaria was yet many years in the future, the real etiology of malarial fever was absolutely unknown in Civil War days, though its best antidote, quinine, was freely and successfully used.

Typho-malarial Fever.

In 1862 Dr. J. Janiver Woodward, an especially able man, connected with the medical service of the regular army, saw a number of soldiers suffering with a form of typhoid in which there seemed to be pronounced malarial complications, and to meet this situation he coined the term *typho-malarial* and bestowed it upon the cases with the complex symptoms above named. This hyphenated term was accepted and soon became popular. So popular, in fact, that forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-one (49,871) cases of typho-malarial fever were reported and tabulated, and of these four thousand and fifty-nine (4059) died, thus showing a mortality of about one in twelve.

Continued Fever.

Under the head of continued fever, Civil War statisticians grouped typhoid fever, typhus fever, common continued fever and typho-malarial fever with an aggregate of cases numbering one hundred and thirty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-eight (139,638), of

which thirty-two thousand one hundred and twelve (32,-112) terminated fatally.

There were seventy-five thousand three hundred and sixty-eight (75,368) cases of typhoid fever with twenty-seven thousand and fifty-six (27,056) deaths, or a little more than one fatal termination in every three attacked. Of typhus fever there were two thousand five hundred and one (2501) cases reported, with eight hundred and fifty (850) deaths, almost precisely one fatal case in three.

Cases reported as continued fever numbered eleven thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight (11,898), attended with a fatality of one hundred and forty-seven (147), about one death in seventy-five.

From the above it will be seen that typhoid and typhus fever were very serious diseases in the days of the Civil War, while the cases reported as simple continued fever were in comparison very mild.

Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

Diseases of the respiratory organs were very prevalent among the soldiers, and among these acute bronchitis afforded no less than one hundred and sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty (168,750) cases, with a mortality of only six hundred and eighty (680), or about one death in two hundred and seventy-five (275), showing that the disease was certainly very mild. Of pneumonia sixty-one thousand two hundred and two (61,202) cases were reported with a mortality of fourteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight (14,738), or more than one death in four.

There were reported thirty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two (31,852) cases of pleurisy with only five hundred and ninety (590) deaths. Doubtless a great many cases reported as pleurisy were neuralgic in character and wholly unattended with inflammation of the plural membrane.

Eruptive Fevers.

Among eruptive fevers measles headed the list with sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and sixty-three (67,763) cases, followed by four thousand two hundred and forty-six (4246) deaths, or a little less than one in sixteen.

There were twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-six (12,236) cases of smallpox with a mortality of four thousand seven hundred and seventeen (4717), a little more than one in three. Thus it will be seen that in the Civil War smallpox, typhoid fever and typhus fever each had about the same death rate.

Digestive Organs.

Among the ailments recorded under those of the digestive organs are nine thousand six hundred and three (9603) cases of inflammation of the stomach with four hundred and eighty-nine (489) deaths; five thousand seven hundred and two (5702) cases of inflammation of the bowels with nine hundred and forty (940) deaths; one thousand two hundred and ninety-four (1294) cases of inflammation of peritoneum with five hundred and thirty (530) deaths; eleven thousand one hundred and twenty (11,120) cases of acute inflammation of the liver with two hundred and forty-two (242) deaths; and eight

thousand two hundred and sixty (8260) cases of chronic inflammation of the liver, with two hundred and two (202) deaths.

Thus we have a total of thirty-five thousand nine hundred and sixty-one (35,961) cases of inflammatory troubles in the abdominal cavity, with two thousand four hundred and four (2404) deaths, or less than one in fifteen.

Roughly speaking, of the total of disease attacks from which Civil War soldiers suffered about one in one hundred and seventy (170) was from inflammation of the liver, stomach, bowels or peritoneum, And from the same trouble resulted about one death in eighty (80) of the grand total of fatalities.

Rheumatism.

One hundred and forty-five thousand five hundred and fifty-one (145,551) cases of rheumatism were reported with only two hundred and eighty-three (283) deaths, or about one in five hundred. Of chronic rheumatism there were one hundred and nine thousand one hundred and eighty-seven (109,187) cases, with one hundred and ninety-two (192) deaths, or about one in six hundred.

Tuberculosis.

Thirteen thousand four hundred and ninety-nine (13,499) cases of pulmonary (?) consumption were tabulated, with five thousand three hundred and eighty-six (5386) deaths. These figures show a mortality of only about 40 per cent. However, the remaining eight thousand one hundred and thirteen (8113) cases were doubtless discharged on surgeon's certificate, and most of them

reached home, in all probability, to die later from their disabilities.

Enthetic Diseases.

Enthetic diseases constituted a suborder of the zymotic class of ailments. The word enthetic pertains to a disease originating from some cause without the body, and this order included syphilis, gonorrhea, stricture of the urethra, purulent ophthalmia and serpent bites.

One thousand and twenty-five (1025) cases of syphilis were reported, with thirteen deaths; one thousand seven hundred and twenty-three (1723) cases of gonorrhea, with one death.

Among white troops there were one hundred and forty-four (144) cases of homicide; three hundred and one (301) suicides, and one hundred and four (104) executions.

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